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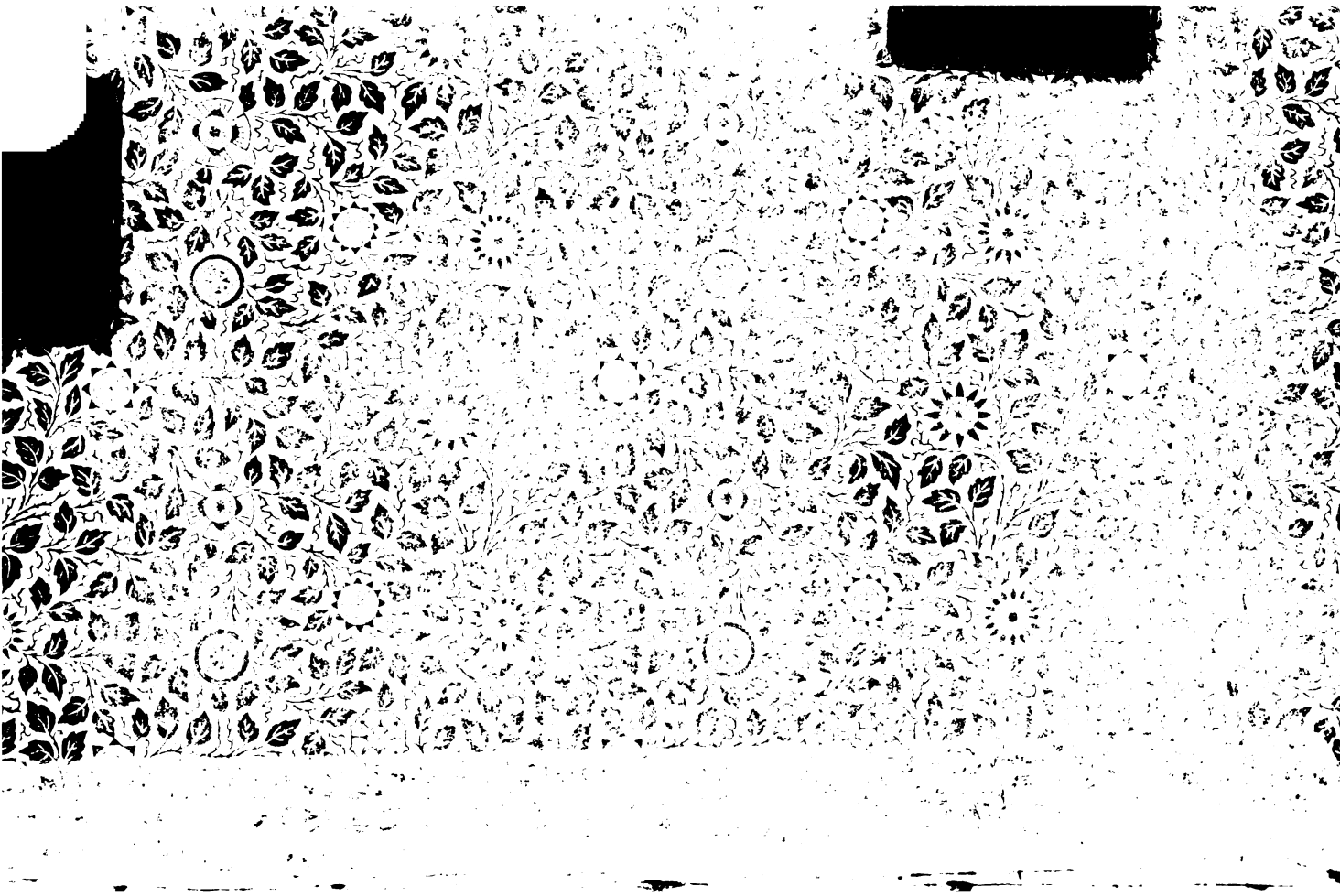

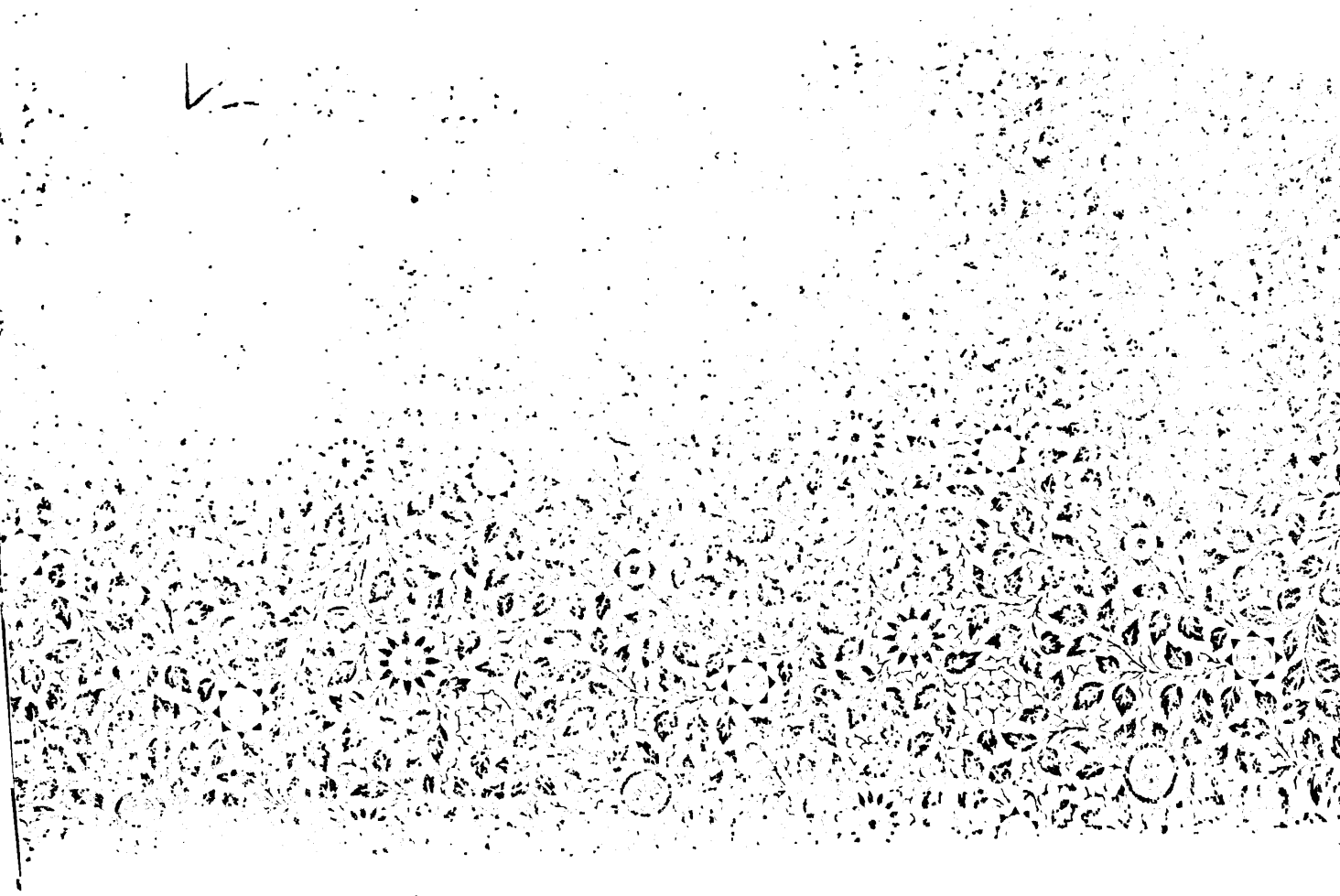

Alex Crummell.

AFRICA AND AMERICA

Addresses and Discourses

BY

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Author of "Future of Africa;" and "The Greatness of Christ, and other Sermons."

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
WILLEY & CO.
1891.

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PREFACE.

THIS book is published at the instance of many friends, some of them old school-mates, who have wished to see its several papers collected in a single volume. I venture, in all candour, to add that I have myself desired its publication because I have thought that the views and opinions it contains may be of value to the Negro Race, in this land.

The Reader will see that I have disregarded the order of time in the setting of these addresses. They are arranged, mainly, according to the author's conviction of their relative importance to the people to whom they refer.

The *first* paper was delivered at the commencement of "STORER COLLEGE," W. Va., in 1885. It happened that my distinguished neighbour, Hon. Frederick Douglass, was one of the audience on that occasion. The leading thought of the address—the shifting of general thought from past servitude, to duty and service,

in the present;—met with his emphatic and most earnest protest. He took occasion, on the instant, to urge his hearers to a constant recollection of the slavery of their race and of the wrongs it had brought upon them.

The whole subject is, without doubt, a matter of first-rate importance. I apprehend that we cannot take a step forward for advancement, until we arrive at right convictions upon the point, viz.,—"What are the primal ideas which shall command our attention? What shall be the absorbing themes of thought and action, in this race in our day and generation."

Anxious that our leading minds should ponder and discuss this topic, I have put it in the foremost place in the volume; to invite attention to it, and to elicit thought.

My own conviction is not only unchanged: it becomes more deeply rooted as I get more and more acquainted with the condition of the Race, their supreme difficulties, their vast needs, and the large demands, social, civil, educational and religious, which are constantly gathering around them.

This great problem, it seems to me, should engage their best thought, and stimulate their noblest endeavours.

The papers relating to AFRICA are republished because of the Author's interest in that great continent,

and in the stirring movements of the times for its development and evangelization.

Many of the measures put forth to these ends, are, without doubt, questionable, and must be modified; and *some* of them will yet, without doubt, be entirely repudiated!

But Africa differs in no respect from all the other sections of the great human family. If she is ever regenerated the influences and agencies to this end must come from *external* sources. Civilization is always, in its first outgrowths, among rude peoples, an exotic. It never springs up, spontaneously, in any new land. It must be transplanted from an old to a new soil. Archbishop Whately says:—"There is no one instance recorded of any of them rising into a civilized condition, or indeed, rising at all, without instruction and assistance from people already civilized."*

A further reason for republishing the papers relative to Africa is my deep interest in the Republic of Liberia.

It is very common now-a-days to hear this little Republic referred to as evidencing the incapacity of the Negro Race for free government! And nothing is more constant, nothing more frequent than the declaration that—"Liberia is a failure!"

Now I venture to say—and I say it without the least

*Archbishop Whateley's "Miscellaneous Lectures and Reviews."—*Organ of Civilization*, London, 1861.

hesitation, that nothing can be more ignorant, nothing more stupid than these utterances; whether they slip from the pens of Civilians, or drop from the lips of grave Senators in the Halls of Congress.

If any man, of the simplest common sense, will pause and consider the humble origin of Liberia; will call to remembrance the utter illiteracy of nine tenths of its settlers; that these settlers—but children in knowledge, were transferred, in the brief circuit of a moon's change, from the ignorant plantations of America to the wilds of Africa; that for years there was not a single scholar of their number to guide them in their governmental experiment; that they set up the standard of nationality in utter ignorance of the Science of Government and of Political Economy; that their numbers have never, at any time, reached twenty thousand persons, and they, for the most part ignorant slaves; that sickness and suffering, poverty and death have been the constant visitants of every emigration to their fatherland; that their entire political life has been a ceaseless warfare; now, with lawless and piratical slave-traders, and now, with barbarous and sanguinary tribes; now, with brutal and unscrupulous foreign traders, and unceasingly, with a pestilential clime:—if, I say, he will take these facts into consideration he will see not only that the sneer of *failure*, is a contemptible and mendacious libel, but that

Liberia is one of the marvels of modern history! Yea but little short of a miracle!

Liberia *is* poor, weak and feeble. Her persistent life is ever a perpetual, but, nevertheless, an effectual struggle!

Never in the history of man has a nation been set up of such slender materials and of such poor resources; and that amid wild barbarism!

Liberia may yet die! But, if she dies, the future Historian, if he is just and honorable, will chronicle the fact with the candid avowal:—"The wonderful thing about Liberia is that it ever reached national life:—and only next to this, is the fact, that that life was as long-continued and as effective as it was"!

The paper—"COMMON SENSE IN COMMON SCHOOLING," caused, in several quarters, severe criticism. The wide subsequent demand for industrial training, seems to me to have justified its publication.

I submit this volume to the thought and judgment of its readers, with the hope that it may prove an instrument for influence and progress among my people.

THE AUTHOR.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June, 1891.

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The Need of New Ideas and New Aims for a New Era.

An Address to the Graduating Class of Storer College, Harper's Ferry, West Va., May 30th, 1885.

ADDRESS.

I take it for granted that the young men and women who close their pupilage here to-day are thinking not only of their own personal life desires, but, also, of the destinies of the people with whom they are connected. In such a place as this, full of the most thrilling memories in the history of our race, it seems impossible that any of you could possibly pass over such thoughts. The very hills here seem brezzy with the memories and the purposes of old John Brown. And so tragic and so august are those memories and purposes, so vivid, too, is the imagination of man, that there is danger not only that the youthful, but even the elder, mind should be carried back with constant and absorbing interest, especially in those memories and purposes.

But let me remind you here that, while indeed we do live in two worlds, the world of the past and the world of the future, DUTY lies in the future. It is in life as it is on the street: the sentinel DUTY, like the policeman, is ever bidding man "Pass on!" We can, indeed, get inspiration and instruction in the *yesterdays* of existence, but we cannot healthily live in them. We can send

back sorrows and repentances to the past. We can, by the magic touch of Fancy, summon the tragedies and comedies of by-gone days; but the sense of obligation, the ideas of responsibility, all pertain to the time to come. It is on this account that I beg to call your attention to-day, to—"THE NEED OF NEW IDEAS AND NEW AIMS FOR A NEW ERA."

The subject divides itself in two heads:—

1st. The *need* suggested, and 2nd, the *aims for a new era*, which shall meet the need.

I choose this topic because it seems to me that there is an irresistible tendency in the Negro mind in this land to dwell morbidly and absorbingly upon the servile past. The urgent needs of the present, the fast-crowding and momentous interests of the future appear to be forgotten. Duty for to-day, hope for the morrow, are ideas which seem oblivious to even leading minds among us. I fear there is a general incapacity to reach forward to a position and the acquisitions which are in advance of our times. Enter the schools, and the theme which too generally occupies the youthful mind is some painful memory of servitude. Listen to the voices of the pulpit, and how large a portion of its utterances are pitched in the same doleful strain! Send a man to Congress, and observe how seldom possible it is for him to speak upon any other topic than slavery. We are fashioning our life too much after the conduct of the children of Israel. Long after the exodus from bondage, long after the destruction of Pharaoh and his host, they kept turning back, in mem-

ory and longings, after Egypt, when they should have kept both eye and aspiration bent toward the land of promise and of freedom.

Now I know, my brethren, that all this is natural to man. God gave us judgment, fancy and memory, and we cannot free ourselves from the inherence of these or of any other faculty of our being. But the great poet tells us that "man is a being who looks before and after." There is a capacity in human nature for prescience. We were made to live in the future as well as in the past. The qualities both of hope and imagination carry us to the regions which lie beyond us. But both hope and imagination are qualities which seem dismissed from the common mind among us; and many of our leaders of thought seem to settle down in the dismal swamps of dark and distressful memory.

And nothing can be more hurtful for any people than such a habit as this. For to dwell upon repulsive things, to hang upon that which is dark, direful, and saddening, tends, first of all, to morbidity and degeneracy. Accustom this race to constant reminiscence of its degradation and its sorrow, bring before your own minds or the minds of the rising generation, as a perpetual study and contemplation, the facts of servitude and inferiority, and its mind will, of necessity, be ever

"Sickled o'er with the pale caste of thought;"

and there will be a constant tendency to

"Nurse the dreadful appetite of death!"

And next to this comes the intellectual narrowness which results from a narrow groove of thought. For there are few things which tend so much to dwarf a people as the constant dwelling upon personal sorrows and interests, whether they be real or imaginary. We have illustrations of this fact both at home and abroad. The Southern people of this nation have given as evident signs of genius and talent as the people of the North.

If we go back to Colonial times, if we revert to the early history of the nation, we see in them, as conspicuous evidence of intellectual power, in law, in capability of government, in jurisprudence, in theology, in poetry, and in art, as among their more northern brethren. But for nigh three generations they gave themselves up to morbid and fanatical anxieties upon the subject of slavery. To that one single subject they gave the whole bent and sharpness of their intellect. And history records the direful result. For nigh sixty years have "laws and letters, art and learning," died away; and we can hardly discover the traces of any conspicuous genius or originality among them. So, too, the people of Ireland. For a century and more they have been indulging in the expensive luxury of sedition and revolution. As a portion of the great Celtic people of Europe, they are an historic race, alike in character and in genius. They are mercurial, poetic and martial, and in some of the lands of their heritage they have shown large powers for governmental control. But in Ireland, sterility has been a conspicuous feature

of their intellectual life. The mind of the whole nation has been dwarfed and shriveled by morbid concentration upon an intense and frenzied sense of political wrong, and an equally intense and frenzied purpose of retaliation. And commerce, industry, and manufactures, letters and culture, have died away from them. And while, indeed, shrieking constantly for freedom, their idea of freedom has become such an impracticable and contemptuous thing that it has challenged the sneer of the poet, who terms it

> "The school-boy heat,
> The blind hysterics of the Celt."

If men *will* put themselves in narrow and straightened grooves, if they will morbidly divorce themselves from large ideas and noble convictions, they are sure to bring distress, pettiness, and misery into their being; for the mind of man was made for things grand, exalted, and majestic.

For 200 years the misfortune of the black race has been the confinement of its mind in the pent-up prison of human bondage. The morbid, absorbing and abiding recollection of that condition—what is it but the continuance of that same condition, in memory and dark imagination? Dwell upon, reproduce, hold on to it with all its incidents, make its history the sum and acme of thought, and then, of a surety, you put up a bar to progress, and eventually produce that unique and fossilated state which is called "arrested development." For it is impossible for a people to progress

in the conditions of civilization whose thought and interest are swallowed up in morbid memories, or narrowed to the groove of a single idea or purpose. I am asked, perchance, would you have us as a people forget that we have been an oppressed race? I reply, that God gave us memory, and it is impossible to forget the slavery of our race. The memory of this fact may ofttimes serve as a stimulant to high endeavor. It may act, by contrast, as a suggestive of the best behests of freedom. We are *forced*, not seldom, to revert to our former servile state in defence of the race, against the unreasoning traducers who, not unfrequently, impute to us a *natural* inferiority, which is simply the result of that former servile state. What I would fain have you guard against is not the memory of slavery, but the constant *recollection* of it, as the commanding thought of a new people, who should be marching on to the broadest freedom of thought in a new and glorious present, and a still more magnificent future. You will notice here that there is a broad distinction between memory and recollection. Memory, you will observe, is a passive act of the mind. It is the necessary and unavoidable entrance, storage and recurrence of facts and ideas to the understanding and the consciousness.

Recollection, however, is the actual seeking of the facts, is the painstaking endeavor of the mind to bring them back again to consciousness. The natural recurrence of the idea or the fact of slavery is that which cannot be faulted. What I object to is the unnecessary recollection of it. This pernicious habit I protest

against as most injurious and degrading. As slavery was a degrading thing, the constant recalling of it to the mind serves, by the law of association, to degradation. Words are vital things. They are always generative of life or death. They cannot enter the soul as passive and inoperative things. Archbishop Trench, referring to the brutal poverty of the language of the savage, says—"There is nothing that so effectually tends to keep him in the depth to which he has fallen. You cannot impart to any man more than the words which he understands either now contain, or can be made, intelligibly to him, to contain. Language is as truly on one side *the limit and restraint of thought*, as on the other side that which feeds and unfolds it."* My desire is that we should escape "the limit and restraint" of both the *word* and the *thought* of slavery. As a people, we have had an exodus from it. We have been permitted by a gracious Providence to enter the new and exalted pathways of freedom. The thought, the routine, the usages, and calculations of that old system are dead things; absolutely alien from the conditions in which life presents itself to us in our disenthralled and uplifted state. We have new conditions of life and new relations in society. The great facts of family, of civil life, of the Church, of the State, meet us at every turn; not lightly and as ephemeral things, but as permanent and abiding realities; as organic institutions, to be transmitted, in our blood to live, to the

* "Trench on Words."—Introductory Lecture.

latest generations. From these relations spring majestic duties which come upon us

> "With a weight —
> Heavy as death, and deep almost as life."

These changed circumstances bring to us an immense budget of new thoughts, new ideas, new projects, new purposes, new ambitions, of which our fathers never thought. We have hardly space in our brains for the old conditions of life. God "has called into existence a new world," to use the language of CANNING, "to redress the balance of the old."

We have need, therefore, of new adjustments in life. The law of fitness comes up before us just now with tremendous power, and we are called upon, as a people, to change the currents of life, and to shift them into new and broader channels.

Says an old poet:—

> "The noble soul by age grows lustier,
> Her appetite and her digestion mend;
> We cannot hope to feed and pamper her
> With women's milk and pap unto the end!
> Provide you manlier diet!"

I have thus attempted to show the need "of new ideas, new aims and new ambitions for the new era" on which we have entered.

2. And now, in the second place, allow me to make the attempt to suggest some of these new ideas which I think should be entertained by us.

Before passing to them, let me say that it is hardly possible to ignore one or two of the especial ambitions

which now-a-days command wide attention in certain classes among us, and in which I fear we are making great mistakes. I do lament the political ambitions which seem the craze of very many young minds among us. Not, indeed, because I expect the continuance of that caste in politics, which is the extension of that social caste which is the disgrace of American society; but because I dislike always to witness a useless expenditure of forces. For, for a long time, the political ambitions of colored men are sure to end in emptiness. And, if so, men will waste energies and powers which might be expended profitably in other directions. I expect, I desire, and when the fitting time arrives, it will be ours then to demand *all* the prerogatives and *all* the emoluments which belong to American citizenship, according to our fitness and our ability; and without let or hindrance, because of race or former condition. At the same time, I must remind you here that no new people leap suddenly and spontaneously into Senatorial chairs or Cabinet positions. So narrow have been the limitations of our culture, so brief, too, the period of our opportunity, that it is impossible, if even we had the highest genius, that we should mount the high rounds of the ladder of judicial or statesmanlike capacity. There is no such thing possible as intuitive apprehension of state-craft or the extemporaneous solution of the intricate problems of law. The road by which a people reach grand administrative ability is a long road, now full of deep ruts, and now formidable with its steep acclivities, jagged and rugged

in all its pathways, and everywhere obstructed with thorns and briers.

The only means by which its formidable difficulties may be overcome are time, and arduous labor, and rugged endurance, and the quiet apprenticeship in humble duties, and patient waiting, and the clear demonstration of undoubted capacities. All these I am certain the black man of this country can eventually present as racial qualities. But it is well to remember that they are not the product of a day; that they cannot be made to spring up, gourd-like, in a night season. And hence, you will take no offense if I venture to say that you can leave, for a *little while* at least, all idea of being President of the United States, or even of being sent as Minister to the Court of St. James.

Equally skeptical am I as to the manifest desire which I see in many quarters for addiction to æsthetical culture as a special vocation of the race in this country. It is an aptitude, I acknowledge, constitutional to the race, and it cannot be ignored. After two hundred years' residence in the higher latitudes, we are still a tropical race; and the warmth of the central regions constantly discovers itself in voice and love of harmonies, both those which appeal to the eye by color, and those which affect the sensibilities through the ear. Such an aboriginal quality is not to be disregarded, and I do not disregard it. All I desire to say is that there is something higher in life than inclination, however indigenous it may be. Taste and elegance,

albeit natural cravings, are always secondary to the things absolute and necessary.

There are circumstances constantly occurring wherein we are bound to ignore the strongest bent of nature and yield to the manifest currents of Providence. There are, moreover, primal duties in life, to which all other things must give way. Art and culture must yield to these needs. It is not necessary that we should debase our natural qualities. But style and beauty are secondary to duty and moral responsibility. Men cannot live on flowers. Society cannot be built up upon the strength which comes from rose-water. While I have the firmest conviction that the black race in this country will, eventually, take rank among the very highest in the several spheres of art, I am equally convinced that the great demand of *this* day is for the homely industries among us; that a premature addiction to it will be morally disastrous, that, as a people, we should be careful to avoid a useless expenditure of our strength and our resources.

What, then, are the special needs of this race? What are the grand necessities which call for the earliest recognition and solicitude?

We find our answer to these queries in the discovery of the deadliest breaches made in the character of our people. We all recognize the evident harm we have suffered in the times of servitude; and hence arises the duty of seeking reparation for them. But to this end we must single out the sorest calamities and the deadliest wounds these injuries have left behind.

Now I do not ignore the intellectual evils which have fallen upon us. Neither am I indifferent to the political disasters we are still suffering. But when I take a general survey of our race in the United States I cannot avoid the conclusion,

1st. That there are evils which lie deeper than intellectual neglect or political injury; and 2d, that to pass over the deeper maladies which destroy a man or a people, to attend to evils less virulent in their effects, shows the greatest unwisdom. "That the soul should be without knowledge is not good;" but wide attention *is* given to the schooling and instruction of the black population of the land; and there need be no fear that the race can relapse into its former ignorance and benightedness. And next, with regard to political rights,—they are grand prerogatives, and to be highly prized. But do not forget that manhood has been reached even under great civil deprivations. Even in the times of the Cæsars, St. Paul could exhort men in "the city of God"—"Quit you like men, be strong!"* And the first Christians, under greater civil disabilities than ours, were the grandest of their kind.

The *three* special points of weakness in our race at this time are, I apprehend:—

1. THE STATUS OF THE FAMILY.
2. THE CONDITIONS OF LABOR.
3. THE ELEMENT OF MORALS.

It is my firm conviction that it is our duty to address ourselves more earnestly to the duties involved

*1 Cor., 16; 13.

in these considerations than to any and all other considerations.

1st. THE STATUS OF THE FAMILY.

I shall not pause to detail the calamities which slavery has entailed upon our race in the domain of the family. Every one knows how it has pulled down every pillar and shattered every priceless fabric. But now we have begun the life of freedom, we should attempt the repair of this, the noblest of all the structures of human life. For the basis of all human progress and of all civilization is the family. Despoil the idea of family, assail rudely its elements, its framework and its essential principles, and nothing but degeneration and barbarism can come to any people. Just here, then, we have got to begin the work of reconstruction and up-building. Nothing, next to religion, can compare with the work which is to be done in this sphere. Placed beside this, all our political anxieties are but a triviality. For if you will think but for a moment all that is included in this word *family*, you will see at once that it is the root idea of all civility, of all the humanities, of all organized society. For, in this single word are included all the loves, the cares, the sympathies, the solicitudes of parents and wives and husbands; all the active industries, the prudent economies and the painful self-sacrifices of households; all the sweet memories, the gentle refinement, the pure speech and the godly anxieties of womanhood; all the endurance, the courage and the hardy toil of men; all the

business capacity and the thrifty pertinacity of trades and artisanship and mechanism; and all the moral and physical contributions of multitudinous habitations to the formation of towns and communities and cities, for the formation of states, commonwealth, churches and empires. All these have their roots in the family. Alas! how widely have these traits and qualities been lost to our race in this land! How numerous are the households where they have never been known or recognized! How deficient in manifold quarters, even now, a clear conception of the grandeur of the idea of family! And yet this is the beginning of every people's true life. See where the forerunner of the Christian system aimed to plant the germs of the rising faith of Jesus—"And he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to the fathers."* For the beginning of all organized society is in the family! The school, the college, the professions, suffrage, civil office, are all valuable things; but what are they compared to the FAMILY?

Here, then, where we have suffered the greatest of our disasters, is a world-wide field for thought and interest, for intellectual anxieties and the most intelligent effort.

2d. THE CONDITIONS OF LABOR.

Turn to another and, in its material aspects, a kindred subject. I refer to the *industrial conditions* of the black race in this nation. No topic is exciting more

*Luke 1: 17.

interest and anxiety than the labor question. Almost an angry contest is going on upon the relations of capital to labor. Into this topic all the other kindred questions of wages, hours of labor, co-operation, distribution of wealth, all are dragged in, canvassed, philosophized upon in behalf of the labor element of the country. All the activity of the keenest intellects is employed in this regard; but *all*, I may say exclusively, for the *white* labor of this great nation.

And yet here is the fact, that this white labor is organized labor, it is intelligent labor, it is skilled labor, it is protected labor, protected in a majority of the States by legislative enactments. It is labor nourished, guarded, shielded, rooted in national institutions, propped up by the suffrage of the laboring population, and needs no extraordinary succors. And yet here is the fact, that this immense system of labor, with all its intelligence and its safeguards, is dissatisfied, querulous and complaining; and everywhere, and especially in the great centres of industry, agonistic and belligerent, because it is fretting under a deep sense of inequality, wrong, and injustice. But, my friends, just look at the *black* labor of this country, and consider its sad conditions, its disorganized and rude characteristics, its almost servile status, its insecure and defenseless abjectness.

What gives labor, in any land, dignity and healthiness? It is the qualities of skill and enlightenment. It is only by these qualities men can work in the best manner, with the least waste, for the largest remunera-

tion, and with the most self-command. Where the laborer is crude, blind, uninformed and merely mechanical in his work, there he knows labor somewhat as an animal does; and he is led almost blindly to the same dull, animal-like endurance of toil, which is the characteristic of the beast of the field. His work, moreover, is not self-directed; for it has no inward spring. It is not the outcome of the knowing mind and the trained and cunning hand. It is labor directed by overseeing and commanding skill and knowledge. Multitudes in every land under the sun know labor precisely in the same way domestic animals do. They know the mere physical toil. They know the severest tasks. They know the iron routine of service. They know the soulless submission of drudgery. But, alas! they have never come to know the dignity of labor; never been permitted to share its golden values and its lofty requitals.

Now, if I do not make the very greatest of mistakes, *this* is the marked peculiarity of the black labor of this country. I am not unmindful of the fact that the black man *is* a laborer. I repel the imputation that the race, as a class, is lazy and slothful. I know, too, that, to a partial extent, the black man, in the Southern States, *is* a craftsman, especially in the cities. I am speaking now of aggregates. I am looking at the race in the mass; and I affirm that the sad peculiarity of our labor in this country is that our labor is rude, untutored, and debased. Let any man examine the diverse crafts of labor in the multitudinous businesses

in which men are employed; the almost numberless trades; the heterogeneous callings and the multiform manufactures, which go to make up the industrial civilization of this vast nation; and then see the scores, nay, hundreds, of these careers from which the black man is purposely and inexorably excluded; and *then* you will take in the fact, that the black labor of this land is, of necessity, crude, unskilled, and disorganized labor. And remember here that I am speaking of no less than two millions of men, and women and children; for, to a large extent, black women and children are the laborers of the South, and still work in field and factory.

Join to this the thought of its sad conditions, its servile status and its defenseless abjectness. Here is the fact that tens of thousands of men and women of our race are toiling, have been toiling for years, for men who never think of paying them the worth and value of their toil,—men who systematically "keep back the hire of the laborer by fraud;" men who skillfully and ingeniously, at the close of every year, bring their ignorant laborers into debt to themselves; men who purposely close the portals of all hope, and "shut the gates of mercy" upon the victims of their fraud, and so drive hundreds and thousands of our people into theft and reckless indifference, and many thousands more into despair and premature graves!

Here, then, is a great problem which is to be settled before this race can make the advance of a single step. Without the solution of this enormous question, neither

individual nor family life can secure their proper conditions in this land. *Who* are the men who shall undertake the settlement of this momentous question? How are they to bring about the settlement of it? I answer, first of all, that the rising intelligence of this race, the educated, thinking, scholarly men, who come out of the schools trained and equipped by reading and culture; they are the men who are to handle this great subject. Who else can be expected to attempt it? Do you think that men of other races will encourage *our* cultivated men to parade themselves as mere carpet knights upon the stage of politics, or, in the saloons of æstheticism, and they, themselves, assume the added duty of the moral and material restoration of our race? Whereever has philanthropy shown itself thus overofficious and superserviceable? Never in the history of man has it either assumed superfluous cares or indulged a people in irresponsible diversions. The philanthropists of the times expect every people to bear somewhat the burdens of their own restoration and upbuilding; and rightly so. And *next*, as to the other question—How this problem of labor is to be settled? I reply, in all candor, that I am unable to answer so intricate a question. But this I do say, (1) that you have got to bring to the settlement of it all the brain-power, all the penetration, all the historical reading and all the generous devotedness of heart that you can command; and (2) that in the endeavor to settle this question that you are not to make the mistake, *i. e.*, that it is *external* forces which are chiefly to be brought

to bear upon this enormity. No people can be lifted up by others to grand civility. The elevation of a people, their thorough civilization, comes chiefly from *internal* qualities. If there is no receptive and living quality *in* them which can be evoked for their elevation, then they must die! The emancipation of the black race in this land from the injustice and grinding tyranny of their labor servitude is to be effected mainly by the development of such personal qualities, such thrift, energy and manliness, as shall, in the first place, raise them above the dependence and the penury of their present vassalage, and next, shall bring forth such manliness and dignity in the race as may command the respect of their oppressors.

To bring about these results we need intelligent men and women, so filled with philanthropy that they will go down to the humblest conditions of their race, and carry to their lowly huts and cabins all the resources of science, all the suggestions of domestic, social and political economies, all the appliances of school, and industries, in order to raise and elevate the most abject and needy race on American soil. If the scholarly and enlightened colored men and women care not to devote themselves to these lowly but noble duties, to these humble but sacred conditions, what is the use of their schooling and enlightenment? Why, in the course of Providence, have they had their large advantages and their superior opportunities?

3. I bring to your notice one other requirement of the black race in this country, and that is *the need of a*

higher plane of morality. I make no excuse for introducing so delicate and, perchance, so offensive a topic —a topic which necessarily implies a state of serious moral defectiveness. But if the system of slavery did not do us harm in every segment and section of our being, why have we for generations complained of it? And if it *did* do us moral as well as intellectual harm, why, when attempting by education to rectify the injury to the mental nature, should we neglect the reparation of the *moral* condition of the race? We have suffered, my brethren, in the whole domain of morals. We *are* still suffering as a people in this regard. Take the sanctity of marriage, the facility of divorce, the chastity of woman, the shame, modesty and bashfulness of girlhood, the abhorrence of illegitimacy; and there is no people in this land who, in these regards, have received such deadly thrusts as this race of ours. And these qualities are the grandest qualities of all superior people. You know, as well as I do, how these qualities are insisted upon in Holy Scripture, and there is no need of my referring to it. But some of you here are scholars. You have moistened your lips with the honey of the classics. You have perchance, strengthened your powers with the robustness of Tacitus; and you may remember how he refers, in plaintive, melancholy tones, to the once virile power of Roman manhood, and the chaste beauty and excellence of its womanhood, and mourns their sad decline. And, doubtless, you have felt the deepest interest in the simple but ingenious testimony he bears to the prim-

itive virtues of the Germanic tribes, pagan though they were, and which have proven the historic basis of their eminence and unfailing grandeur. And these are lessons to us, by which we may be taught that the true grandeur of a people is not to be found in their civil status, in their political franchises, in armaments and navies, not even in letters and culture. More than one are the histories which may be found where people had all these; and then, even in the height of their renown, were standing on the brink, whence they were precipitated into ruin! Other histories, however, may be found in which we can see that people simple, untrained and unadorned have been robust and virtuous; have bred brave and truthful men and chaste and beauteous women; have carefully preserved the purity of their families, the simplicity of their manners and reverence for law. And these excellencies have not only shown "their wisdom and understanding in the sight of the nations," but have also made them immortal!

This moral elevation should be the highest ambition of our people. *They* make the greatest mistakes who tell you that money is the master need of our race. *They* equally err who would fain fasten your attention upon the acknowledged political difficulties which confront us in the lawless sections of the land. I acknowledge both of these grievances. But the one grand result of all my historic readings has brought to me this single and distinct conviction, that

"By the soul only the nations shall be free."

If I do not greatly err, I have made it evident to-day that a mighty revolution is demanded in our race in this country. The whole status of our condition is to be transformed and elevated. The change which is demanded is a vaster deeper one than that of emancipation. *That* was a change of state or condition, valuable and important indeed, but affecting mainly the *outer* conditions of this people. And that is all a civil status can do, how beneficent soever it may be. But outward condition does not necessarily touch the springs of life. That requires other, nobler, more spiritual agencies. How true are the words of Coleridge:—

> "I may not hope from outward things to win
> The passion and the life, whose fountains are within."

What we need is a grand *moral* revolution which shall touch and vivify the inner life of a people, which shall give them dissatisfaction with ignoble motives and sensual desires, which shall bring to them a resurrection from inferior ideas and lowly ambitions; which shall shed illumination through all the chambers of their souls, which shall lift them up to lofty aspirations, which shall put them in the race for manly moral superiority.

A revolution of this kind is not a gift which can be handed over by one people, and placed as a new deposit, in the constitution of another. Nor is it an acquisition to be gained by storm, by excitement or frantic and convulsive agitation, political, religious or other.

The revolution I speak of is one which must find its primal elements in qualities, latent though they be, which reside *in* the people who need this revolution, and which can be drawn out of them, and thus secure form and reality.

The basis of this revolution must be character. *That* is the rock on which this whole race in America is to be built up. Our leaders and teachers are to address themselves to this main and master endeavor, viz., to free them from false ideas and injurious habits, to persuade them to the adoption of correct principles, to lift them up to superior modes of living, and so bring forth, as permanent factors in their life, the qualities of thrift, order, acquisitiveness, virtue and manliness.

And who are the agents to bring about this grand change in this race?

Remember, just here, that all effectual revolutions in a people must be racial in their characteristics. You can't take the essential qualities of one people and transfuse them into the blood of another people, and make them indigenous to them. The primal qualities of a family, a clan, a nation, a race are heritable qualities. They abide in their constitution. They are absolute and congenital things. They remain, notwithstanding the conditions and the changes of rudeness, slavery, civilization and enlightenment. The attempt to eliminate them will only serve to make a people factitious and unmanly. It is law of moral elevation that you must allow the constant abidance of the essential elements of a people's character.

And, therefore, when I put the query—*Who* are to be the agents to raise and elevate this people to a higher plane of being? the answer will at once flash upon your intelligence. It is to be affected by the scholars and philanthropists which come forth in these days from the schools. *They* are to be the scholars; for to transform, stimulate and uplift a people is a work of intelligence; it is a work which demands the clear induction of historic facts and their application to new circumstances,—a work which will require the most skillful resources and the wise practicality of superior men.

But these reformers must not be mere scholars. The intellect is to be used, but mainly as the vehicle of mind and spiritual aims. And hence, these men must needs be both scholars and philanthropists; the intellect rightly discerning the conditions, and the gracious and godly heart stimulating to the performance of the noblest duties for a people.

Allow me, in conclusion, to express the hope that, mingled with the sweet melodies of poetry, the inspiring voices of eloquence and the mystic tones of science, you will have an open ear to hear the voice of God, which is the call to duty. And may he who holds the hearts of all men give you the spirit to forget yourselves, and live for the good of man and the glory of God. Such a field and opportunity is graciously opened to you in the conditions and needs of our common race in this country. May you and I be equal to them!

The Race-Problem in America.

A paper read at the Church Congress. [*Prot. Epis. Church.*]
Buffalo, N. Y., Nov. 20th, 1888.

ADDRESS.

THE residence of various races of men in the same national community, is a fact which has occurred in every period of time and in every quarter of the globe. So well known is this fact of history that the mention of a few special instances will be sufficient for this occasion.

It took place in earliest times on the plains of Babylon. It was seen on the banks of the Nile, in the land of the Pharaohs. The same fact occurred again when the barbarian hosts of the North fell upon effete Roman society, and changed the fate of Europe. Once more we witness the like fact when the Moors swept along the banks of the Mediterranean, and seated themselves in might and majesty on the hills of Granada and along the fertile slopes of Arragon and Castile. And now, in the 19th century, we have the largest illustration of the same fact in our own Republic, where are gathered together, in one national community, sixty millions of people of every race and kindred under the sun. It might be supposed that an historical fact so large and multiform would furnish a solution of the great race-problem, which now invites

attention in American society. We read the future by the past. And without doubt there are certain principles of population which are invariable in their working and universal in their results. Such principles are inductions from definite conditions, and may be called the laws of population. They are, too, both historical and predictive. One cannot only ascertain through them the past condition of States and peoples, but they give a light which opens up with clearness the future of great commonwealths.

But, singular as it may seem, there is no fixed law of history by which to determine the probabilities of the race-problem in the United States. We can find nowhere such invariability of result as to set a principle or determine what may be called an historical axiom.

Observe just here the inevitable confusion which is sure to follow the aim after historical precedent in this problem.

The descendants of Nimrod and Assur, people of two different stocks, settled in Babylon; and the result was amalgamation.*

The Jews and the Egyptians under the Pharaohs inhabited the same country 400 years; but antagonism was the result, and expulsion the final issue.

The Tartars overran China in the tenth century, and the result has been amalgamation.

The Goths and Vandals poured into Italy like a flood, and the result has been absorption.

* "Duties of Higher toward Lower Races." Canon Rawlinson, Princeton Review, Nov., 1878.

The Celts and Scandinavians clustered like bees from the fourth to the sixth centuries in the British Isles, and the result has been absorption.

The Northmen and Gauls have lived side by side in Normandy since the tenth century, and the result has been absorption.

The Moors and Spaniards came into the closest contact in the sixth century, and it resulted in constant antagonism and in final expulsion.

The Caucasian and the Indian have lived in close neighborhood on this continent since 1492, and the result has been the extinction of the Indian.

The Papuan and the Malay have lived side by side for ages in the tropical regions of the Pacific, and have maintained every possible divergence of tribal life, of blood, government, and religion, down to the present, and yet have remained perpetually and yet peacefully separate and distinct.*

These facts, circling deep historic ages, show that we can find no definite historical precedent or principle applicable to the race-problem in America.

Nevertheless we are not entirely at sea with regard to this problem. There are certain tendencies, seen for over 200 years in our population, which indicate settled, determinate proclivities, and which show, if I mistake not, the destiny of races.

What, then, are the probabilities of the future? Do the indications point to amalgamation or to absorption as the outcome of race-life in America? Are we to

*See "Physics and Politics," by Bagehot, pp. 84, 85.

have the intermingling of our peoples into one common blood or the perpetuity of our diverse stocks, with the abiding integrity of race, blood, and character?

I might meet the theory which anticipates amalgamation by the great principle manifested in every sphere, viz: "That nature is constantly departing from the simple to the complex; starting off in new lines from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous;" striking out in divers ways into variety; and hence we are hedged in, in the aim after blood-unity, by a law of nature which is universal, and which excludes the notion of amalgamation.

But I turn from the abstract to history. It is now about 268 years since the tides of immigration began to beat upon our shores. This may be called a brief period, but 268 years is long enough to fix a new type of man. Has such a new type sprung up here to life? Has a new commingled race, the result of our diverse elements, come forth from the crucible of our heterogeneous nationality?

We will indulge in no speculation upon this subject. We will exclude even the faintest tinge of the imagination. The facts alone shall speak for themselves.

First of all is the history of the Anglo-Saxon race in America. In many respects it has been the foremost element in the American population; in largeness of numbers, in civil polity and power, in educational impress, and in religious influence. What has become of this element of our population? Has it been lost in

the current of the divergent streams of life which have been spreading abroad throughout the land?

Why, every one knows that in New England, in Virginia, in the Far West, along the Atlantic Seaboard, that fully three-fifths of the whole American population are the offspring of this same hardy, plodding, common-sense people that they were centuries ago, when their fathers pressed through the forests of Jamestown or planted their feet upon the sterile soil of Plymouth.

Some of you may remember the remark of Mr. Lowell, on his return in 1885 from his mission to England. He said that when English people spoke to him of Americans as a people different from themselves, he always told them that in blood he was just as much an Englishman as they were; and Mr. Lowell in this remark was the spokesman of not less than thirty-six millions of men of as direct Anglo-Saxon descent as the men of Kent or the people of Yorkshire.

The Celtic element came to America in two separate columns. The French entered Canada in 1607. They came with all that glow, fervor, gallantry, social aptitudes, and religious loyalty which, for centuries, have characterized the Gallic blood, and which are still conspicuous features on both sides of the Atlantic.

The other section of the Celtic family began their immigration about 1640; and they have almost depopulated Ireland to populate America; and their numbers now are millions.

One or two facts are observable concerning the French and Irish, viz: (1) That, although kindred in

blood, temperament; and religion, they have avoided both neighborhood of locality and marital alliance; and (2) so great has been the increase of the Hibernian family that in Church life and political importance, they form a vast solidarity in the nation.

The German, like the Celtic family, came over in two sections. The Batavian stock came first from Holland in 1608, and made New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania their habitat. The Germans proper, or High Germans, have been streaming into the Republic since 1680, bringing with them that steadiness and sturdiness, that thrift and acquisitiveness, that art and learning, that genius and acumen, which have given an elastic spring to American culture, depth to philosophy, and inspiration to music and to art.

And here they are in great colonies in the Middle and Western States, and in vast sections of our great cities. And yet where can one discover any decline in the purity of German blood, or the likelihood of its ultimate loss in the veins of alien people?

The Negro contingent was one of the earliest contributions to the American population. The black man came quickly on the heel of the Cavalier at Jamestown, and before the arrival of the Puritan in the east. "That fatal, that perfidious bark" of Sir John Hawkins, that "ferried the slave captive o'er the sea" from Africa, preceded the Mayflower one year and five months.

From that small cargo and its after arrivals have arisen the large black population, variously estimated from 8 to 10,000,000. It is mostly, especially in the

wide rural areas of the South, a purely Negro population. In the large cities there is a wide intermixture of blood. This, by some writers, is taken as the indication of ultimate and entire amalgamation. But the past in this incident is no sign of the future. The gross and violent intermingling of the blood of the southern white man cannot be taken as an index of the future of the black race.

Amalgamation in its exact sense means the approach of affinities. The word applied to human beings implies will, and the consent of two parties. In *this* sense there has been no amalgamation of the two races; for the negro in this land has ever been the truest of men, in marital allegiance, to his own race.

Intermixture of blood there has been—not by the amalgamation, which implies consent, but through the victimizing of the helpless black woman. But even this has been limited in extent. Out of 4,500,000 of this race in the census of 1861, 400,000 were set down as of mixed blood. Thousands of these were the legitimate offspring of colored parents; and the probability is that not more than 150,000 had white fathers. Since emancipation the black woman has gained possession of her own person, and it is the testimony of Dr. Haygood and other eminent Southerners that the base process of intermixture has had a wide and sudden decline, and that the likelihood of the so-called amalgamation of the future is fast dying out.

And now, after this survey of race tides and race life during 268 years, I repeat the question: "Has a *new*

race, the product of our diverse elements, sprung up here in America? Or, is there any such a probability for the future?"

Let me answer this question by a recent and striking reference.

Dr. Strong, in his able, startling, striking Tractate, entitled "*Our Country*," speaks, in ch. 4, p. 44, of the Helvetian settlement in southern Wisconsin. He deprecates the preservation of its race, its language, its worship, and its customs in their integrity. In this, you see, he forgets the old Roman adage that "though men cross the seas they do not change their nature." He then protests (and rightly, too) against the perpetuation of race antipathies, and closes his criticism with the suggestion, similar to that of Canon Rawlinson, of Oxford, viz., that the American people should seek the solution of the race-problem by universal assimilation of blood.

Dr. Strong evidently forgets that the principle of race is one of the most persistent of all things in the constitution of man. It is one of those structural facts in our nature which abide with a fixed, vital, and reproductive power.

Races, like families, are the organisms and the ordinance of God; and race feeling, like the family feeling, is of divine origin. The extinction of race feeling is just as possible as the extinction of family feeling. Indeed, a race *is* a family. The principle of continuity is as masterful in races as it is in families—as it is in nations.

History is filled with the attempts of kings and mighty generals and great statesmen to extinguish this instinct. But their failures are as numerous as their futile attempts; for this sentiment, alike subtle and spontaneous, has both pervaded and stimulated society in every quarter. Indeed, as Lord Beaconsfield says, "race is the key to history." When once the race-type gets fixed as a new variety, then it acts precisely as the family life; for, 1st, it propagates itself by that divine instinct of reproduction, vital in all living creatures, and next, 2nd, it has a growth as a "seed after its own kind and in itself," whereby the race-type becomes a perpetuity, with its own distinctive form, constitution, features, and structure. Heredity is just as true a fact in races as in families, as it is in individuals.

Nay, we see, not seldom, a special persistency in the race life. We see families and tribes and clans swept out of existence, while race "goes on forever." Yea, even nations suffer the same fate. Take, for instance, the unification of States now constantly occurring. One small nation after another is swallowed up by another to magnify its strength and importance, and thus the great empires of the world become colossal powers. But it is observable that the process of unification leaves untouched the vitality and the persistency of race. You have only to turn to Great Britain and to Austria to verify this statement. In both nations we see the intensity of race cohesion, and at the same time the process of unification. Indeed, on all sides, in Europe, we see the consolidation of States; and at the same

time the integration of race: Nature and Providence thus developing that principle of unity which binds the universe, and yet at the same time manifesting that conserving power which tends everywhere to fixity of type. And this reminds us of the lines of Tennyson:

> "Are God and nature, then, at strife,
> That nature lends such evil dreams?
> So careful of the type she seems,
> So careless of the single life."

Hence, when a race once seats itself permanently in a land it is almost as impossible to get rid of it as it is to extirpate a plant that is indigenous to its soil. You can drive out a family from a community. You can rid yourself of a clan or a single tribe by expulsion. You can swallow up by amalgamation a simple emigrant people.

But when a RACE, *i. e.*, a compact, homogeneous population of one blood, ancestry, and lineage—numbering, perchance, some eight or ten millions—once enters a land and settles therein as its home and heritage, then occurs an event as fixed and abiding as the rooting of the Pyrenees in Spain or the Alps in Italy.

The race-problem, it will thus be seen, cannot be settled by extinction of race. No amalgamating process can eliminate it. It is not a carnal question—a problem of breeds, or blood, or lineage.

And even if it were, amalgamation would be an impossibility. How can any one persuade seven or eight millions of people to forget the ties of race? No one could *force* them into the arms of another race. And

even then it would take generations upon generations to make the American people homogeneous in blood and essential qualities. Thus take one single case: There are thirty millions of Negroes on the American *continent* (eight or more millions in the United States of America), and constantly increasing at an immense ratio. Nothing but the sheerest, haziest imagination can anticipate the future dissolution of this race and its final loss; and so, too, of the other races of men in America.

Indeed, the race-problem is a moral one. It is a question entirely of ideas. Its solution will come especially from the domain of principles. Like all the other great battles of humanity, it is to be fought out with the weapons of truth. The race-problem is a question of organic life, and it must be dealt with as an ethical matter by the laws of the Christian system. "As diseases of the mind are invisible, so must their remedies be."

And this brings me to the one vast question that still lingers, *i. e.*, the question of AMITY. Race-life is a permanent element in our system. Can it be maintained in peace? Can these races give the world the show of brotherhood and fraternity? Is there a moral remedy in this problem?

Such a state of concord is, we must admit, a rare sight, even in christendom. There is great friction between Celt and Saxon in Britain. We see the violence of both Russ and German against the Jew. The bitterness is a mutual one between Russia on the one hand

and Bulgaria and the neighboring dependent principalities on the other, and France and Germany stand facing one another like great fighting cocks.

All this is by no means assuring, and hence we cannot dismiss this question in an off-hand and careless manner.

The current, however, does not set all one way. There is another aspect to this question.

Thus, the Norman and the Frank have lived together harmoniously for centuries; the Welsh, English, and Scotch in England; the Indian, the Spaniard, and Negro in Brazil, and people of very divergent lineage in Spain.

And now the question arises: What are the probabilities of amity in a land where exists such wide divergence of race as the Saxon on the one hand and the Negro on the other?

First of all, let me say that the social idea is to be entirely excluded from consideration. It is absolutely a personal matter, regulated by taste, condition, or either by racial or family affinities; and there it must remain undisturbed forever. The Jews in this land are sufficient for themselves. So are the Germans, the Italians, the Irish, and so are the Negroes. Civil and political freedom trench in no way upon the domestic state or social relations.

Besides, there is something ignoble in any man, any class, any race of men whining and crying because they cannot move in spheres where they are not wanted.

But, beyond the social range there should be no compromise; and this country should be agitated and even convulsed till the battle of liberty is won, and every man in the land is guaranteed fully every civil and political right and prerogative.

The question of equality pertains entirely to the two domains of civil and political life and prerogative.

Now, I wish to show that the probabilities tend toward the complete and entire civil and political equality of all the peoples of this land.

1st. Observe that this is the age of civil freedom. It has not as yet gained its fullest triumphs; neither yet has Christianity.

But it is to be observed in the history of man that, in due time, certain principles get their set in human society, and there is no such thing as successfully resisting them. Their rise is not a matter of chance or hap-hazard. It is God's hand in history. It is the providence of the Almighty, and no earthly power can stay it.

Such, pre-eminently, was the entrance of Christianity in the centre of the world's civilization, and the planting of the idea of human brotherhood amid the ideas in the laws and legislation of great nations. *That* was the seed from which have sprung all the great revolutions in thought and governmental policies during the Christian era. Its work has been slow, but it has been certain and unfailing. I cannot pause to narrate all its early victories. We will take a limited period. We will begin at the dawn of modern civilization, and note

the grand achievements of the idea of Christian brotherhood.

It struck at the doctrine of the Divine Right of Kings, and mortally wounded it. It demanded the extinction of Feudalism, and it got it. It demanded the abolition of the Slave Trade, and it got it. It demanded the abolition of Russian Serfage, and it got it. It demanded the education of the masses, and it got it.

In the early part of the eighteenth century this principle of brotherhood sprouted forth into a grander and more consummate growth, and generated the spirit of democracy.

When I speak of the spirit of democracy I have no reference to that spurious, blustering, self-sufficient spirit which derides God and authority on the one hand, and crushes the weak and helpless on the other. The democratic spirit I am speaking of is that which upholds the doctrine of human rights; which demands honor to all men; which recognizes manhood in all conditions; which uses the State as the means and agency for the unlimited progress of humanity. This principle has its root in the Scriptures of God, and it has come forth in political society to stay! In the hands of man it has indeed suffered harm. It has been both distorted and exaggerated, and without doubt it needs to be chastised, regulated, and sanctified. But the democratic principle in its essence is of God, and in its normal state it is the consummate flower of Christianity, and is irresistible because it is the mighty breath of God.

It is democracy which has demanded the people's participation in government and the extension of suffrage, and it got it. It has demanded a higher wage for labor, and it has got it, and will get more. It has demanded the abolition of Negro slavery, and it has got it. Its present demand is the equality of man in the State, irrespective of race, condition, or lineage. The answer to this demand is the solution of the race-problem.

In this land the crucial test in the race-problem is the civil and political rights of the black man. The only question now remaining among us for the full triumph of Christian democracy is the equality of the Negro.

Nay, I take back my own words. It is NOT the case of the Negro in this land. It is the nation which is on trial. The Negro is only the touch-stone. By this black man she stands or falls.

If the black man cannot be free in this land, if he cannot tread with firmness every pathway to preferment and superiority, neither can the white man. "A bridge is never stronger than its weakest point."

> "In nature's chain, whatever link you strike,
> Tenth or ten-thousandth, breaks the chain alike."

So compact a thing is humanity that the despoiling of an individual is an injury to society.

This nation has staked her existence on this principle of democracy in her every fundamental political dogma, and in every organic State document. The democratic idea is neither Anglo-Saxonism, nor Ger-

manism, nor Hibernianism, but HUMANITY, and humanity can live when Anglo-Saxonism or any class of the race of man has perished. Humanity anticipated all human varieties by thousands of years, and rides above them all, and outlives them all, and swallows up them all!

If this nation is not truly democratic then she must die! Nothing is more destructive to a nation than an organic falsehood! This nation cannot live—this nation does not deserve to live—on the basis of a lie!

Her fundamental idea is democracy; and if this nation will not submit herself to the domination of this idea—if she refuses to live in the spirit of this creed—then she is already doomed, and she will certainly be damned.

But neither calamity, I ween, is her destiny.

The democratic spirit is of itself a prophecy of its own fulfillment. Its disasters are trivialities; its repulses only temporary. In this nation the Negro has been the test for over 200 years. But see how far the Negro has traveled this time.

In less than the lifetime of such a man as the great George Bancroft, observe the transformation in the status of the Negro in this land. When *he* was a child the Negro was a marketable commodity, a beast of the field, a chattel in the shambles, outside of the pale of the law, and ignorant as a pagan.

Nay, when I was a boy of 13, I heard the utterance fresh from the lips of the great J. C. Calhoun, to wit, that if he could find a Negro who knew the Greek

syntax he would then believe that the Negro was a human being and should be treated as a man.

If he were living to-day he would come across scores of Negroes, not only versed in the Greek syntax, but doctors, lawyers, college students, clergymen, some learned professors, and *one* the author of a new Greek Grammar.

But just here the caste spirit interferes in this race-problem and declares: "You Negroes may get learning; you may get property; you may have churches and religion; but this is your limit! This is a white man's Government! No matter how many millions you may number, we Anglo-Saxons are to rule!" This is the edict constantly hissed in the Negro's ear, in one vast section of the land.

Let me tell you of a similar edict in another land:

Some sixty years ago there was a young nobleman, an undergraduate at Oxford University, a youth of much talent, learning, and political ambition; but, at the same time, he was *then* a foolish youth! His patrician spirit rose in bitter protest against the Reform Bill of that day, which lessened the power of the British aristocracy and increased the suffrages of the Commons. He was a clever young fellow, and he wrote a brilliant poem in defense of his order, notable, as you will see, for its rhythm, melody, and withal for its—silliness! Here are two lines from it:

> "Let I aws and Letters, Arts and Learning die;
> But give us still our old Nobility.

Yes, let everything go to smash! Let civilization itself go to the dogs, if only an oligarchy may rule, flourish, and dominate!

We have a blatant provincialism in our own country, whose only solution of the race-problem is the eternal subjection of the Negro, and the endless domination of a lawless and self-created aristocracy.

Such men forget that the democratic spirit rejects the factious barriers of caste, and stimulates the lowest of the kind to the very noblest ambitions of life. They forget that nations are no longer governed by races, but by ideas. They forget that the triumphant spirit of democracy has bred an individualism which brooks not the restraints of classes and aristocracies. They forget that, regardless of "Pope, Consul, King," or oligarchy, this same spirit of democracy lifts up to place and power her own agents for the rule of the world; and brings to the front, now a Dane as King of Greece, and now a Frenchman as King of Sweden; now a Jewish D'Israeli as Prime Minister of England, and now a Gallatin and a Schurz as cabinet ministers in America. They forget that a Wamba and a Gurth in one generation, whispering angry discontent in secret places, become, by the inspiration of democracy, the outspoken Hampdens and Sydneys of another. They forget that, as letters ripen and education spreads, the "Sambos" and "Pompeys" of to-day will surely develop into the Touissants and the Christophes, the Wards and the Garnets of the morrow, champions of their race and vindicators of their rights. They for-

get that democracy, to use the words of De Tocqueville, "has severed every link of the chain" by which aristocracy had fixed every member of the community, "from the peasant to the king."*

They forget that the Church of God is in the world; that her mission is, by the Holy Ghost, "to take the weak things of the world to confound the mighty," "to put down the mighty from their seats, and to exalt them of low degree;" that now, as in all the ages, she will, by the Gospel, break up tyrannies and useless dynasties, and lift up the masses to nobleness of life, and exalt the humblest of men to excellence and superiority.

Above all things, they forget that "the King invisible, immortal, eternal" is upon the throne of the universe; that thither caste, and bigotry, and race-hate can never reach; that He is everlastingly committed to the interests of the oppressed; that He is constantly sending forth succors and assistances for the rescue of the wronged and injured; that He brings all the forces of the universe to grind to powder all the enormities of earth, and to rectify all the ills of humanity, and so hasten on the day of universal brotherhood.

By the presence and the power of that Divine Being all the alienations and disseverances of men shall be healed; all the race-problems of this land easily be solved, and love and peace prevail among men.

*"Democracy in America," B. 2, Ch. 2.

The Black Woman of the South:

HER NEGLECTS AND HER NEEDS.

Address before the "Freedman's Aid Society." [Meth. Epis. Church.] Ocean Grove, N. J., Aug. 15th, 1883.

ADDRESS.

IT is an age clamorous everywhere for the dignities, the grand prerogatives, and the glory of woman. There is not a country in Europe where she has not risen somewhat above the degradation of centuries, and pleaded successfully for a new position and a higher vocation. As the result of this new reformation we see her, in our day, seated in the lecture-rooms of ancient universities, rivaling her brothers in the fields of literature, the grand creators of ethereal art, the participants in noble civil franchises, the moving spirit in grand reformations, and the guide, agent, or assistant in all the noblest movements for the civilization and regeneration of man.

In these several lines of progress the American woman has run on in advance of her sisters in every other quarter of the globe. The advantage she has received, the rights and prerogatives she has secured for herself, are unequaled by any other class of women in the world. It will not be thought amiss, then, that I come here to-day to present to your consideration the one grand exception to this general superiority of women, viz., "THE BLACK WOMAN OF THE SOUTH."

In speaking to-day of the "black woman," I must needs make a very clear distinction. The African race in this country is divided into two classes, that is—the *colored people* and the *negro population*. In the census returns of 1860 this whole population was set down at 4,500,000. Of these, the *colored* numbered 500,000; the *black* or *negro* population at 4,000,000. But notice these other broad lines of demarkation between them. The colored people, while indeed but *one-eighth* of the number of the blacks, counted more men and women who could read and write than the whole 4,000,000 of their brethren in bondage. A like disparity showed itself in regard to their *material* condition. The 500,000 colored people were absolutely richer in lands and houses than the many millions of their degraded kinsmen.

The causes of these differences are easily discovered. The colored population received, in numerous cases, the kindness and generosity of their white kindred—white fathers and relatives. Forbidden by law to marry the negro woman, very many slave-holders took her as the wife, despite the law; and when children were begotten every possible recognition was given those children, and they were often cared for, educated, and made possessors of property. Sometimes they were sent to Northern schools, sometimes to France or England. Not unfrequently whole families, nay, at times, whole colonies, were settled in Western or Northern towns and largely endowed with property. The colored population, moreover, was, as compared

with the negro, the *urban* population. They were brought in large numbers to the cities, and thus partook of the civilization and refinement of the whites. They were generally the domestic servants of their masters, and thus, brought in contact with their superiors, they gained a sort of education which never came to the field hands, living in rude huts on the plantations. All this, however casual it may seem, was a merciful providence, by which some gleams of light and knowledge came, indirectly, to the race in this land.

The rural or plantation population of the South was made up almost entirely of people of pure negro blood. And this brings out also the other disastrous fact, namely, that this large black population has been living from the time of their introduction into America, a period of more than two hundred years, in a state of unlettered rudeness. The Negro all this time has been an intellectual starvling. This has been more especially the condition of the black woman of the South. Now and then a black man has risen above the debased condition of his people. Various causes would contribute to the advantage of the *men*: the relation of servants to superior masters; attendance at courts with them; their presence at political meetings; listening to table-talk behind their chairs; traveling as valets; the privilege of books and reading in great houses, and with indulgent masters—all these served to lift up a black *man* here and there to something like superiority. But no such fortune fell to the lot of the plantation woman. The black woman of the South was left per-

petually in a state of hereditary darkness and rudeness. Since the day of Phillis Wheatly no Negress in this land (that is, in the South) has been raised above the level of her sex. The lot of the black *man* on the plantation has been sad and desolate enough; but the fate of the black woman has been awful! Her entire existence from the day she first landed, a naked victim of the slave-trade, has been degradation in its extremest forms.

In her girlhood all the delicate tenderness of her sex has been rudely outraged. In the field, in the rude cabin, in the press-room, in the factory, she was thrown into the companionship of coarse and ignorant men. No chance was given her for delicate reserve or tender modesty. From her childhood she was the doomed victim of the grossest passions. All the virtues of her sex were utterly ignored. If the instinct of chastity asserted itself, then she had to fight like a tigress for the ownership and possession of her own person; and, ofttimes, had to suffer pains and lacerations for her virtuous self-assertion. When she reached maturity all the tender instincts of her womanhood were ruthlessly violated. At the age of marriage—always prematurely anticipated under slavery—she was mated, as the stock of the plantation were mated, *not* to be the companion of a loved and chosen husband, but to be the breeder of human cattle, for the field or the auction block. With that mate she went out, morning after morning to toil, as a common field-hand. As it was *his*, so likewise was it her lot to wield the heavy hoe, or to follow

the plow, or to gather in the crops. She was a "hewer of wood and a drawer of water." She was a common field-hand. She had to keep her place in the gang from morn till eve, under the burden of a heavy task, or under the stimulus or the fear of a cruel lash. She was a picker of cotton. She labored at the sugar mill and in the tobacco factory. When, through weariness or sickness, she has fallen behind her allotted task then came, as punishment, the fearful stripes upon her shrinking, lacerated flesh.

Her home life was of the most degrading nature. She lived in the rudest huts, and partook of the coarsest food, and dressed in the scantiest garb, and slept, in multitudinous cabins, upon the hardest boards!

Thus she continued a beast of burden down to the period of those maternal anxieties which, in ordinary civilized life, give repose, quiet, and care to expectant mothers. But, under the slave system, few such relaxations were allowed. And so it came to pass that little children were ushered into this world under conditions which many cattle raisers would not suffer for their flocks or herds. Thus she became the mother of children. But even then there was for her no suretyship of motherhood, or training, or control. Her own offspring were *not* her own. She and husband and children were all the property of others. All these sacred ties were constantly snapped and cruelly sundered. *This* year she had one husband; and next year, through some auction sale, she might be separated from him and mated to another. There was no sanctity

of family, no binding tie of marriage, none of the fine felicities and the endearing affections of home. None of these things were the lot of Southern black women. Instead thereof a gross barbarism which tended to blunt the tender sensibilities, to obliterate feminine delicacy and womanly shame, came down as her heritage from generation to generation; and it seems a miracle of providence and grace that, notwithstanding these terrible circumstances, so much struggling virtue lingered amid these rude cabins, that so much womanly worth and sweetness abided in their bosoms, as slaveholders themselves have borne witness to.

But some of you will ask: "Why bring up these sad memories of the past? Why distress us with these dead and departed cruelties?" Alas, my friends, these are not dead things. Remember that

"The evil that men do lives after them."

The evil of gross and monstrous abominations, the evil of great organic institutions crop out long after the departure of the institutions themselves. If you go to Europe you will find not only the roots, but likewise many of the deadly fruits of the old Feudal system still surviving in several of its old states and kingdoms. So, too, with slavery. The eighteen years of freedom have not obliterated all its deadly marks from either the souls or bodies of the black woman. The conditions of life, indeed, have been modified since emancipation; but it still maintains that the black woman is the Pariah woman of this land! We have, indeed, degraded

women, immigrants, from foreign lands. In their own countries some of them were so low in the social scale that they were yoked with the cattle to plow the fields. They were rude, unlettered, coarse, and benighted. But when they reach *this* land there comes an end to their degraded condition.

"They touch our country and their shackles fall."

As soon as they become grafted into the stock of American life they partake at once of all its large gifts and its noble resources.

Not so with the black woman of the South. Freed, legally she has been; but the act of emancipation had no talismanic influence to reach to and alter and transform her degrading social life.

When that proclamation was issued she might have heard the whispered words in her every hut, "Open Sesame;" but, so far as her humble domicile and her degraded person was concerned, there was no invisible but gracious Genii who, on the instant, could transmute the rudeness of her hut into instant elegance, and change the crude surroundings of her home into neatness, taste, and beauty.

The truth is, "Emancipation Day" found her a prostrate and degraded being; and, although it has brought numerous advantages to her sons, it has produced but the simplest changes in her social and domestic condition. She is still the crude, rude, ignorant mother. Remote from cities, the dweller still in the old plantation hut, neighboring to the sulky, disaffected master

class, who still think her freedom was a personal robbery of themselves, none of the "fair humanities" have visited her humble home. The light of knowledge has not fallen upon her eyes. The fine domesticities which give the charm to family life, and which, by the refinement and delicacy of womanhood, preserve the civilization of nations, have not come to *her*. She has still the rude, coarse labor of men. With her rude husband she still shares the hard service of a field-hand. Her house, which shelters, perhaps, some six or eight children, embraces but two rooms. Her furniture is of the rudest kind. The clothing of the household is scant and of the coarest material, has ofttimes the garniture of rags; and for herself and offspring is marked, not seldom, by the absence of both hats and shoes. She has rarely been taught to sew, and the field labor of slavery times has kept her ignorant of the habitudes of neatness, and the requirements of order. Indeed, coarse food, coarse clothes, coarse living, coarse manners, coarse companions, coarse surroundings, coarse neighbors, both black and white, yea, every thing coarse, down to the coarse, ignorant, senseless religion, which excites her sensibilities and starts her passions, go to make up the life of the masses of black women in the hamlets and villages of the rural South.

This is the state of black womanhood. Take the girlhood of this same region, and it presents the same aspect, save that in large districts the white man has not forgotten the olden times of slavery, and, with, indeed, the deepest sentimental abhorrence of "amal-

gamation," still thinks that the black girl is to be perpetually the victim of his lust! In the larger towns and in cities, our girls, in common schools and academies, are receiving superior culture. Of the fifteen thousand colored school teachers in the South, more than half are colored young women, educated since emancipation. But even these girls, as well as their more ignorant sisters in rude huts, are followed and tempted and insulted by the ruffianly element of Southern society, who think that black *men* have no rights which white men should regard, and black *women* no virtue which white men should respect!

And now look at the *vastness* of this degradation. If I had been speaking of the population of a city, or a town, or even a village, the tale would be a sad and melancholy one. But I have brought before you the condition of millions of women. According to the census of 1880 there were, in the Southern States, 3,327,678 females of all ages of the African race. Of these there were 674,365 girls between twelve and twenty, 1,522,696 between twenty and eighty. "These figures," remarks an observing friend of mine, "are startling!" And when you think that the masses of these women live in the rural districts; that they grow up in rudeness and ignorance; that their former masters are using few means to break up their hereditary degradation, you can easily take in the pitiful condition of this population, and forecast the inevitable future to multitudes of females, unless a mighty special effort is

made for the improvement of the black womanhood of the South.

I know the practical nature of the American mind, I know how the question of values intrudes itself into even the domain of philanthropy; and, hence, I shall not be astonished if the query suggests itself, whether special interest in the black woman will bring any special advantage to the American nation.

Let me dwell for a few moments upon this phase of the subject. Possibly the view I am about suggesting has never before been presented to the American mind. But, Negro as I am, I shall make no apology for venturing the claim that the Negress is one of the most interesting of all the classes of women on the globe. I am speaking of her, not as a perverted and degraded creature, but in her natural state, with her native instincts and peculiarities.

Let me repeat just here the words of a wise, observing, tender-hearted philanthropist, whose name and worth and words have attained celebrity. It is fully forty years ago since the celebrated Dr. Channing said: "We are holding in bondage one of the best races of the human family. The Negro is among the mildest, gentlest of men. He is singularly susceptible of improvement from abroad. . . . His nature is affectionate, easily touched, and hence he is more open to religious improvement than the white man. . . . . The African carries with him much more than *we* the genius of a meek, long-suffering, loving virtue."*

* "Emancipation." By Rev. W. E. Channing, D. D. Works of W. E. Channing, D. D. A. U. A. Ed. Pp. 820.

I should feel ashamed to allow these words to fall from my lips if it were not necessary to the lustration of the character of my black sisters of the South. I do not stand here to-day to plead for the black *man*. He is a man; and if he is weak he must go the wall. He is a man; he must fight his own way, and if he is strong in mind and body, he can take care of himself. But for the mothers, sisters, and daughters of my race I have a right to speak. And when I think of their sad condition down South, think, too, that since the day of emancipation hardly any one has lifted up a voice in their behalf, I feel it a duty and a privilege to set forth their praises and to extol their excellencies. For, humble and benighted as she is, the black woman of the South is one of the queens of womanhood. If there is any other woman on this earth who in native aboriginal qualities is her superior, I know not where she is to be found; for, I do say, that in tenderness of feeling, in genuine native modesty, in large disinterestedness, in sweetness of disposition and deep humility, in unselfish devotedness, and in warm, motherly assiduities, the Negro woman is unsurpassed by any other woman on this earth.

The testimony to this effect is almost universal—our enemies themselves being witnesses. You know how widely and how continuously, for generations, the Negro has been traduced, ridiculed, derided. Some of you may remember the journals and the hostile criticisms of Coleridge and Trollope and Burton, West Indian and African travelers. Very many of you may

remember the philosophical disquisitions of the ethnological school of 1847, the contemptuous dissertations of Hunt and Gliddon. But it is worthy of notice in all these cases that the sneer, the contempt, the bitter gibe, have been invariable leveled against the black *man*—never against the black woman! On the contrary, *she* has almost everywhere been extolled and eulogized. The black man was called a stupid, thick-lipped, flat-nosed, long-heeled, empty-headed animal; the link between the baboon and the human being, only fit to be a slave! But everywhere, even in the domains of slavery, how tenderly has the Negress been spoken of! She has been the nurse of childhood. To her all the cares and heart-griefs of youth have been intrusted. Thousands and tens of thousands in the West Indies and in our Southern States have risen up and told the tale of her tenderness, of her gentleness, patience, and affection. No other woman in the world has ever had such tributes to a high moral nature, sweet, gentle love, and unchanged devotedness. And by the memory of my own mother and dearest sisters I can declare it to be true!

Hear the tribute of Michelet: "The Negress, of all others, is the most loving, the most generating; and this, not only because of her youthful blood, but we must also admit, for the richness of her heart. She is loving among the loving, good among the good (ask the travelers whom she has so often saved). Goodness is creative, it is fruitfulness, it is the very benediction of a holy act. The fact that woman is so fruitful I

attribute to her treasures of tenderness, to that ocean of goodness which permeates her heart. . . . Africa is a woman. Her races are feminine. . . . In many of the black tribes of Central Africa the women rule, and they are as intelligent as they are amiable and kind."*

The reference in Michelet to the generosity of the African woman to travelers brings to mind the incident in Mungo Park's travels, where the African women fed, nourished, and saved him. The men had driven him away. They would not even allow him to feed with the cattle; and so, faint, weary, and despairing, he went to a remote hut and lay down on the earth to die. One woman, touched with compassion, came to him, brought him food and milk, and at once he revived. Then he tells us of the solace and the assiduities of these gentle creatures for his comfort. I give you his own words: "The rites of hospitality thus performed toward a stranger in distress, my worthy benefactress, pointing to the mat, and telling me that I might sleep there without apprehension, called to the female part of her family which had stood gazing on me all the while in fixed astonishment, to resume the task of spinning cotton, in which they continued to employ themselves a great part of the night. They lightened their labors by songs, one of which was composed extempore, for I was myself the subject of it. It was sung by one of the young women, the rest joining in a sort of chime. The air was sweet and plaintive, and the words, literally

* "Woman." From the French of M. J. Michelet, pp. 132. Rudd & Carleton, N. Y.

translated, were these: 'The winds roared and the rains fell; the poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree. He has no mother to bring him milk, no wife to grind his corn. Let us pity the white man, no mother has he,' " etc., etc.

Perhaps I may be pardoned the intrusion, just here, on my own personal experience. During a residence of nigh twenty years in West Africa, I saw the beauty and felt the charm of the native female character. I saw the native woman in her ***heathen*** state, and was delighted to see, in numerous tribes, that extraordinary sweetness, gentleness, docility, modesty, and especially those maternal solicitudes which make every African boy both gallant and defender of his mother.

I saw her in her *civilized* state, in Sierra Leone; saw precisely the same characteristics, but heightened, dignified, refined, and sanctified by the training of the schools, the refinements of civilization, and the graces of Christian sentiment and feeling. Of all the memories of foreign travel there are none more delightful than those of the families and the female friends of Freetown.

A French traveler speaks with great admiration of the black ladies of Hayti. "In the towns," he says, "I met all the charms of civilized life. The graces of the ladies of Port-au-Prince will never be effaced from my recollections."*

It was, without doubt, the instant discernment of these fine and tender qualities which prompted the

* See "Jamaica in 1850." By John Bigelow.

touching Sonnet of Wordsworth, written in 1802, on the occasion of the cruel exile of Negroes from France by the French Government:

"Driven from the soil of France, a female came
From Calais with us, brilliant in array,
A Negro woman like a lady gay,
Yet downcast as a woman fearing blame;
Meek, destitute, as seemed, of hope or aim
She sat, from notice turning not away,
But on all proffered intercourse did lay
A weight of languid speech—or at the same
Was silent, motionless in eyes and face.
Meanwhile those eyes retained their tropic fire,
Which burning independent of the mind,
Joined with the luster of her rich attire
To mock the outcast—O ye heavens be kind!
And feel thou earth for this afflicted race!" *

But I must remember that I am to speak not only of the neglects of the black woman, but also of her needs. And the consideration of her needs suggests the remedy which should be used for the uplifting of this woman from a state of brutality and degradation.

I have two or three plans to offer which, I feel assured, if faithfully used, will introduce widespread and ameliorating influences amid this large population.

(*a*) The *first* of these is specially adapted to the adult female population of the South, and is designed for more immediate effect. I ask for the equipment and the mission of "sisterhoods" to the black women of the South. I wish to see large numbers of practical Christian women, women of intelligence and piety;

* Wordsworth. Sonnets dedicated to Liberty.

women well trained in domestic economy; women who combine delicate sensibility and refinement with industrial acquaintance—scores of such women to go South; to enter every Southern State; to visit "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" to sit down with "Aunt Chloe" and her daughters; to show and teach them the ways and habits of thrift, economy, neatness, and order; to gather them into "Mothers' Meetings" and sewing schools; and by both lectures and "talks" guide these women and their daughters into the modes and habits of clean and orderly housekeeping.

There is no other way, it seems to me, to bring about this domestic revolution.—We can not postpone this reformation to another generation. Postponement is the reproduction of the same evils in numberless daughters now coming up into life, imitators of the crude and untidy habits of their neglected mothers, and the perpetuation of plantation life to another generation. No, the effect must be made immediately, in *this* generation, with the rude, rough, neglected women of the times.

And it is to be done at their own homes, in their own huts. In this work all theories are useless. This is a practical need, and personal as practical. It is emphatically a personal work. It is to be done by example. The "Sister of Mercy," putting aside all fastidiousness, is to enter the humble and, perchance, repulsive cabin of her black sister, and gaining her confidence, is to lead her out of the crude, disordered, and miserable ways of her plantation life into neatness,

cleanliness, thrift, and self-respect. In every community women could be found who would gladly welcome such gracious visitations and instructors, and seize with eagerness their lessons and teachings. Soon their neighbors would seek the visitations which had lifted up friends and kinsfolk from inferiority and wretchedness. And then, erelong, whole communities would crave the benediction of these inspiring sisterhoods, and thousands and tens of thousands would hail the advent of these missionaries in their humble cabins. And then the seed of a new and orderly life planted in a few huts and localities, it would soon spread abroad, through the principle of imitation, and erelong, like the Banyan-tree, the beneficent work would spread far and wide through large populations. Doubtless they would be received, first of all, with surprise, for neither they nor their mothers, for two hundred years, have known the solicitudes of the great and cultivated for their domestic comfort. But surprise would soon give way to joy and exultation. Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler, in her work, "Journal of a Residence on a Georgian Plantation in 1838–39," tells us of the amazement of the wretched slave woman on her husband's plantation when she went among them, and tried to improve their quarters and to raise them above squalor; and then of their immediate joy and gratitude.

There is nothing original in the suggestion I make for the "Sisters of Mercy." It is no idealistic and impractical scheme I am proposing, no new-fangled notion that I put before you. The Roman Catholic Church

has, for centuries, been employing the agency of women in the propagation of her faith and as dispensers of charity. The Protestants of Germany are noted for the effective labors of holy women, not only in the Fatherland but in some of the most successful missions among the heathen in modern times. The Church of England, in that remarkable revival which has lifted her up as by a tidal wave, from the dead passivity of the last century, to an apostolic zeal and fervor never before known in her history, has shown, as one of her main characteristics, the wonderful power of "Sisterhoods," not only in the conversion of reprobates, but in the reformation of whole districts of abandoned men and women. This agency has been one of the most effective instrumentalities in the hands of that special school of devoted men called "Ritualists." Women of every class in that Church, many of humble birth, and as many more from the ranks of the noble, have left home and friends and the choicest circles of society, and given up their lives to the lowliest service of the poor and miserable. They have gone down into the very slums of her great cities, among thieves and murderers and harlots; amid filth and disease and pestilence; and for Christ's sake served and washed and nursed the most repulsive wretches; and then have willingly laid down and died, either exhausted by their labors or poisoned by infectious disease. Any one who will read the life of "Sister Dora" and of Charles Lowder, will see the glorious illustrations of my suggestion. Why can not this be done for the black women of the South?

(*b*) My *second* suggestion is as follows, and it reaches over to the future. I am anxious for a permanent and uplifting civilization to be engrafted on the Negro race in this land. And this can only be secured through the womanhood of a race. If you want the civilization of a people to reach the very best elements of their being, and then, having reached them, there to abide, as an indigenous principle, you must imbue the *womanhood* of that people with all its elements and qualities. Any movement which passes by the female sex is an ephemeral thing. Without them, no true nationality, patriotism, religion, cultivation, family life, or true social status is a possibility. In *this* matter it takes *two* to make one—mankind is a duality. The *male* may bring, as an exotic, a foreign graft, say of a civilization, to a new people. But what then? Can a graft live or thrive of itself? By no manner of means. It must get vitality from the *stock* into which it is put; and it is the women who give the sap to every human organization which thrives and flourishes on earth.

I plead, therefore, for the establishment of at least one large "INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL" in every Southern State for the black girls of the South. I ask for the establishment of schools which may serve especially the *home* life of the rising womanhood of my race. I am not soliciting for these girls scholastic institutions, seminaries for the cultivation of elegance, conservatories of music, and schools of classical and artistic training. I want such schools and seminaries for the women of my race as much as any other race; and I am glad

that there are such schools and colleges, and that scores of colored women are students within their walls.

But this higher style of culture is not what I am aiming after for *this* great need. I am seeking something humbler, more homelike and practical, in which the education of the land and the use of the body shall be the specialties, and where the intellectual training will be the incident.

Let me state just here definitely what I want for the black girls of the South:

1. I want boarding-schools for the *industrial training* of one hundred and fifty or two hundred of the poorest girls, of the ages of twelve to eighteen years.

2. I wish the *intellectual* training to be limited to reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography.

3. I would have these girls taught to do accurately all domestic work, such as sweeping floors, dusting rooms, scrubbing, bed making, washing and ironing, sewing, mending, and knitting.

4. I would have the trades of dressmaking, millinery, straw-platting, tailoring for men, and such like, taught them.

5. The art of cooking should be made a specialty, and every girl should be instructed in it.

6. In connection with these schools, garden plats should be cultivated, and every girl should be required, daily, to spend at least an hour in learning the cultivation of small fruits, vegetables, and flowers.

I am satisfied that the expense of establishing such schools would be insignificant. As to their mainten-

ance, there can be no doubt that, rightly managed, they would in a brief time be self-supporting. Each school would soon become a hive of industry, and a source of income. But the *good* they would do is the main consideration. Suppose that the time of a girl's schooling be limited to *three*, or perchance to *two* years. It is hardly possible to exaggerate either the personal family or society influence which would flow from these schools. Every class, yea, every girl in an outgoing class, would be a missionary of thrift, industry, common sense, and practicality. They would go forth, year by year, a leavening power into the houses, towns, and villages of the Southern black population; girls fit to be thrifty wives of the honest peasantry of the South, the worthy matrons of their numerous households.

I am looking after the domestic training of the MASSES; for the raising up women meet to be the helpers of *poor* men the RANK AND FILE of black society, all through the rural districts of the South. The city people and the wealthy can seek more ambitious schools, and should pay for them.

Ladies and gentlemen, since the day of emancipation millions of dollars have been given by the generous Christian people of the North for the intellectual training of the black race in this land. Colleges and universities have been built in the South, and hundreds of youth have been gathered within their walls. The work of your own Church in this regard has been magnificent and unrivaled, and the results which have been attained have been grand and elevating to the

entire Negro race in America. The complement to all this generous and ennobling effort is the elevation of the black woman. Up to this day and time your noble philanthropy has touched, for the most part, the male population of the South, given them superiority, and stimulated them to higher aspirations. But a true civilization can only then be attained when the life of woman is reached, her whole being permeated by noble ideas, her fine taste enriched by culture, her tendencies to the beautiful gratified and developed, her singular and delicate nature lifted up to its full capacity; and then, when all these qualities are fully matured, cultivated and sanctified, all their sacred influences shall circle around ten thousand firesides, and the cabins of the humblest freedmen shall become the homes of Christian refinement and of domestic elegance through the influence and the charm of the uplifted and cultivated black woman of the South!

A Defence of the Negro Race in America

FROM THE

ASSAULTS AND CHARGES

—OF—

Rev. J. L. TUCKER, D. D., of Jackson, Mississippi.

A DEFENCE OF THE NEGRO RACE.

THIS is peculiarly the age of criticism, and neither the sensitiveness nor the weakness of peoples can exempt them from its penetrating search or its pointed strictures. Criticism, however, in order to perform its functions aright, must submit to certain laws of responsibility, and be held by certain rules of restraint. It must deal with facts, and not with fancies and conjectures. It must not indulge what Butler calls the "forward and delusive faculty" of the imagination, "ever intruding beyond its sphere." It must avoid coloring its facts with the hues of its own self-consciousness or feelings. It must be rigidly just in its inferential processes. Nothing can be more ludicrous than to make a wide generalization from the narrow circle of a provincialism, and nothing more unjust.

It is because Dr. Tucker's paper "ON THE RELATIONS OF THE CHURCH TO THE COLORED RACE"* is defective in these several points that I have undertaken, at the suggestion of reverend brethren of my own race and Church, a refutation of it. We are all

* Paper read at the "CHURCH CONGRESS" [Prot. Epis. Church], Richmond, Va., Oct., 1882.

fully aware of the weaknesses, and, to a large extent, of the degradation of our race in this country; for the race has been a VICTIM race. Our children have been victimized, our men have been victimized, and alas! worse than all, our women have been victimized—generation after generation, two hundred years and more, down to the present! We make no pretense that our people, by miraculous impulse, have of a sudden risen entirely above the malarial poison of servitude. We know better than this, and we mourn their shortcomings. But we know, also, that a marvelous change has taken place in all the sections of their life—social, civil, educational, ecclesiastical—since the day of freedom; and we regard it a most grievous misdemeanor in Dr. Tucker that he has blindly ignored that change.

I have read Dr. Tucker's pamphlet with very much care and attention, and I cannot resist the conclusion that it is one of the most unjust and injurious statements that I have ever met with. First of all, on the hypothesis that his representation of the moral condition of the Negro is correct—but which I deny—his pamphlet, instead of being a lamentation over wrong and injustice, is an INDICTMENT, alike gross and undeserving, of a deeply-wronged people. Unless I greatly misunderstand Dr. Tucker, and his endorsers also, he attributes gross moral depravity, general lewdness, dishonesty, and hypocrisy as *Negro* peculiarities, and as such constitutional to him. But I beg to say that these charges are unjust. These traits of character, so far as they maintain at the South, are *American* character-

istics—the legitimate outcome of the pernicious system of bondage which has crushed this race for more than two hundred years. For, first, when Dr. Tucker and his endorsers declare that the Negro, *as such*, is void of the family feeling; that moral purity is an unknown virtue; that dishonesty is almost an instinct; that both economy and acquisitiveness are exotics in his nature, they testify that of which they do not know.

THE NATIVE CHARACTER OF THE NEGRO.

I have lived nigh twenty years in West Africa. I have come in contact with peoples of not less than forty tribes, and I aver, from personal knowledge and acquaintance, that the picture drawn by Dr. Tucker is a caricature. I am speaking of the *native* Negro. (*a*) All along the West Coast of Africa the family tie and the marriage bond are as strong as among any other *primitive* people. The very words in which Cicero and Tacitus describe the homes and families of the Germanic tribes can as truly be ascribed to the people of the West Coast of Africa. (*b*) Their maidenly virtue, the instinct to chastity, is a marvel. I have no hesitation in the generalization that, in West Africa, every female is a virgin to the day of her marriage. The harlot class is unknown in all their tribes. I venture the assertion that any one walking through Pall Mall, London, or Broadway, New York, for a week, would see more indecency in look and act than he could discover in an African town in a dozen years. During my residence there I only *once* saw an indecent act. Of course polygamy

—and polygamy is the exceptional fact—bring, in Africa, all its common disastrous fruits: intrigue, unfaithfulness, adultery. But these are *human*, not Negro, results, cropping out from an unnatural system.(*c*) And then, when you come to the question of honesty, the state of society in Africa settles that point. Heathen though these people are, their system is a most orderly one—filled everywhere with industrious activities; the intercourse of people regulated by rigid law. The whole continent is a beehive. The markets are held regularly at important points. Caravans, laden with products, are constantly crossing the entire continent; and large, nay at times immense, multitudes are gathered together for sale and barter at their markets. Such a state of society is incompatible with universal theft and robbery.

I know somewhat the reputation of the "Yankee;" and the nature of the *Jew* has made his name a synonym. But if either Jew or Yankee possesses more of the acquisitive feeling than the native African, then I have failed in my knowledge of human nature.

Of course the *wants* of the African are inferior to those of the Yankee or the Jew; but that the masterful instinct of greed stimulates the entire continent is witnessed by the strong trading tendencies of almost every tribe; by the universal demand for foreign goods; by the search for outlets for native products; and by the immense trade which is poured out of every river into the holds of foreign vessels.*

* See the testimony of celebrated African travellers—Mungo Park, Ledyard, Adanson, Laing, &c., &c.

THE DEBASED AMERICAN NEGRO.

But perchance Dr. Tucker will insist that the portrait he gives of the SOUTHERN Negro is a true one. He is void of family feeling; he is lewd; he is a liar and self-deceiver; he is dishonest and improvident. Grant, for the moment, that this representation of the American Negro is correct. I have shown that these characteristics are not *native* to the race. Whence then this divergence of character from the original type? Why is the black man *in America* so different in morality from his pagan brother in Africa?

Look at Dr. Tucker's picture of the moral degradation of this people. I do not wish to do him the least injustice. Nevertheless I think I may repeat St. Paul's summary of the moral condition of the Pagan Romans, of his day, as the equivalent of Dr. Tucker's characterization of the *American* Negro. I leave it to the reader to strike out the few epithets in Rom. 1, 29; or I Tim. 1, 9 and 10, which may seem inapplicable to this case,* for Dr. T. charges the race, as a class, with hypocrisy, lying, stealing, adultery, &c.

Now this is one of the most appalling representations that has ever been put upon paper. (*a*) Here is a nation of people, for a population that runs up its numbers to six or seven millions, is not merely a

* Being filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness; full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity; whisperers. Rom. 1: 29.

Knowing this, that the law is not made for a righteous man, but for the lawless and disobedient, for the ungodly and for sinners, for unholy and profane, for whoremongers, for liars, for perjured persons, and if there be any other thing that is contrary to sound doctrine. I Tim. 1: 9 and 10.

people—it is a NATION. Here then is a nation, resident for more than seven generations amid the vast populations of this Christian country; and yet, as Dr. Tucker avers, so low and degraded in moral character, that he, himself, is forced even now, after twenty years of freedom, to declare that they are a demoralized people on the downward track to ruin.

(*b*) Yet notice that this Negro nation has been for two centuries under the absolute control and moulding of the Christian Church and people of the South. They have not been separate in locality, as the Israelites in Goshen were, from the Egyptians. They have been living, in all their generations, on the farms and in the houses and families of their masters. So thoroughly intermingled have they been with the life and society of their superiors that they have lost entirely their native tongues, and have taken English as their vernacular. Moreover, they presented the resistance of no *organic* religion to the faith of their masters. They had a heterogeneous paganism when they came from Africa—so inchoate and diversified that it soon fell before the new circumstances in which they were placed.

(*c*) Hence, it is evident (1) that the paganism of the African was no formidable obstacle to the Christian Church; (2) that the Christian Church had the opportunity of easy conquest; and (3) joining to the numerical inferiority of the Negro population the vast resources of the Southern Christian, in all the elements of power and available resources, we can see at once the high vantage ground of the Christian Church.

(*d*) But what now is the fact presented by Dr. Tucker? It is this, viz.: That after two and a half centuries, the black race in the South is still in a state of semi-barbarism, slightly veneered by a Christian profession. Their religion (I use his own words) is "an outward form of Christianity with an inward substance of full license given to all desires and passions." (Page 18.)

Let us take Dr. Tucker at his word; and what, I ask—what is the inference to be drawn from this state of things? I state the conclusion with the greatest sorrow; but it seems irresistible, *i. e.*, that the Christian Church in the South, with the grandest opportunity for service for Christ, and with the very best facilities, has been a failure! It has had one of the widest missionary fields! It has had this field of service open before it two hundred years, and it has hardly attempted to enter it! It has been full of missionary zeal for the peoples of Greece and Asia, for India, and even the West African Negro, but it has lacked the missionary heart for the millions of Negroes on its own plantations and in its own households!

THE SOUTHERN BLACK MAN THE PRODUCT OF THE SOUTHERN "SCHOOLMASTER"—SLAVERY.

I do not deny that there is wide-spread demoralization among the Southern black population. How could it be otherwise? Their whole history for two hundred years has been a history of moral degradation deeper and more damning than their heathen status in

Africa. I am speaking of aggregates. I grant the incidental advantages to scores and hundreds which have sprung from contact with Christian people. I am speaking of the moral condition of the MASSES, who have been under the yoke; and I unhesitatingly affirm that they would have been more blessed and far superior, as pagans, in Africa than slaves on the plantations of the South.

Bishop Howe, of South Carolina, calls slavery "a schoolmaster to the black man." Bishop Gregg declares that "it brought its benefits and blessings." I am filled with amazement that men of sense and reason can thus travesty plain, common English, and talk such senseless stuff! "Schoolmaster!" And pray what sort of a schoolmaster has slavery proven? Why, the slave system has had the black man under training two hundred years, and yet never in all this period has it developed *one* Negro community of strength or greatness! Never raised up anywhere an intelligent, thrifty, productive peasantry! Never built up a single Negro institution of any value to mankind! Never produced a single scientific or scholarly or learned black man! Its only fruit has been darkness, degradation, semi-barbarism, immorality, agonies, and death! GARNET, DOUGLASS, WARD, and PENNINGTON were men of the largest mould. But each had to run away from the South to get the development of their colossal natures amid Northern institutions!

And so, too, *since* emancipation. All the black men of conspicuous genius or character South have had to

get out of the old slave region and come North for the training and development of their intellect. The little Colony of Sierra Leone, with a population of 90,000, has been in existence one hundred years. Will their Reverences show me anywhere in America any such results as that Colony exhibits in letters, civilization, commercial enterprise, manhood, and religion, which have come from two hundred years' tenure of slavery on American soil? Will they declare that their "SCHOOL-MASTER" has bred such men, started such enterprises, and developed such missionary ventures as the handful of Negroes in that little English colony? "Schoolmaster" indeed! Is it not an abuse of the English language and of common sense to print such verbiage? Look for a few moments at the moral status and training of the black race under slavery, and see if anything else but demoralization could be the fruit thereof?

1st. They were left, as to religion, to themselves. Their ministers were almost universally ignorant and unlettered men. As the ambition and cleverness of the race, under slavery, could find no other channel than the ministry, the piety of ministers was but an incident; and so men anxious for rule and authority, but withal ofttimes unscrupulous and godless as well as ignorant, became their preachers. Not all such indeed; but alas! in large proportions! Good but illiterate men numbers of the field preachers were. But large numbers of them were unscrupulous and lecherous scoundrels! This was a large characteristic of "plantation religion;" cropping out even to the present, in the

extravagances and wildness of many of their religious practices!

2. Their religion, both of preachers and people, was a religion without the Bible—a crude medley of scraps of Scripture, fervid imaginations, dreams, and superstitions. So thorough was the legal interdict of letters and teaching, that the race, as a whole, knew nothing of the Scriptures nor of the Catechisms of the churches. I state it as a strong conviction, the result of wide inquiry, that at the close of the civil war not five hundred blacks among four and a half millions of my race could be found, in the entire South, who knew the "ASSEMBLY'S CATECHISM;" not five hundred who knew, in its entirety, the CATECHISM of the Episcopal Church. The Ten Commandments were as foreign from their minds and memories as the Vedas of India or the moral precepts of Confucius. Ignorance of the MORAL LAW was the main characteristic of "PLANTATION RELIGION!"

3. Sad as are these facts in the history of the race, one further item is horrifying; and that is that the prime functions of the race, under slavery were 1st, LUST, and 2d, UNREQUITED LABOR. This the most serious feature of the whole slave system; and upon it a volume might be written. But I confine myself to the statement of a few simple glaring facts.

In speaking of the licentious and demoralizing nature of slavery, I am speaking of its *general* influences. I have no time to waste upon exceptional features. There are black men who tell me that *all* slave-holders were

tyrants and Legrees; but such men I know to be fanatics. There are white men who tell me that slave-holders in general were fathers to their slaves; but such men are manifestly fools. Slave-holders, like all other sorts of men were divided into two classes—the good and the bad: the *good*, like Baronial lords, like Patriarchs of old, like the grand aristocrats of civilized society, were kind, generous, humane, and fatherly; they were NOBLEMEN; and there was a large class of such men. The *bad*, and they were the mass of slave-holders, were full of greed, tyranny, unscrupulousness, and carnality. They herded their slaves together like animals. They were allowed to breed like cattle. The marriage relation was utterly disregarded. All through the rural districts, on numerous plantations, the slaves for generations merely mated and cohabited, as beasts. They were separated at convenience, caprice, or at the call of interest. When separated each took up with other men or women as lust or inclination prompted. Masters and ministers of the gospel taught their slaves, not only that there was no sin in such alliances, but that it was their duty to make new alliances and exercise the animal function of breeding. And hence the cases are numerous where men, sold from one plantation to another, have had six and eight living wives; and women, as many living husbands. Nay more than this, I have the testimony where one man less than fifty years old was the father of over sixty children; of another man who was kept on a plantation with full license as a mere breeder of human beings! And from

this disastrous system, so wide has been the separation of families and the rending of the ties of relationship, that now after twenty years of freedom, one cannot take up a copy of the eighty or ninety COLORED NEWSPAPERS printed in the United States without finding at times a score of inquiries of husbands for wives and of wives for husbands; of children for parents and of parents for children. Ever and anon I meet with a woman who had a dozen children sold from her; and in her old age, with living children, is childless, not knowing where they are! And one case came to my knowledge where a woman married her own son, sold from her in his early boyhood; and only discovered the relationship months after the marriage!

Of this gross carnality of the slave system, trained into the blood for generations, until they became mere animals, we see symptoms cropping out ever and anon, in the atrocious acts which are reported in southern newspapers. The slave system is indeed dead, but its deadly fruit still survives. But it should be remembered that these gross sins are common as well among the whites of the South as among its black population. It filled *them* full of lust as well as their victims.*

One would have supposed that with these appalling facts staring him in the face, Dr. Tucker would have taken up the wail of lamentation—

> "We have offended. Oh, my countrymen!
> We have offended very grievously,
> And been most tyrannous. From East to West

* See "A Journey to the Back Country" and "Sea Side and Slave States," by Frederick Law Olmstead.

A groan of accusation pierces Heaven!
The wretched plead against us; multitudes,
Countless and vehement, the sons of God,
Our brethren! Like a cloud that travels on
Steam'd up from Cairo's swamps of pestilence.
Even so, my countrymen! have we gone forth
And borne to injur'd tribes slavery and pangs;
AND, DEADLIER FAR, OUR VICES, whose deep taint
With slow perdition murders the whole man,
His body and his soul. COLERIDGE.

Alas, nothing of the kind is visible in all this pamphlet! It is an INDICTMENT, from beginning to end, of the victimized and wronged people! Bishops, presbyters, and laymen all unite in a dark picturing of an entire race, almost oblivious of any wrong-doing on their part! Some of these men are painstaking in the endeavor to show that the difficulty lies in the INHERENT NATURE OF THE NEGRO! Poor miserable obtuse creature, he has been to SCHOOL two hundred years! He has had Bishop Howe's "SCHOOLMASTER," and all his teachings; but he still remains an ignorant, stupid, semi-barbarous animal! It is the Negro! the Negro!

And Dr. Tucker, instead of a wail of lamentation at the neglect and outrage which has brought this race to degradation, not only ignores all the conspicuous facts of Negro progress *since* emancipation, but actually enters a gross and exaggerated charge of deterioration against the entire race. Nay, worse than this; when confronted by brother clergymen, who deny his charges, he goes to work to gather in from every quarter every possible charge of infamy against them! It is evi-

dently a disguised attempt to prove EMANCIPATION A FAILURE!

THE NEGRO RACE SOUTH, PROGRESSIVE IN NUMBERS, IN PROPERTY, IN EDUCATION, IN RELIGION.

This indictment of the black race is a false one. I care not how generous may be the professions of Dr. Tucker, his statement before the Episcopal Congress at Richmond was an outrage, and his charges untrue and slanderous. I set before me, at this point, especially, the following summary of his charges. He says (p. 21); "*The great facts stare us in the face—that the race is increasing largely in numbers; that since the war but few of them have come up above the moral level of the race; that the average level in material prosperity is but little higher than it was before the war; that in morality there has been a great deterioration since the removal of the restraints of slavery; that there is now no upward movement whatever in morals, and if there is any change it is downward.*"

I address myself to the proof that these charges are false.

PROOF FROM VITAL STATISTICS.

1st. The admission in this paragraph, viz: that "*the race is increasing largely in numbers,*" is a refutation of the charge of general deterioration. Nothing is more established than the fact that a people given up to concubinage and license lose vitality and decline in numbers. Through unbridled lust and the commonality of

their women whole islands in the Pacific seas have long since taken up

"funeral marches to the grave;"

and their populations have become utterly extinct. And so everywhere on earth the integrity and the advance of a people's population have been conditioned on the growth and the permanency of the family feeling. The last census of the nation (1882) bears out these fundamental principles. The increase of the black population from 4,880,009, in 1870, to 6,577,497, in 1882, is in itself a complete refutation of Dr. Tucker's assertion. Its full force can only be seen in connection with another fact, viz: that in the face of the enormous immigration from Europe, added to the natural increase of the American white population, the rate of increase is 34.8 for the black race to 29.2 for the white.

Observe that the rate of increase of the *slave* population in the decades, viz., from 1850 to 1860, was 23.38, from 1860 to 1870, was 9.9.

But now we have the fact that as soon as slavery declines, up springs this population to the enormous rate of 34.8.* Will Dr. Tucker tell me that no moral facts underlie this growth of a people? That numeri-

* It must be remembered, too, that this increase of the colored people is entirely by native birth. More colored people left these States during every one of these decades than came to them.

It will be noticed also that the rate of growth by birth in a state of freedom has been much more rapid than in a state of slavery; thirty-four per cent. being the rate since they were emancipated, while twenty-two per cent. was the average of increase during the last two decades in a state of slavery. These facts clearly indicate that the physical condition of the colored people has been greatly improved since they became free men, and no longer merchantable chattels to be bought and sold.—*From* "THE FIELD," *in paper of Presbyterian Board of Missions for Freedmen.*

cal increase is merely the manifestation of animality? Such an assertion is both false and unphilosophical. The vitality of a people is a sure indication of several high qualities. Mere human animals can live and increase nowhere. They are doomed everywhere to destruction. "No country," says Mr. Burke—I substitute "people"—"No people in which population flourishes and is in progressive improvement can be under a very mischievous government." Freedom then is a better government than slavery.

No, the growth of population evinces the presence of moral qualities. It is a manifestation of industrial forces. It witnesses the existence of the family instinct. It points out forecast, the use of material agencies, and the play of divers intelligent qualities which are absolutely necessary to the persistency of life and the attainment of some of the higher planes of being.

But, *second*, the educational progress of the race, refutes Dr. Tucker's charge of deterioration. Previous to emancipation the black race, so far as the intellect is concerned, was a dead race! Look at this people at the present. There is, I know, vast illiteracy among the southern blacks. But there are two sides to all questions; and there is a view of this question which is full of cheer and encouragement.

Remember, then, that previous to emancipation there were not more than 30,000 people of color in the Union who could read and write. At the *North* those trained in the schools were chiefly confined to the large cities. In the rural districts tens of thousands were cruelly

neglected. At the *South*, education was a thing universally interdicted by law; secured only by stealth; and then confined to only a small fraction of the race. Take these facts into consideration, and then consider the grand fact that this day there are 738,164 of this race in annual attendance at school.* Consider that a large number of these have advanced to a knowledge of grammar, geography, and history! Consider that no small portion of these are persons who have stretched forth to philosophic acquaintance and some of the acquisitions of science and literature! Consider that over 15,000 of them are employed as teachers! Consider that in this immense army of scholars there is a grand regiment of undergraduates in fifteen colleges; then another, smaller, but not less important, phalanx fitting themselves for the legal and medical professions; and then a larger host of sober, thoughtful, self-sacrificing men, who are looking forward to the pains, trials, and endurance of a thankless but glorious service as ministers of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Consider these large and magnificent facts, and you get somewhat an idea of the wonderful contrast between the bright and hopeful present and the dark and disastrous night of our past intellectual history!

Join to this the other significant fact that this large reading population has created a demand for a new thing in the history of the race—NEWSPAPER LITERA-

* This is the number reported by Hon. Augustus Orr, State School Commissioner of Georgia, in 1873. This statement included *all* Southern States except Arkansas, Florida, and Louisiana. The number at this time must well nigh reach 1,000,000. See "Our Brother in Black," p. 166, by Rev. A. S. Haygood, D. D.

TURE. And thus have sprung into existence over EIGHTY newspapers edited by men of the Negro race. All this, be it noticed, in a downward-going race!

STATISTICS OF EDUCATION, FURNISHED BY BUREAU OF EDUCATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

ENROLMENT OF COLORED YOUTHS, as far as reported by State school officers, for the year 1880, 784,709.

Per cent. of the colored youth of school age enrolled, about 48.

COLORED SCHOOL TEACHERS IN U. S. A.

Males	10,520
Females	5,314
Total . . .	15,834

NORMAL SCHOOLS for colored youth, 44; teachers in these, 227; pupils in them, 7,408.

HIGH SCHOOLS or ACADEMIC, for them, 36; teachers in them, 120; pupils, 5,327.

UNIVERSITIES and COLLEGES for the race, 15; teachers in them, 119; students, 1,717.

SCHOOLS OF THEOLOGY for them, 22; teachers in them, 65; pupils reported, 880.

SCHOOLS OF LAW, 3; teachers in these schools, 10; pupils in the same, 33.

SCHOOLS OF MEDICINE, 2, with 17 teachers and 87 pupils.

THE RELIGIOUS ADVANCEMENT OF THE FREEDMAN.

Upon this topic Dr. Tucker gives us simply dogmatism and assertion. He never—to use his own lan-

guage in reply to his critics—"*undertakes to furnish proof*" of his assertions. A man evidently of deep convictions, he is content to use frequent and most positive affirmations. "No one knows better than himself" the grave statements he makes! He "knows" what he asserts "to be absolutely true!" "The consensus of all authorities(?) establish them beyond the power of any man to overthrow them." This is Dr. Tucker's usual style.

All this, let me remind Dr. Tucker, is but OPINION, unsupported, as are the statements of himself and his endorsers, by a single item of documentary or official testimony. And "opinion," says no less an authority than JOHN LOCKE, is "the admitting or receiving any proposition for true upon arguments or proof that are found to persuade us to receive it as true without certain knowledge that it is so." Or, in other words, opinion is altogether a *subjective* thing. But FACTS, Dr. Tucker will observe, are *objective, i. e.*, outside of the range of imagination, conjecture, and likewise of dogmatism.

I shall not follow Dr. Tucker in his peculiar mode of setting forth his case. I yield to him a monopoly of self-assertion and positiveness. Nevertheless, I shall present a few facts upon this subject which, if I do not greatly err, will lessen the weight of Dr. Tucker's cartloads of intensity and exaggeration.

I present here statistics of the religious status of the black race in the Southern States. These statements are very imperfect. Items of considerable importance,

such as baptisms, marriages, contributions, &c., are omitted, from the impossibility of securing details. I have not included the facts relating to Congregationalists, Episcopalians, Campbellites, and Lutherans. I have only taken the work of those denominations which embrace the MASSES of the black population.

Church Statistics of Black Population.

DENOMINATION.	MINISTERS.	MEMBERSHIP.
Baptists	probably 3,000	700,000
Methodist Episcopal Church (Colored membership)	not known	300,000
African Methodist Episcopal	1,832	390,000
Zion African Methodist Episcopal	2,000	300,000
Colored Methodist Episcopal	638	125,000
Colored Methodist Episcopal Union	101	2,550
Presbyterians	75	15,000
	7,646	1,832,552

Here, then, we have an aggregate of nigh TWO MILLIONS of professed disciples amid the black population of the South. Putting aside all the other items relating to their religious life and conduct, I shall confine myself to this single point of *membership*. What is to be said concerning it? We will, for Dr. Tucker's sake, make large concessions, *(a)* on account of the *ignorance* of these people; *(b)* for the taint of *immorality*, the heritage of slavery, which, doubtless, largely leavens their profession; and *(c)* because their religion is certainly greatly alloyed with phrensy and hysteria, and tinged with the dyes of superstition.

But, after all, is it not, in the main, genuine and true? Is it not, simple and childish though it be, *in its essence*, CHRISTIANITY? Does it not lead to prayers, and faith, and Sabbath keeping, and holy meetings, and sacramental observances? Does it not produce fruits of

righteousness? Does it not beget astonishing self-sacrifice for the glory of Jesus, and the lavish outpouring of moneys for the extension of Christ's kingdom and the building of churches?

Surely this is the testimony of scores and hundreds—Presbyterians, Congregationalists, above all, Methodists and Baptists, the very men who have done the most for them, lived most with them, and who know them better than any others.

Dr. Tucker, however, has deliberately declared of this immense multitude of Christians (1) "that they have a form of Christianity without its substance, and that they have no comprehension of what that substance ought to be!" (2) "That the great mass of them are hypocrites, and do not know it." (3) "That their religion is an outward form of Christianity, with an inner substance of full license given to all desires and passions." (4) "That almost a whole race of them is going down into perdition before our eyes!"*

We have a dreadful picture in the 1st Epistle of the Corinthians of the demoralization of an Apostolic Church; and yet the holy Apostle St. Paul did not dare to speak of that church in the sweeping and destructive way that Dr. Tucker speaks of millions of disciples of our Lord Jesus Christ in the Southern Negro

* The reader will bear in mind that these and similar statements of Dr. Tucker are absolutely contradictory of the statements of Southern men made at the period of Southern "Secession." *Then* the Southern clergy published to the world, as one ground of justification of their course, "THEIR RESPONSIBILITY FOR HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF NEGRO CHRISTIANS, WHOM THEY HAD CONVERTED. *Then* as *slaves*, they were CHRISTIANS." *Now*, as *freemen*, they are "HYPOCRITES," going down to perdition! The reconcilement of these inconsistencies I leave to others.

churches. And I cannot but ask, if it is not a horrible thing that a minister of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ should thus assume the prerogative of Deity, and thus sit in judgment upon the character and piety of multitudes of people whom he has never seen, and of whom he knows nothing!

"Snatch from His hand the balance and the rod,
Rejudge His justice, be the God of God!"

INDUSTRIAL FACTS.

Fourth. I turn from the religious advance of my people to their monetary and industrial condition. And here, too, as in the other cases referred to, there is every cause for thanksgiving. We are indeed a poor people—most likely *the* poorest, as a class, in the whole nation. The fact of poverty is unavoidable, for our history had one conspicuous peculiarity, viz.: that while enriching others, both law and slavery prevented us from enriching ourselves. At the period of emancipation both these hindrances were removed, and for the first time in two hundred years my people saw open before them the pathway to wealth. The change in their monetary condition has been rapid. They have not, indeed, succeeded as yet in amassing wealth; for, first, no people can extemporize a state of opulence suddenly; nor, second, has it been possible to break down straightway all the unhappy influences and hindrances of slavery. CASTE, the eldest child of slavery, still exists. But, notwithstanding all the difficulties in the way, the black race in this country has begun the race

of wealth; has succeeded in entering some of the golden avenues of prosperity and affluence.

Twenty years ago it was a slave race. Over four millions of men and women did not own the bodies in which were enshrined the immortal spirits which resided therein.

Out of those immortal spirits slavery had crushed every noble impulse and all the springs of action. And see now at once the marvelous change. The instinct of greed, dead for two centuries under the palsying influences of slavery, has been resurrected by the genius of civil freedom.

To-day this same people are the possessors of a wide domain of lands. Immense tracts of land have been brought by them into cultivation, and by this cultivation they have become producers of the most valuable staples.

I am indebted to the Editor of the "PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE" for the following facts: "In the State of Georgia the Negro owns 680,000 acres of land, cut up into farms; and pays taxes on $9,000,000 worth of property. In the Cotton States he owns 2,680,800 acres." And he adds to this the significant remark: "Think of it, that in the Cotton States, including a fraction of over two-thirds of the race, the Negro, in seventeen years, has accumulated territory equal in extent to the size of the STATE OF CONNECTICUT."

Let me suggest here another estimate of this landed property of the Negro, acquired *since* emancipation. Taking the old slave States in the general, there has

been a large acquisition of land in each and all of them. In the State of Georgia, as we have just seen, it was 680,000 acres. Let us put the figure as low as 400,000 for each State—for the purchase of farm lands has been everywhere a passion with the freedman—this 400,000 acres multiplied into 14, *i. e.* the number of the chief Southern States, shows an aggregate of 5,600,000 acres of land, the acquisition of the black race in less than twenty years.

But Dr. Tucker will observe a further fact of magnitude in this connection: It is the increased PRODUCTION which has been developed on the part of the freedmen since emancipation. I present but *one* staple, and for the reason that it is almost exclusively the result of FREE NEGRO LABOR.

I will take the five years immediately preceding the late civil war and compare them with the five years preceding the last year's census-taking; and the contrast in the number of cotton-bales produced will show the industry and thrift of the black race as a consequent on the gift of freedom:

Years.	*Bales.*
1857	2,939,519
1858	3,113,962
1859	3,851,481
1860	4,669,770
1861	3,656,006
Total	18,230,738

Years.	*Bales.*
1878	4,811,265
1879	5,073,531
1880	5,757,397
1881	6,589,329
1882	5,435,845
The five years' work of *freedom*	27,667,367
The five years' work of *slavery*	18,230,738
Balance in favor of freedom	9,436,629

Now this item of production is a positive disproof of Dr. Tucker's statement, "that the average level in mate-

rial prosperity is but little higher than it was before the war." Here is the fact that the Freedman has produced one-third more in *five* years than he did in the same time when a slave!

Another view of this matter is still more striking. The excess of yield in cotton in seven years [*i. e.*, from 1875 to 1882] over the seven years [*i. e.*, from 1854 to 1861] is 17,091,000 bales, being AN AVERAGE ANNUAL INCREASE OF 1,000,000 BALES. If Dr. Tucker will glance at the great increase of the cotton, tobacco, and sugar crops South, as shown in Agricultural Reports from 1865 to 1882, and reflect that NEGROES have been the producers of these crops, he will understand their indignation at his outrageous charges of "laziness and vagabondage;" and perhaps he will listen to their demand that he shall take back the unjust and injurious imputations which, without knowledge and discrimination, he makes against a whole race of people.

This impulse to thrift on the part of the Freedmen was no tardy and reluctant disposition. It was the *immediate* offspring of freedom, and the result was—

First. The founding of the FREEDMAN'S BANK in the city of Washington.

The following facts are worthy of notice:

(*a*) This bank was opened in 1865 and closed in 1874.

(*b*) No less than 61,000 Freedmen were the depositors in this bank.

(*c*) The depositors were men and women in *every* Southern State from Maryland to Louisiana.

(*d*) The sum total of moneys deposited amounted to over $56,000,000. All which evidences character, industry, moral energy, and the capability of self-support.

The destruction of this Bank, through the rascality of white men, was a great calamity; but it did not quench the ambition of the race. Since then other notable demonstrations of manly power have been shown by the freedmen.

Second. The uprising of thousands in the Southwest and their emigration with great loss of property, health, and life to the West, was not the act of degenerate beings, but of high-souled and aspiring men—albeit they were poor and ignorant. They were cheated wholesale out of their wages by the very men—Dr. Tucker's neighbors—who, he tells us, "know the Negroes and love them" with the "tender remembrances of childhood!" These men, owners of wide, uncultivated tracts of land, refused to sell these Freedmen the smallest patches, in order to keep them perpetual serfs of the soil. So, in deep indignation, they shook the dust of the South from their feet and carried their families into free Kansas, to secure freeholds, liberty, and education for their children. * * * * *

Third. "The last census shows us that the colored people are assessed for over $91,000,000 worth of taxable property. Does this look like an incurably thriftless race?"*

I have referred above to the large landed estate of the black man; and I may add here that it is the result of

*See speech of Rev. Dr. Allen, before Presbyterian General Assembly, 1883.

his own sweatful toil. He has earned his own property. Unlike the Indian, he has had no one to prop him up. He was turned loose suddenly, without any capital, to undertake the duty of self-support. The nation acted as though it owed him no duty and no debt. It gave him his freedom to save its own life; and then left him to struggle for life, if not to die! Justice demanded that, after centuries of slavery, he should have been made the ward of the nation—at least until he learned the ways and provinces of freedom. He was turned out to die.

But neither failure nor death was to be the destiny of the Negro. It never has been in any of the lands of his emancipation. Everywhere, when freedom has come to him, he has discovered all the proclivities to enterprise and personal sustentation. It has been conspicuously so in this nation. The Freedmen of this country, on coming out of bondage, began at once all the laborious activities which their needs demanded, and which were required for the securing a foothold in this land.

Of course this industrial enterprise was not universal. It never is universal in any people. Large numbers could not understand the situation; could not see the grand vistas of opportunity and success which freedom opened before them. My own estimate of their progress since emancipation is this, viz: (1) That about *one*-third have fallen to a lower level than they were previous to emancipation, viz: the aged, the decrepid, the imbruted, and the slaves of the meanest, lowest, whites.

(2) That *another* third stand a little *above* their condition when freedom was given them. And, (3) lastly, that the *last* third have risen to a state of superiority which already rivals the energy and progress of the American people in general. To start *one-third* of any people earnestly on the road of glorious progress is a grand result. For in all revolutions of society there is sure to be a great loss of man. For it is with men as it is with seeds—some spring up into life, and some seem to have no productive vitality at all. Says Bishop Butler: "For of the numerous seeds of vegetables and bodies of animals which are adapted and put in the way to improve to such a point or state of natural maturity and perfection, we do not see that one in a million actually does. For the greater part of them decay before they are improved to it, and appear to be absolutely destroyed."* So, too, some men—large classes of men—are sure to fall behind in the race of life. But, as the immense loss of seeds does not contradict the fact of the prodigious wheat harvests of the West which supply the world with food, so the actual loss or decline of a third of the Freedmen does not contravene the fact of the real progress of the race. For this same relative loss is discovered in all peoples. It is seen in the white population of this land, notwithstanding all their advantages. Look into the alms and poor houses; into the jails of the country; into the indigent quarters of the large cities; examine the statistics of crime and poverty, and you will see that fully one-third of the

* Butler's Analogy, Ch. V.

white population is constantly going down. Indeed society everywhere advances only by the force and energy of minorities. It is the *few* who lift up and bear the burdens and give character to the many. But, nevertheless, it is advance; and the human race in civilized countries is ever going upward.

Just here I rest my case; and I submit that I have disproved Dr. Tucker's gross indictment of my race. I have shown, by the evidence of incontrovertible fact, by figures and statistics which cannot be denied—

1st. That their numerical increase has been prodigious;

2d. That their acquisition of property has been enormous;

3d. That they show almost a reduplicated capacity for production, the direct result of freedom;

4th. That their rise in education and religion has been almost like the resurrection of a people from death to life!

DR. TUCKER'S REMEDIAL SYSTEM.

I close this paper with a brief reference to Dr. Tucker's plans for the elevation of the Negro.

They are as follows:

1st. That the Northern people shall furnish supplies of money for work among the Negroes;

2d. That Southern Missionaries shall use and disburse these moneys in church work among the black race;

3d. That Northern Missionaries shall be excluded from this work.

4th. That black men shall not be entrusted with the training and education of their brethren.

As Dr. Tucker is evidently serious in these suggestions, I presume that I must take them up in as serious a manner as he presents them.

Now, I beg to say that nothing can be more non-natural than the plans thus proposed. People, however philanthropic, are rarely prepared to go it blind in the disbursements of moneys. Christian people especially give as "stewards" of their Divine Master. They want to know, first of all, the quality of fitness in their almoners; and, next, that they will use their moneys aright. But here is a proposition which reverses all the settled principles of alms-giving. For—

1st. It cleverly lays the burden of obligation in this matter upon the Northern people. Dr. Tucker says, "You freed the slaves and left them on our hands." * * * "Blood and trouble have come of it so far, and for this you of the North are largely to blame." But the question arises, Has freedom made the alleged heathenism of the Southern blacks any denser than slavery did? Has emancipation plunged the Southern blacks into ignorance and benightedness? And, if not, whence arises the special obligation of the North to perform this duty of evangelization! And then—

2d. Why should *Southern* men be the chosen missionaries to the black race? Whence arises *their* special fitness for this work? From experience? From high

achievement or from large success? Why, Dr. Tucker admits the failure of the South. The Negro has been moulded and fashioned by Southern Christians two centuries and more; and Dr. Tucker avers—I am using his own language—"the Negro is retrograding in morality," (p. 2.) "I say deliberately, with a full realization of what the words mean, that the great mass of the Negroes in the South professing religion have a form of Christianity without its substance; and, further, that they have no comprehension of what that substance ought to be," (p. 3.) And this after two hundred years of Southern training!

Then, next, Dr. Tucker, self-contradictory as usual, exhorts—"Work through the Church South;" that is, be it noticed, through this inept and fruitless Church South, which has brought the Negro to a state of ignorance of "what the substance of Christianity ought to be!" But let us follow our author: "Work through the Church South * * * and then you will enlist those who *thoroughly know what they are about;* know how to reach the colored people; who love them with the remembrances of childhood and youth and manhood, as strangers can never learn or grow to care for them" (p. 27.)

Did ever any one hear such assumption! The Church South "thoroughly knows what they are about!" But for two hundred years they have had an awkward way of showing it! "*They* know how to reach the colored people!" But, alas, in two hundred years they have failed to reach them; and now Dr. Tucker himself is

calling for a new departure; exhorts an attempt *de novo* in order to reach and christianize them! This is logic with a vengeance! But lastly comes the claim—"WE SOUTHERN PEOPLE KNOW THE NEGRO BETTER THAN YOU DO!" This is the old claim which the American people have heard *ad nauseam*. Alas, for all their knowledge they never knew them well enough to treat them as men! They never knew them well enough to give them freedom! They never knew them well enough, *after* freedom came, to stimulate culture, manhood, and superiority among them.

Precisely this same claim was made by the slaveholders in the British West Indies. They were constantly telling the English people, "we know the Negro better than you do." And yet emancipation had to be *forced* upon both West Indian and American slaveholders! With all their knowledge of the Negro, and their exuberant love of him, they both resisted to the utmost the unfettering of their bondmen!

How was it *after* emancipation? The great work of elevating and educating the Freedmen had to be undertaken by philanthropists *outside* of the former domains of slavery; by the friends of the black man in England; by Northern men in the United States. I don't know of one single instance in the history of Negro bondage where slaveholders, as *a class*, have ever voluntarily emancipated the Negro, or, when raised to freedom, have ever voluntarily put themselves to pains to elevate him to manhood, intelligence, and superiority.

I challenge Dr. Tucker to point out one such instance.

3. The main reason Dr. Tucker gives for the rejection of Northern Missionaries is that the "Northern man don't know the Negro." When they (*i. e.*, the Northern Christians) propose to help the Negroes, the Southern (white) Christians "draw back," he says, "with a feeling of despair, mingled with anger, that God's servants should in wilful ignorance build up the kingdom of evil." Passing strange language this! Here these Northern people, from divers denominations of Christians, have been sending forth missionaries to every quarter of the heathen world—Presbyterians, Baptists, Congregationalists, Methodists, Episcopalians. Everywhere they have gone their work has been so graciously attended by the gifts of God the Holy Ghost, they have shown such wonderful knowledge of human nature, and plied such marvelous skill and practicality that English Civilians, great Governors-General, French and German tourists, yea, even infidel travelers, have spoken of these Northern American missionaries as equal, and in many cases superior, to all other modern Missionaries. And yet Dr. Tucker gravely tells us, "Send no Northern Missionaries down here!" And why, forsooth, this mandate? Because, without doubt, something besides the grace of God, and high literary culture, and a knowledge of human nature is needed. And pray *what* is this special quality needed? Why, to use the grotesque language of a humorous acquaintance, "these Northern men—wise, learned, experienced in God's

work, full of the Holy Ghost—lack a knowledge of the special science of NEGROOLOGY." *That*, Dr. Tucker would have us believe, is the exclusive possession of Southern slaveholders!

But how comes it to pass that Northern people "*rarely know a Negro when they see him?*" As Dr. Tucker seems oblivious of some facts in American history, let me briefly set before him *two* classes of facts:

The first class:

(*a*) Let me say that Northern people from Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, &c., went to Africa in slave ships, stole and bought native Negroes from the predatory chiefs, and brought them in cargoes to the Northern States. And *this fact*, first of all, shows some "acquaintance" of a very sorry nature "with Negroes" on the part of Northern people.

(*b*) These captured Negroes were bought by Northern people by thousands; worked on their farms and in their houses; and ofttimes were put upon the auction block, and sold as goods and chattels. And *this* fact implies, secondly, a further acquaintance with Negroes.

(*c*) And, lastly, that these Northern people were NOT Negro-worshippers is evidenced by the fact that these Negroes were kept in ignorance by their owners; whipped at the whipping-post; families were separated; treated as brutes; *once*, under the suspicion of insurrection, were hung up in the streets of New York as dogs! And then, *after* emancipation, for nigh fifty years they were cruelly treated; excluded from cars, coaches, and steamboats; frequently mobbed; and late as 1863,

in an awful riot, their houses were sacked, their women whipped in the streets, and their men hung up at the lamp-posts! Does not all this look as though "Northern people knew Negroes when they saw them?"

I turn to the *second class of facts:*

(*a*) During the whole period of Northern slavery there was always a class of Northern men, philanthropists, who revolted at human bondage.

(*b*) This class of men—Quakers, Episcopalians, and others—were never afraid of slaveholders, and would never allow themselves to be bullied by them.

(*c*) At a very early period, even in Colonial times, they asserted themselves, and demanded the abolition of slavery.

(*d*) Hence arose the "ABOLITION SOCIETIES" of the Middle States, who both established schools for Negro children and demanded the abolition of slavery. It was these men—the Jays, Clarksons, Kings, and Kents, of New York; the Boudinots, Shotwells, the Benezets, of New Jersey; the Rushs and Franklins, of Pennsylvania—who ameliorated the condition of Northern Negroes, and, in some cases, destroyed their slavery. They looked upon these people as *men*, and secured their citizenship. They regarded them as *intelligent beings;* and so, at last, through their efforts, schools, and the colleges of the North—Dartmouth, Harvard, Yale, Brown, Columbia, Princeton, and Pennsylvania—have been opened to Negroes. Nay, beyond this, they counted them as *brethren* in Christ; and so they have

been received in their churches; and in many cases they have been cordially welcomed to their pulpits.

And now I trust these facts will serve to convince Dr. Tucker that Northern people "know a Negro when they see him!" And I beg to add, if he has any doubt of these historical facts, he can easily verify them by any "COMMON SCHOOL HISTORY of the United States of America."

Dr. Tucker may also learn from this that Northern people have had some experience in the endeavor to civilize and elevate the black race; and so, when they come South on such a mission, they will come, not as novices, but as adepts. In every State North they can point to schools and churches, to intelligent and thrifty communities, nay, in some cases, to wealthy and learned colored men, the result of the endeavors of their fathers to elevate a wronged and injured people, and to redress a dark and shameful past. When the South has done as much for the Negro as the North, then it will be unjust as well as absurd to say that "Southern Missionaries barely know a Negro when they see him!"

For my own part, I differ *toto cœlo* from Dr. Tucker. I rejoice in the aid of all sorts of Christians in this great work. I am glad to have the assistance not only of Northern, but also, and especially, of Southern white missionaries. When, with their other knowledge of the Negro, they come to a recognition of him as a MAN, then they will make the very best missionaries to the Negro. This was the case of old with the Abolitionists.

None were so true to the Negro cause as the Grimkes, the Birneys, the Brisbanes, and others.

But I must say, with all candor, that the deliverance of the black race South into the hands exclusively, of Southern whites, has its dangers. I would not, for the life of me, say one word in least derogatory of Southern white men. They are just the same—no better, no worse—than other men. They are in no way responsible for the acts nor the sentiments of their forefathers. Nay, their fathers themselves were the heirs, NOT the creators, of the heritage of human bondage. But Southern men are but men; and Southern or any other men, who are the descendants of a long line of slaveholders, or of a feudality, or of a nobility, or of an aristocracy, are the heirs of a spirit of dominancy; and carry in their blood all the proclivities to undue mastership and control. Placed in juxtaposition with a degraded and illiterate race, they will naturally, albeit unconsciously, be tempted to a system of feudality or peonage, unless the most careful safeguards are guaranteed that race. There is no such guarantee in placing the Negro entirely in the hands of his former masters. It would be to look for too much from poor human nature to expect of the Southern white man such large disinterestedness as Dr. Tucker demands. He has too many personal interests involved in this problem for him to rise to the height of such lofty virtue; and therefore the temptation should not be set before him.

Nor is this mere speculation. The South has shown its hand. Ever since emancipation the Legislatures of

the South have resorted to every possible expedient to neutralize the force of the "AMENDMENTS" which gave freedom to the black man. They, the aristocracy of the South, have left no stone unturned to narrow the limits of the black man's new-born liberty and his rights. Hence it is evidently unsafe to put the Freedman's future entirely in the hands of his former master.

No, the Southern black man needs teachers of diversified characteristics. He needs the Southern Missionary, for he is to the "manner born," and understands certain phases of life, society, and character which no other man knows. But he needs, too—and *so does the Southern white man need*—the Northern element. No civilization on this continent will be worth a cent which lacks a large infusion of the large common-sense, the strong practicality, the fine intelligence, the lofty culture, the freedom-loving spirit, and the restless aspiration of the people of the North.

Hence, it seems to me, that there must be an element of aberration in Dr. Tucker's constitution when he deliberately ejaculates "Send no more Northern Missionaries down here!" Here, when the whole civilized world is instinct with curiosity at the manifestation of the peculiar civilization of the North; and delegates are coming hither from England and China, from France and Japan, from Germany and Madagascar, to study it, and carry away with them its very best elements as contributions to the higher civilization of the future; Dr. Tucker peremptorily demands that the Negro is to be entirely shut out from it.

Dr. Tucker is mistaken. He has not the ability to erect another Chinese wall to keep out this (to him) objectionable element. What has been so graciously and fruitfully begun by Northern teachers, preachers, and philanthropists will be continued, until the Negro in the South is re-fashioned, enlightened, and lifted up to the very highest planes of civilization, grace, and manhood.

4. Equally mistaken is Dr. Tucker in another most important point. He seems to think that the work of educating the Negro race is to be entrusted chiefly to white men. "The Negroes," he says, "are not well enough educated, not yet on a high enough level, to make good use of any help you may extend to them. The Southern white people, who know all about the race, and how to deal with them, are the only ones who can work judiciously to lay sure foundations."

I cannot dwell upon this topic. I only wish to say three or four things:

1st. That hundreds of well-furnished and efficient colored teachers (about 16,000 at the present) are now in the field doing noble service as teachers.

2d. That hundreds more can be obtained for the same service at any time.

3d. That hundreds more *besides* these are preparing in schools, academies, and colleges for a life service as teachers among their race; and there is no likelihood of a lack of supply of colored teachers in the farthest future.

4th. That an INDIGENOUS AGENCY in the evangelization of a people is a UNIVERSAL PRINCIPLE. Negroes

are no exception to this principle; and the man or the organization which attempts the training of the black race by ignoring this principle may surely expect these two inevitable results:

(*a*) They will doubtless get a certain following of people; but their gatherings, save in the rarest exceptional cases, will be nothing more nor less than useless "snobberies," to be perpetually petted or paid for their allegiance, and everlastingly deficient in strength and manliness. And,

(*b*) They will find the *masses* about them will resist all their inducements, and, under the *racial impulse*, will go off to any standard lifted up by a man of their own blood.

The true leaders of a race are men of that race; and any attempt to carry on missions opposed to this principle is sure to meet disastrous failure!

The Negro race is a living, not a dead race—alive in the several respects of industry, acquisitiveness, education, and religious aspiration. Not entirely divorced as yet from the sore diseases of the Egypt from which they have only recently been delivered, they are, nevertheless, making mighty efforts for cure and healing by both the appliances of education and the Blood of the Lamb. It is a race instinct in every section with HOPE and aspiration. All the springs of action are moving in it. Its leaders, everywhere, conscious, indeed, of deep, radical defects within, and most formidable hindrances without, have, notwithstanding, but few mis-

givings as to the future. They have very great confidence, first of all, in certain vital qualities inherent in the race! They trust those universal and unfailing tendencies of TRUTH, JUSTICE, and EQUITY, which have ever attended their history on this continent! They look with no uncertainty to the large and loving BROTHERHOOD of countless Christians, of every name, in this land, whose hearts are alive with pity for the past sorrows of the Negro; whose prayers go up as clouds of incense for his restoration; and whose purses pour forth annually tens of thousands for his well-being and salvation! And they repose in quiet confidence upon the marvelous mercy and loving-kindness of a divine DELIVERER and SAVIOUR, who has wrought out a most gracious and saving providence for them!

These succors and assistances cannot fail! They will surely serve to realize the qualities and justify the character implied in the epithet of Homer, when he speaks of

"ÆTHIOPIA'S BLAMELESS RACE."

The Responsibility of the First Fathers of a Country for its Future Life and Character.

Delivered before the Young Men of Monrovia, Liberia, West Africa, December 1st, 1863.

ADDRESS.

YOUNG GENTLEMEN OF MONROVIA:—You have asked me to aid you to-day in the celebration of an event which is interesting to the whole country, but which has become sacred, in an especial manner, to the people of this city; for it is commemorative of an incident in the history of this young nation, which helped, through God's mercy, to secure a permanent foothold to the first emigrants to this coast; and at the same time to convince the native mind, through all this region, that there was a presence and a power here such as never before had been known by them or their fathers.

The incident, glowing and exciting as it is, exceeds by far my power of description; but deserves, nevertheless, a passing notice.

On the 1st December, 1822, a few brave colonists were beset by hosts of infuriate savages, intent upon the complete destruction of the weak, sickly, and enfeebled settlement which was then encamped upon Fort Hill. The attack was again and again repulsed; but relying upon exhaustless numbers, and confident of

the failing strength of the settlers, the enemy repeatedly returned to the deadly strife. At last a crisis arrives. The native foe imagines that the energy of the colonists is waning, and their fire relaxing. Once more they come with savage, monstrous might, to the imminent deadly breach. Once more the feeble, faithful settlers strive to meet the desolating wave. But in vain, alas, in vain! this unequal contest with a multitudinous foe. Your gallant predecessors, few and feeble, had to give way before the mighty host of their enemies; and now everything seems lost; confusion and dismay seize upon the enfeebled band; the enemy press forward and capture the cannon of the settlers; and ruin and destruction seem certain and inevitable.

Just then occurred one of those events, as beautiful and poetic as it was decisive, which secured the fortune of the day. A female colonist, by the name of Mary Newport, seeing the perilous position of the settlers, snatches a match and applies it to a cannon now held by the enemy, and scatters death among hundreds of the native foe.

That single touch of woman saved the colony! The wave of confusion turns back upon the enemy; courage fires the bosom of the gallant colonists. Once more they pour united fire into the scattered ranks of their adversaries; they stagger in their course; they turn in despair from their aroused and valiant victims; they flee, broken and defeated, into the wilderness; and from that day supremacy and might have ever crowned the hill of Monrovia and sent their influence abroad along the whole line of our coast.

I apprehend, however, that you care but little about the mere strife of that day; but that its relation to the permanent occupancy of the land, and the ultimate growth from it, of a civilized nationality, has excited your interest and made this a holiday. Indeed, what are the sabre's thrust, the well-aimed shot, the gashing wound, and the ghastly exit, disassociated from ideas? What, even, the great fields of battle—Bannockburn, Austerlitz, Waterloo, with their grim carnage and multitudinous corpses, divorced from human ends and moral policies! Worse than the ghastly sacrifices of Dahomy! The very carnival of devils! But as soon as you join any human good—whether the life of nations, the rescue of perilled freedom, the permanence of national being—to any such scenes, immediately art, eloquence, and poesy, offer their finest powers for lustration and historical remembrance.

You keep up this celebration, then, because it is strongly related, as an event, to the nation's existence. You have made it a holiday, since it tells powerfully upon the life of the Republic, reminds us of important events, and suggests a commanding principle.

But *what* is the principle suggested for our consideration? It may be easily reached, I think, by one or two simple questions. Why did those brave men fight like heroes, in December, 1822? Why did they peril wife and children, personal safety, and their precious lives? Merely because they liked to fight? For the mere purpose of conquest? For the sake of their petty property and their slender gains? By no manner of

means! They had come out to this coast with an object before them, clear, distant, and well-defined. It was no less than to set up a civilized nationality here, amid the relics of barbarism, and to extend the blessings of Christian enlightenment among these rude people, their, and our own kinsmen. They knew that a tremendous responsibility rested upon them to hold their place; not to let the feeble light they had lit go out in darkness; to stand, and if necessary, to die! Under this conviction they fought. With this weight of responsibility upon them, they contended. Looking forward by faith to that great nation yet, we trust in God, to be realized in our government, which they came to establish, and by which they hoped to bless even the children of their enemies; they felt that a great obligation rested upon them to resist and overcome their blind adversaries; to prove faithful to the trust reposing upon them; and to act as worthy trustees of distant generations and of future times.

In the light of their example and their action, I feel myself drawn to but one theme as appropriate to this day, that is, THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE FIRST FATHERS OF A COUNTRY FOR ITS FUTURE LIFE AND CHARACTER.

You will not think this subject mistimed, if you will but remember that forty years in the life of a nation, leave it still in its infancy. You will not regard it as unsuitable, if you will but consider that the foundation work is still going on here; that no peculiar class in the nation can as yet claim to have accomplished this

great end; and that we of the present time, and our little children too, and even those who may come out here, for a long time, in many an emigration, are even yet founders of this Republic. It is no flattering reflection, but, nevertheless, a true one, namely, that as yet we cannot call our governmental movement here anything but an EXPERIMENT; however profound may be your conviction that it will prove a successful one. The work of founding a nation, of laying deep and broad its solid foundations; of causing them to settle in their beds firmly, thoroughly, compactly; of rearing thereon a strong, well-proportioned, well-knit superstructure; is not the work of a day, a year, or a generation. It is not a work which is completed when you have written out a constitution and appointed executive agents, and spread abroad to the breezes the flag which symbolizes its existence, and gathered a people around it who look to it with pride, and swear most solemnly for its defence. These, however precious, are but the simpler elements of real national existence. They are only the outward visible signs, the external framework, which after all may prove but empty shadows. In addition to these, you have yet to secure and to join to them, by indissoluble bonds, a strong and manly spirit, a sentiment of bravery and endurance, a disposition for strong self-restraint and prompt obedience; a yearning for culture and enlightenment, for manners and refinement, for beauty and for art; the sober feeling of obligation for gifts and blessings; and a deep sense of responsibility to man and to God. It is this marriage of noble

sentiment to outward forms and symbols, which gives bright promise of a nation. But all this is a matter of growth. Never, in the history of the world, has it been secured to any people, until after generations of toil, and pain, and self-sacrifice, and the agonies which come to the highest souls. We have placed our feet in the hard, the toilsome, the blood-stained track which we trust will bring to our descendants the grand realities, and the noble fruits we desire in a nation. But all this a future thing which we, of this day, are to anticipate and provide for. Most fortunate shall I be this day, if I can succeed in drawing off the attention of my fellow-citizens from themselves and selfish interests, to think of grand futurity and our solemn relations to it.

I. First of all we will notice the question—"What is the future life and character that you would fain secure this country? How would you characterize the ideal national existence which you crave for your posterity? What is the status, the substance, the features of the commonwealth which, say a hundred years hence, you would have as the result and outgrowth of your present aims, activities, and aspirations?"

There is no insuperable difficulty in forming a right judgment in this matter; indeed, there is no middle course; there is but one alternative. If we would realize the noblest desires of men for our descendants in this nation, then we must build up here, either a form of despotism, or else we must perpetuate a free and rational government.

I present the subject in this governmental aspect, not because I think that government can do everything for man; nor because civil government, in its influences covers the whole of individual life; nor because it can reach to, and nourish the higher elements of our personal being. I make this reference, because history and experience teach me that man's opportunities for personal freedom, for intellectual advancement, for social comfort, for domestic bliss, and for religious growth, depend very measurably upon his civil status. I speak of government, because I find that an ennobled manhood and the masculine virtues are generally the fruits of distinct national systems. I present my subject in this special form from the fact that the spirit of a people and their form of government are mostly reciprocal; and that, therefore, for the higher kind of human character, you are forced to seek an analogy of rule and system as its parent.

I maintain, therefore, that the future of this country will be determined by the governmental principles and system which we may *purposely* found in our own day. I speak of purpose, because if we are indifferent, we know not what growth may spring up from the weeds of neglect and carelessness. Moreover, in all things that are to last, and stand, and flourish from their firm rootings, the principle of their endurance is found to proceed from wise forecast and deliberate preparation. In governmental matters, however, nothing must be left to fortuitous circumstance, to idle chance. The citizens of a country who would fain frame a compact

and enduring political fabric for their descendants, must give themselves to restraint and study; to cautious prudence, and the wisdom which comes from historical experience; and they must add thereto great public virtue joined to constant watchfulness. Lord Bacon forcibly observes, "No man can, by care-taking, as the Scripture saith, add a cubit to his stature in this little model of a man's body; but in the great frame of kingdoms and commonwealths, it is in the power of princes or estates to add amplitude and greatness to their kingdoms. For by introducing such ordinances, constitutions, and customs as are wise, they may sow greatness to their posterity and successors."

I say, then, that the destinies of posterity are to be very considerably determined by the principles and the policies which shape and govern our system in this day and generation in which we live.

I know that there are modifications of both the systems which I have referred to. The Kingdom of Dahomy is a different government from that of imperial France; but in one respect they assimilate; for they are both despotisms. So, on the other hand, the Republic of the United States varies, in divers respects, from the Monarchy of England; but still, in the great central, ennobling feature which characterizes both, there is a spirit of oneness; for they are both *free* governments, with free institutions. And thus you may easily see that there inheres in these respective systems one great, seminal principle which separates them from each other at the widest distance. All the art, the

refinement, the magnificence of Paris, fail to realize that ideal of human government which is the aspiration of every free soul, and which is an essential element in the growth of free and manly character. On the other hand the absence of Versailles and the Tuilleries, and the elegance and fashion of St. Germains, from the precincts of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, neither lessen nor neutralize the characteristic freedom of the political system of America.

Now one or the other of these systems, modified indeed by circumstance, we must perforce create and develop for our children. But we are not creatures of necessity. In a certain sense we are all creators. The future of our families and of our country is the outgrowth of the principles we propound, of the acts we perform, and of the policies we settle upon. It is indeed a necessity that the future of our country shall exhibit one or the other of the systems I have just outlined; for the range of governmental systems is narrow; but the necessity lies in the fact that *according to the constitution of things*, no other political systems than these *can* exist. You *must* have either a free system or a repressive one.

But which you will have is a matter of election. The providence of God does indeed ofttimes thwart the best calculations of men; but we may generally act upon the broad principle that results answer to their causes; that fruits correspond to the seeds from whence they spring.

Looking forward, then, with concern and responsibility to those who are to succeed us; anxious for their

security, their growth and greatness, I put the question to you to-day in behalf of posterity:—

Will you have here, on the one hand, a governmental system which merely contemplates temporal interests, and whose master aim is the control, regulation and subjection of men?

Will you have here a system which shall settle itself in mere will, and which will eschew the control of legality and the force of law?

Will you have a system which will exaggerate the importance of rulers, and disregard the interests of the people, and use them for the advantage of the authorities?

Will you have a system which shall legislate for selfish-class interests; which will perpetually sacrifice the many to the few, and turn the masses into subjects instead of citizens?

Will you have a system which shall create privileged classes, and carry on its operations by force and despotism?

Will you have a system which will crush down the lowly and the poor, and preserve its suffrages for the powerful and the great?

Is it such a government, partial, one-sided, exclusive, and tyrannous, which you wish to upbuild in this country, and hand down to posterity?

Let me now present to your consideration the alternative system which it is in the power of this generation to choose, root in the soil, and to hand over as a blessing to future times.

I ask, therefore, will you inaugurate in this country a free, ennobling, enlightening governmental system; a system capable of elevating the degraded, and of civilizing the heathen; a system which will enlarge the souls of men, give them manhood and superiority, and, without going beyond the proper sphere of government, serve as an auxiliary agent to evangelize the continent, and to raise the souls of men to heaven.

And in order that I may make my own meaning somewhat distinct upon this point, I will venture to set forth, just here, what I mean by a free system; more especially in contrast with what I regard as a dominating and repressive one.

I call that a free system which is one of law and not of caprice; which is based upon downright and thorough justice; which eschews partial monopolies, and seeks the promotion of the common weal.

I call that a free system which guarantees legal equality to all; which respects humanity in its humblest forms; which opens to obscurest persons an open pathway to preferment; which permits neither the rich nor the powerful to stretch themselves beyond law.

I call that a free system which proclaims the *duties* of citizens as well as their rights; which confers its franchises as *trusts* as well as prerogatives; which distinguishes calm Republicanism from wild and lawless Democracy.

I call that a free system which guarantees universal personal freedom; which allows no shackles to fetter the mind; which concedes free play to thought and

opinion; which gives the fullest liberty to investigations, to speech, and to the press.

I call that a free system which would fain stimulate industry; which seeks to ply the arms of honest labor; which strives to move the springs of action in a community; which starts men in the race for improvement, for enterprise, for wealth.

I call that a free system which recognizes the secondary as well as the primary ends of government; which not only subserves men's temporal interest, but also seeks their moral elevation, and aims to strengthen their souls.

I call that a free system which makes men brave and honorable, self-forgetful and patriotic; which trains them to public service and self-sacrifice; and which teaches them, when necessary, to die for their country.

I call that a free system which inspires respect for authority; which reverences law in the person of rulers; which recognizes the authority of God in governors and magistrates.

I call that a free system which respects the intellect of a nation; which aims at the diffusion of knowledge; which provides for the culture and training of its population; and strives to make education the common boon of the whole people.

In fine, I call that a free system which acknowledges government an ordinance of God; which holds all human law as subject to the higher law of heaven; which regards a nation as a grand instrument for human blessedness and the divine honor.

You see, then, what I regard as a free national system. You will also judge for yourselves which is preferable, *such* a system, or, one that is narrow, arbitrary and repressive—for the great work before us in this country, and which we would desire to hand down to our children's children.

So far as theory is concerned, you have already elected to take a free, generous, and expansive system, as *your* system; such an one as, in my opinion, is in harmony with the evident mission GOD has given us for this continent; a system fitted to the elevation of the aborigines of the land, and adapted to the Reformed Religion which we have brought to this continent. Such an one I believe you desire to hand down as a legacy to your children, and to make the model of numerous other civilized nations all over the continent, as their brutish and degraded systems vanish before the light of intelligence and the cross of Christ!

II. But if you would fain realize such a system for the future, you must now plant the seed which may hereafter produce the proper and desired fruit, and that is *by the recognition in this, our own day, of that organic principle of being which binds the present to the future, under a sense of duty and responsibility.* And this, to a very great extent, we can do. God has so made man that the future is somewhat in our power. According to the organization of our being we are unable to confine ourselves to the mere brief period of life allotted us in this world. No man can thus make his life a disconnected, isolated unit. For human life is not like

a pillar rooted and columnar; not like a mountain, fixed and rigid; but human life is a stream, which springs up, and flows over at his fountain head; and likewise flows *onward* forever towards the ocean! So we, too, go onward in vital power, creative, influence, and plastic energy, generations after our bodies have been laid in the tomb. Man is a creature so formed and fashioned that besides his grasp upon the present, he has a power of *historic* life, which sends forward his influence far beyond his own times, and makes him an agent of might and even of responsibility in other generations.

> "E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries.
> E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires."

Indeed we are vital in the external facts of our being, as well as in its central points. We are immortal in look, and glance, and movement, and word, as well as in the living soul; *they* too give forth power and energy, not only in the days of our life, but also in those after times which sweep swiftly beyond our graves.

There is an organic life of the individual which perpetuates his power and influence beyond his lifetime, and in this resides his responsibility to posterity. This principle is a law of our being. We come into the world members of the State and of the family, independent of choice and will. Without any lessening of our personality, or loss of individual will, still we perpetuate our ancestors in their traits and peculiarities. As their offspring, we bring down to our own day their

features, talents, manners, and in a measure, their characters. Our fathers, for long generations, live in our life and blood. To a considerable extent they made us what we are; and we move among men the residuum of our progenitors. Men look at us; they hear our words, they see our lives, and they behold therein the plastic power and processes of all those our sires who, through long generations, have been sending down their blood and character into the depository of our personal being. And the stream goes onward; both that of organic life and of deep responsibility which inheres in it. We, too, as the generations that are past, shall lie down in our graves; but we shall not die. Other men who walk the avenues of life, shall see us in our children, and them again and us, in theirs. They will see our persons reproduced, more or less, in the likeness of our offspring; but they will see also our principles, our morals, and our wills; see the springs of action which have moved us, the master principles which have stirred our souls, the living truths or damning lies, that brought us down to the level of brute beasts, or raised us to high and noble endeavor.

Most unfortunate for man, he acts from selfish motives; he thinks but little of the future—his soul is absorbed in the present. Men live for themselves; they forget their fathers, they are careless and indifferent about their children. But all nature, all history, all experience protest against this. We recognize the great truth before us in individuals; for we see the descent of virtues, of noble traits, of personal bravery in

families, from generation to generation. So we see the transmission of gross vices, of drunkenness and lust, of diseases, of consumption and scrofula; and in these facts we discover not only the law we referred to, but we recognize also the principle of responsibility which accompanies it.

There is a noticeable passage in Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic," which somewhat illustrates this subject. Speaking of the early inhabitants of the Netherlands, he says: "The Gaul was so fond of dress that the Romans divided his race respectively into long-haired, breeched and gowned Gaul." [Gallia comita, braccata, togata.] "He was fond of brilliant and parti-colored clothes, a taste which survives in the Highlander's costume. He covered his neck and arms with golden chains." *

In this description of the Gaul, we see the image of the Frenchman. *Then* he was rude, simple, unlettered; *now* he is civilized, refined, and accomplished; but under both conditions we may perceive the same fondness for the elegant and ornate, which makes Paris the seat of modern civilization. And we perceive also that law of transmission, by which a people pass on and hand over to posterity their chief qualities and most characteristic traits. If you visit the manufacturing towns or the agricultural districts of England, or sit down and read the account of the battle of Waterloo, you will see the same untiring industry, the same un-

* "Rise of the Dutch Republic." By J. L. Motley, LL. D., D. C. L., vol. 1. Historical introduction.

yielding tenacity, which characterized the Anglo-Saxon amid the hardy toil of the Middle Ages, or at the battle of Hastings.

Thus, by a fixed law of nature, the mind, the temper, the character, the main peculiarities of a people, are propagated in the blood, brain, bones, and sinews of that people; so that remote progenitors, show as truly as in a mirror, the stock from whence they came. But I would fain have you notice how will, purpose, and obligation may be, *are* connected with this fact. God in His providence, and by the laws of His economy, holds up before us the great principle involved in this discussion; and shows us therein how we may live *in*, as well as *for*, the future. We ourselves, under God, may say what our children shall be. We, too, can be creators of great posterity. We have no need, as we have no right to say, as I have heard it said by parents here—"*I* have had no advantages: *I* had to work my way up into life without assistance. I had no one to help me on in life, and my children must do as I did. I had to take care of myself, and they must take care of themselves. But that structural organization of our being to which I referred, as well as the precepts of scripture, tells us—"The children ought not to lay up for the parents, but the parents for the children." * And it says with as much distinctness that preceding generations must use forecast for the well-being of successors.

Now in all this we see the principle by which one generation is, of necessity, the framer and shaper of

* 2 Cor., xii, 14.

both the character and the destiny of another; that principle which carries down a common character in a people, and transmits their inherent traits and tempers.

We see also the great responsibility which is allied to this principle. For as we perceive that the life and spirit of one generation flow out into another; that as the character of a people is a continuous and integral quality, so we may learn the duty of care and painstaking in every people, that they send down a pure blood, sound brains, and a right spirit to their descendants. Indeed, every age is under obligation so to use the materials, both of talents and opportunities, transmitted to it, that it may bless the age that follows. For every age is, if I may make so exaggerated a personification, a steward, entrusted with certain responsible powers and prerogatives, which it is bound to use for the good of the generations that come after it.

How solemn, then, is this generative power of souls and societies! How weighty the obligations which grow out of it! How awful the responsibilities which it imposes!

The living age holds in its power the character of that which is unborn. To it is committed the awful trust of transmitting those proper influences, and that normal mode of being, which shall conserve society in distant times. Woe therefore to the people whose infancy is base and unprincipled! Woe to the people who plant dishonor and profligacy right beside the foundation stones of their political system! Woe to the nation whose early days are characterized by guile

and mad ambition! Woe to the people who commence their political life with the infused virus of misrule, irreverence, and disobedience!

The fathers, in the first generation, may quietly reap their fields over the burning volcanoes visible to sight, but in the third generation they may burst forth upon their children with wide-spread destruction and utter ruin!

But there is one feature of this subject to which I ask your special attention. We are now in the process of national formation. Do not let your pride turn you with dislike from this somewhat humbling assertion, nor blind you to its rigid truthfulness; for indeed we are *not* yet formed; we are as yet only forming. Ours is at present a state of feeble infancy; we have not yet reached vigorous manhood, nay, not even elastic youth. I wish to say nothing discouraging, and surely I am not discouraged in the least myself; but I wish most earnestly to remind you that the day is too early for us to sit down confident and assured. No nation has a right to be assured and confident until time and experience have proven that it can withstand the storms of faction within, and the assaults of powerful nations from without; that it can effectually resist the workings of corruption; that it can quietly outride the violence of party spirit; that it can rapidly pass from a state of weakness and poverty to large productive capacity; that it can originate sterling moral character and great hardihood of soul; that it can keep down enervating

vice and shameless profligacy; and I tell you here to-day we have not yet reached such a state!

We stand, therefore, at the very start of national life. And let me say here that there is something solemn, awful, and responsible in the first beginnings of all great fundamental institutions. It seems to me most natural that under such circumstances, men would pause and think somewhat on this wise:—"Here, in God's providence we have arrived at an important point. Here springs up a fresh, new stream of human influence. On this spot grows up a new form of might and power among men. Now, from this time, begins the forming and the training of families, the uprearing and the regulation of communities, and the framing and the fashioning of minds and characters. As is the infancy of our system, so measurably will be its youth, its maturity, its old age. The future lives in, and depends upon us. We feel responsibility for the ages to come. By God's help we will strive so to shape and fashion things: to lay such firm foundations; to build upon such solid principles, that blessedness and strength shall flow in fullness to posterity forever!"

Such considerations are demanded of all those who venture upon the world of souls any new institution which is to effect and influence the most vital interests of human beings. For a new organization, when brought into being, is governed by the law of its birth; and by that law it is to do good or to exert mischief. That law gives it a fixedness of being and of influence which continues through long generations of men and

their children. All things, I know, as they grow and are developed, are constantly modified; but these modifications are chiefly those of form and appearance—the partial change of leaf and bud and flower—but the root remains intact.

"The child is father of the man."

The infant of the nation, of the church, of the school, of the family, is, as it were, by a necessary law, the shaper and controller of their respective aftergrowths to their maturest developments. The germ infolds stem, branches, bud, blossom, and expected fruit: and so the infant state, the future.

But the special thing to be noticed here, that which is momentous in the fresh beginnings of every organic system, is this, namely, that the primal organization is the seed which is to be produced over and over again,

"To the last syllable of recorded time,"

in the outgrowth which is generated by it. This is the law of life in all things, as well as the law of plants, and fruits, and trees; that the germinal influence is permanent and lasting.

This principle, moreover, is awfully comprehensive. It takes in minutia that are hardly visible; it bears along, in a mighty stream, the passions, vices, or virtues; the habits and customs; the social character, the manners, and convivialities; the marriage system; the dignity or degradation of woman; the obedience or presumption of children; the drinking habits, the licentiousness or purity; the ignorance or enlightenment;

yea, all the traits and characteristics of a people, in their infant state, are carried on and transmitted to their children, as *their* inheritance, whether for good or for evil; all these by a singular but certain law become interfused with the organic life of the system, and go down with it with influence to other generations of men and women, and little babes, acting upon their life and controlling their destiny!

III. I turn now, in the last place, to a brief consideration of some of the teachings which proceed from the train of remark I have brought before you.

You will bear in mind, that when I commenced I referred to government, chiefly because the political condition of a country expresses, more fully than anything else, the spirit, temper, and character of that people. You will connect with this, the remembrance of the great objects which have brought us to this coast. For I take it, that when the Almighty takes up a people in any of the great centres of civilization, and transplants them into a region of ignorance and benightedness, he gives such a people a commission, and imposes an obligation upon them, to undertake the elevation of the degraded people who become subject to them, in all the respects of their mental and moral nature. GOD sends them there on that mission. A mandate comes to them from heaven to take charge of the lowly and benighted, and to lift them up to manhood, to freedom, and moral superiority. I do not say they are not to consider collateral purposes, nor to devote themselves to personal advantage; but I beg to

insist upon it that the providence of GOD points out to them a most certain mission of enlightenment and elevation, which such a people can only neglect at their peril. And this is the position in which we stand before GOD, in our place, in this new country. It is *not* the miserable thing as to who can get this place, or secure the other; *not* the contemptible ambition, who we can crush down in order for oneself to get up; *not* the pitiful thing as to who can sport a pair of epaulettes; or who can boast a title; but the end for which we have been planted in this spot, on these shores, is the promotion of grand civilization and human blessedness! And hence comes the solemn consideration—Have we the right breed here? Have we such strong character, that we can send forth a stream of influence so deep, so strong, so unfailing, that it may flow on for ever, with blessed and vitalizing power?

Hence I am a deal more concerned about *that* temper, character, and spirit into which the people of this country may be educated, than about anything else. I am more anxious about the development of certain qualities in our population than about the rise or fall of parties. I am more eager for the planting of proper principles, and the bringing out of just sentiments, than I am about the movements of caucuses, or even the doings of a legislative session.

For you can easily see that if the people of this country are virtuous and brave; if they have a high spirit and sterling honor; then, the character of the people will react upon their institutions, modify their

imperfections, and supply the correctives to all things unseemly, or wrong. The CHARACTER of a people, then, is the main consideration with us; and we may dismiss from our minds all thought concerning mere governmental framework, and political policy, and bend our whole thought to the point namely—"How are we to train ourselves, as a people, to the great, perpetual work of GOD and man on this continent?"

Three distinct qualities seem to me most essential to this end:—

The *first* of these is SELF-RESTRAINT—an element of character which more distinctly than many others proves manhood, and evidences real internal strength.

No free system can live without this principle pervading the national mind and governing personal character. For a free system depends upon public sentiment; upon the people's interest and acquiescence in Government; in their prompt and punctual reverence of majestic law. Under a free system no man should test law to see how much it can bear; to put a constitution on trial to learn whether it could stand a rent. Indeed, if men are not to be governed as slaves; if a people are to live free from an imperious, prying police following them at every step, and peering into every window; if *self-government* is to be a very considerable item in a national system, then that people must need cultivate a spirit of generous forbearance, and learn the lesson of self-restraint. If they cannot do this, then they must be trammelled, chained, handcuffed. And they must perforce transmit such a system

to their children; for the children will be like their sires; for "when the fathers eat sour grapes, their children's teeth are generally set on edge." * As well turn a hungry tiger loose in your streets, as give constitutional freedom to a people who cannot use their tongues aright; who abuse the privilege of a free press; whose sympathies run counter to established law!

This spirit of self-restraint must be taught in all the grades of life, so that it may come to form an integral element of the national mind, and an universal, spontaneous sentiment. In the family, in the school, in the State, children, young men, maidens, the mature, the aged should be taught, nay, should teach themselves to fear their rulers, to respect the law, to bow before authority.

I am not speaking of mere political restraint; I am speaking of the PRINCIPLE as a habit of mind, as a necessary and indispensable element in a free system. And, as I address especially young men to-day, I may call their particular attention to this point.

You know that there are several evils especially incident to new society. In all colonies and new countries, the bonds of olden manners and ancient customs are wanting; population is sparse, and therefore manhood is premature; hence, laxity prevails, freedom is exaggerated, control is loose and relaxed, and the young, for the most part, desire to do as they please. Thus will and inclination prove more powerful than conviction and duty, and hence a disposition is gendered to

* Ezekiel xviii, 2.

turn liberty into license, and to make desire the criterion of law.

Inasmuch, then, as we are in the very circumstances which naturally beget such results, I would fain exhort young men to practice self-government; to accustom themselves to self-restraint. *Do not use all the liberty you have. Fall back a little from the margin of your freedom. Do not be too hasty to be self-asserting men.* Avoid the false and fatal theory that all the beauty and the strength of life are centred in the period of manhood. There are precious and priceless prerogatives which belong alone to youth; which are unattainable in any other period of life, and which, if lost, leave the system ill-formed, crude, and distorted. Remember, too, that a hasty rush into manhood lessens the vital powers of being, and detracts from the strength and energy which attend a gradual but natural development.

Those creatures—bugs, ants, and vermin—that are born in the morning, and become mature at noon, are aged in the evening, and die before the morrow!

The young men here who would fain to do their part in building up society, and giving solid and enduring strength to their country, must distrust their own abilities; must cultivate modesty and diffidence; must learn betimes to put the rein upon themselves in every respect of their nature; must be willing patiently to postpone the period of responsibility; must husband their powers, in the early period of life, to give strength to maturity and to preserve vigor for old age.

Some of you are aiming to be scholars; and I am sure you will pardon me for what I rarely do on any public occasion, that is to remind you of the words of a well-known classic:—

> "Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam
> Multa tulis fecitque puer; sudavit et alsit
> Abstinuit venere et vino." *

Regulating your lives thus by moderation and discipline, you will gain both inward strength and lasting power. Your influence will be mighty upon the generation which will follow you, increasing strong souls and well-regulated characters. And they again shall carry down to their posterity the high tone and the large sentiment which first sprung up in our day and time in you. And so at length we shall stand forth before the world a nation of true and noble men; grave, sober, and earnest; high in aim, and lofty in endeavor; or as Akenside expresses it, in words which will well bear frequent repetition:—

> "Zealous, yet modest;
> Innocent, though free; serene amidst alarms.
> Inflexible in faith: invincible in arms!"

But I go on to remark, that important as is the principle of self-restraint to well-developed national character, and the perpetuity of a high-toned national life, that of *honor* is of equal value. I am not speaking now of mere honesty. Important and priceless as it is, its root, nevertheless, is not so very deep; civilization will secure it; trade will secure it; the rules of

* HORACE, "Ars Poetica."

commerce will secure it; mere self-regarding policy will secure it. When I speak of honor, I speak of that delicate and noble sentiment which comes from a more internal, more elevated source, and which gives a higher glory to our life and being. A mere honest man may be a rude and vulgar fellow; of course such an one will not cheat and defraud, but he might despise the poor and tread upon the weak and helpless. He would not steal, but he might insult poor widows and outrage the feelings of inferiors. He would not defraud and peculate, but he might lie; he might deceive a woman; he might be ruffianly in conduct; with broadcloth upon his back and patent leather upon his feet he might have swinish manners. All this you see is quite compatible with mere honesty. But when men are thrown together in society they need something finer and more elevating to regulate their intercourse and to govern their lives, and we have this in the rules and requirements of honor, a sentiment which rises higher than the control of law; which has a nobler force than the fear of the magistrate, which throws men back upon inward self-respect and quiet internal dignity. It is that generous sentiment which makes a man's word his bond; which renders the bravest men modest and unassuming; which makes a mean act as impossible to a true man as theft or murder; which makes politeness as much a duty to a beggar as to a prince; which makes chastity as precious to men as to women; which makes lying a barrier to good society and polite circles; which causes trust, fidelity, and confidence to

be regarded as solemn as religion; which requires deference to the poor and lowly, as well as to the rich and affluent; in fine, which mingles truth, and gentleness, and forebearance, and self-sacrifice, and humility with the strongest elements of character; makes them compatible with all human relations; and instead of holding them as holiday qualities bares them freely and quietly to the daily light and common air, in the hut and the hamlet, as well as in grand cities and noble palaces.

Lastly, I join to self-restraint and honor the need of VIRTUE. Without this principle you cannot build up here a free commonwealth; you cannot make it the heritage of your children. What I ask are constitutions, and courts, and legislatures, and judges, and governors, and magistrates? What but the outward signs and symbols, the external manifestations of internal, invisible ideas of order, of rule, of government, of reverence for authority, of the "proud submission" of a free, but obedient people, who love law, and truth, and justice? But what if you have but the outward show, the mere flimsy trappings of these things, while there exists no *inward* moral sentiment answering thereto? Are not form and spirit, in all rightly constituted systems, always joined together, in this economy? Do you think it possible to preserve the formal element, when the spiritual idea belonging to it is lost and perished! Moreover do not the external symbols derive all their worth and value from the moral sentiment they are designed to express? Indeed, the best-con-

ceived, the most skillfully contrived political system is a thing of "shreds and patches;" if there is no sentiment or principle in a people answering thereto. As well plant the institutions and polity of Great Britain among the savages of the South Seas; or put the republican system of America in the hands of the King of Dahomy!

The free system into which we were schooled before we came here, and which we have chosen for this nation, depends upon consent, intelligence, and morality. Deprive it of these elements, and it dies out. We need, therefore, the principle of virtue in the people in their homes, among their children, in their hearts. Without this spring of noble action and of lofty duty, we perish. With the constant influence of an ancient, ever-present paganism in our midst, we ourselves shall become paganized, unless this correction be made to act powerfully among us.

If I am asked what I mean by virtue, I answer—INWARD BEAUTY, or excellence of soul. I mean that deep-rooted principle which rejects the gross; which repels immorality; which refuses the mastery of mere sense and appetite; which resists the control of passion; which maintains an obliviousness of impurity and vileness. I mean that lofty sentiment which craves the good; which yearns after rectitude and truth; which rejoices in the fair and glorious things of this wondrous creation of GOD around us; which delights itself in the higher attractions of mind and thought, of art and poetry; which gladdens itself above all, in the

majesty of the moral Law, and the magnific glories of the Infinite!

This principle of virtue is to be maintained here by the devotedness of churches; by the zeal of ministers; by the assiduities of teachers; by the care and discipline of fathers; by the anxieties, the prayers, and the tears of mothers; by the modest chastity of maidens; by the morality and self-control of young men; by the piety and beauty of obedient children. Subsidiary to these relations and their sacred duties, will be the rectitude of governors and magistrates; the justice and purity of courts and judges; the sanctity and the inviolability of the marriage relation, widely trenched upon already in this land by rash legislation and unholy license; by the virtuous industry of an enterprising people, and by the enlightenment which comes from common schools and superior education.

And now, young men, I have endeavored to fulfill the duty you have imposed upon me for this day, by speaking of *the Nation's youth*, and addressing you, *the youth of the Nation*. Let me set before you, summarily, what I have aimed to do. I have attempted to show, 1st, That we, in this day and generation—we men, women, aye, and even youth and little children, are, by virtue of our position, the founders and the fathers of a rising nation. And 2d, That in consequence of this august relation, we are living and working for the future, either to bless or to curse.

And now, young men, what will you be, and what will you do? Do not misunderstand my question. It

is not, what office you will reach? What title you will bear? The question is—What will you be really in your souls, internally in your heart of hearts, for the production of thorough, earnest, character? I have but little concern, I must confess, whether you get any great place in government, or whether you will ever rise to any high office. Indeed, young men, I am one of those heretics who doubt very much whether you yourselves would reap much advantage thereby, or do much good to others. I do not agree, by any means, and I tell you it in all candor, with those who think that *every thing* depends upon you. I acknowledge your usefulness. I see the need of young men, for if there were no *young* men there could never be any old men. But let me tell you that the theory which is getting in vogue in our country, *and in none other under the sun*, namely, that young men are the life, the soul, the main-stay, the real strength of a country, is all balderdash! *The real might of a country is centered in character;* and if the young men of a country have more character than any other class, *then* they are the pillars of the State. On no other condition. But you cannot claim, merely because you are young men, that its main dependence is upon you. You may have more learning than your fathers; but let me tell you that Latin, and Greek, and science, though valuable, are not education. "With the talents of an angel, a man may be a fool." *Learning* is letters. *Education* is prudence, common sense, judgment, discretion, practicality. The fool may have the former; a man, nay

many a man, who never went to school, may be educated. Young men, with your learning you need experience and wisdom, and for the acquisition of these the period of early life is given you. The period of youth is the period of study, the period of self-regulation, the period for mental acquisitions, the period for careful preparation. Anxious though you may be, and anxious as you should be to serve your country, stand back a while, I advise you, until you get the thorough training, the experience, the knowledge of history and of men, and the broad common sense which are fitted for hard and long-continued service; in this consists true education; and without it all the letters and learning in the world will prove but as the senseless utterance of a parrot.

But I asked you also, *What will you do?* Look around you then at the vast moral waste which surrounds us in this country, and throughout this continent, and think of the multitudinous minds, of the vast energies, of the painful labors, of the marytr-like self-sacrifice, on the part of both Church and State, which are to be expended, from generation to generation, ere the great work of God and humanity on this soil, will approach its consummation! Open your eyes upon the deep vistas of grand futurity; glance along the long alleys of coming times, crowded with the rising generations, both emigrant and native, coming up into life, and falling into the ranks of society and the State; and then think of all the sober, earnest work which is to be done by us, *in our day*, to prepare them for the

burdens and duties of their position. *You* will have to participate in this work; and therefore I entreat you, "Gird up your loins," young men, for duty. Conscious that the mission of life is pregnant with obligation and deep responsibility, grapple in with its difficulties and its burdens, like young heroes. And this, not in some high-expected position; but here, right here, in this country, right here, amid the relations you now sustain. Serve GOD, and serve your country, just where you are; however lowly your position, however rugged your pathway. Serve GOD, and not the devil. Serve your country, and not your lusts. And this, by meeting the duties of your sphere; not by leaving them, but by ennobling them by faithfulness and manhood. By standing quietly in your lot, as expectant but humble youth; and not by rushing into spheres unfitted to your years and unadapted to your untrained powers; for remember,

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

For great and weighty is the responsibility of this young nation to God and man. Great suffering has been the portion of this people, but mingled mercy and Providential gifts accompanied it, from the hand of God. Sore and grievous was the trial of your fathers in the dark land of thraldom; but they were permitted, in humble hands, to bear from thence, across the seas, the fiery cross of Jesus, and the torch of civilization. And thus having received these gifts, hand them bright and luminous to the next generation,

that they may pass them on to their successors, and so they may cross the continent and lighten up, by their rays, the deep solitudes of the interior, and scatter the darkness from the habitations of many a heathen tribe, until the whole land shall be redeemed from grossness, and superstition, and benightedness, to culture and to grace.

And so may God bless the young men of Monrovia! And so may He bless the young men of Liberia!

Our National Mistakes and the Remedy for Them.

Delivered before the Common Council and the Citizens of Monrovia, Liberia, West Africa, July 26th, 1870, being the Day of National Independence.

ADDRESS.

FELLOW CITIZENS:—I have met somewhere with the remark that "man beats towards the truth." The meaning is that we do not reach truth directly, in a straight line; but that we arrive at it by treading the winding pathways of experience. The saying is a nautical one, easily understood by any one who has ever sailed upon the high seas.

The gallant ship that sets out upon a voyage rarely meets with those direct, propitious gales, which bear her along in a straight, undeviating line, to the wished-for haven. For, perchance, at the very outset, contrary winds retard her progress. Then the skill of her commander is put to the test. He does not reverse his course, and return again to the harbor from whence he sailed; but bravely meets the winds, adverse though they be. Now he turns his sail to the windward, and makes a tack; and now again he changes his canvass, and sails a point to the leeward: and so, by one tack and another, he bids defiance to opposing gales; *beats* towards the port desired; and sails triumphantly on his way.

So man beats towards the truth. We fall into an error, and then retrace our steps. In the very act of recovering ourselves we step, perchance, into a deeper maze. Once more we make the attempt to advance; and, possibly, at length, proceed aright.

The poet Young, doubtless had this fact in view, in penning the well-known lines:—

> "At thirty, man suspects himself a fool,
> Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan."

Painful and embarrassing as is such experience, it is not entirely useless. We are learning somewhat the narrowness of the circle of our vision, the incompleteness of our faculties, the necessity of prudence, the worth of forecast and judgment. And thus it is, that, by one mishap and another; a tantalizing blunder, a blind miscalculation, a heedless misadventure: we learn the lessons of caution; we are sharpened up to sagacity; and gather to ourselves a harvest of wisdom.

It is such trials as these, for they *are* trials to temper, patience, and desire—that harden character; and, to quote the words of a master, "because they render being upon our guard, resolution, and the denial of our passions, necessary in order to that end."

The nation, as a man, beats about into one error and another; flounders now into this blunder, now in that; now halts or falls behind; rushes perchance, into a rash procedure and is made to smart most keenly for it; but by and by, after many bitter experiences, learns the truth; gathers, from divers mishaps, a masterful wisdom; falls gradually into a corrective prudence; and

arrives, at length, at the policies which are wise, judicious, and restorative.

Such being the experience of both nations and men; you will not ask of me any excuse if I call your attention to day to "OUR NATIONAL MISTAKES; AND THE REMEDIES FOR THEM."

I take up this subject for the reason that, having done something, we thus show that we can do more. I am anxious that we should do more in the future; and hence I attempt to-day the discovery of some of the obstructions which have heretofore prevented a larger work. I am encouraged to this discussion by the universal desire in the land, for a broader, more statesmanlike policy, and the conviction everywhere freely expressed, that nothing but a complete, but healthful, revolution of plans and policies, can give this nation success and aggrandizement.

I am cheered to the duty before me by the fact, that the self-congratulation of former years, has passed away; and that the people of Liberia have become greatly sobered to duty. Thank God that the self-praise and the idle vanity of the past have vanished; the past and the present too, seem little, compared with the rising proportions and the bold magnitude of the future.

I. *One great mistake of the people of Liberia has been neglect of our native population.* I do not say that this has been universally the case; and I am glad to aver that it has been unaccompanied with a malignant will. The fault has been more relative than absolute. We

have far fallen short of our duty, than is either justifiable or excusable. We have been guilty of a neglect, which has carried with it harm to the aborigines; and, at the same time, visited grievous wrong upon ourselves.

Our mistake in this matter has sprung, first of all from a too strong self-consciousness of civilized power. Nor is this to be wondered at. As a people we were "ferried over," in a month, or little more, from a state of degradation to a position of independence and superiority. In a little more than a monthly change of the moon, we were metamorphosed from the position of underlings to one of mastery; with a vast population of degraded subjects around us. We should have been angels instead of men, if the contrast, between ourselves and the heathen around us, had not made a most vivid impression upon our minds; had not somewhat inflamed our imaginations. It has done both; it has led to an exaggeration of our own capacities. It has made us oblivious of our own humbling antecedents. It has blinded too many of us to the fact that we are but a few generations removed from the condition and the benightedness of the heathen around us. It has made us forgetful of the great duties we owe these people who serve us in our families and work on our farms. It has led too many to look down upon the native as an inferior, placed at such a distance from us, that concord and oneness seem almost impossibilities for aye!

Let us be just and candid with ourselves, and look this matter fairly in the face; for, if we cannot call ourselves rigidly to account for any of our policies, we

cannot make any improvement, and must surely die. Look first at the *personal aspects* of the case, observe how few persons send their native boys to school; how seldom they are taught to read; how unusual it is to accustom them to proper habits of dress; how that it is only by dozens, instead of hundreds, they are so trained as to fall into our civilized habits; and that only individuals among them become ministers and teachers.

Next, view the matter in its *governmental* bearings. See how carelessly, thoughtlessly, we have ignored the *national* obligation to train, educate, civilize, and regulate the heathen tribes around us!

With a rigorous hand, caused, I know, by their own wilfulness or folly, we have made them feel, at times, our superiority and mastery. But what have we done —what, I mean, on a large and noble scale, to assure them of our sense of obligation to do them good; to impress upon their souls the awfulness of majestic law, as the regulating force of society; or to mold them, body, soul, and spirit, by the plastic and elevating influence of letters, civilization, and the Divine Word?

No native king has ever had sent to him, by the government, a teacher to educate his children and his people. No sons of princes have been brought from our native tribes to be educated by the government. No government farms have been established for the training of native men in the pursuits of agriculture. No native kings or head men have ever been invited to sit, as advisers or senators, in our Legislature, to represent their tribes, and to show them the advantages of

civilized and responsible government. No commissioners have been sent from tribe to tribe, from king to king, to offer pecuniary inducements or government prizes, for the cultivation of coffee, cotton, pepper, or ginger. And, at the close of our several wars, no single effort has ever been made to bring tribes into closer neighbourhood to us, by the opening of roads as a condition of peace, and as a bond of friendship. Even native prisoners when discharged from custody, have gone forth from our control untrained in useful trades, and ignorant of profitable handicraft.

A SECOND *mistake in our policy has been our dependence upon, and our eager desire for, the foreign supply of our needs, to the culpable neglect of our native resources and of native skill.*

This point offers a wide field for discussion, and deserves to be noticed by itself as a single theme. I must not pass it by, however; but will compress it into as small a space as possible.

The mistake discovers itself in two particulars. (1.) Let me call your attention to the prodigality of nature in this tropical clime; in the air; in the teeming waters; in the marvelous productiveness of the soil; in the wild herds roaming the forests; in the priceless gums exuding from vines and trees; and in the rich woods, rotting down from century to century, worthless and waste!

Just go up to the St. Paul's river an hour or two's ride; and where, under the sun, can you find such myriads of fish as swarm its waters? Go across the

level plains of Caldwell, and look at the wild prairie land, stretching out almost uninterruptedly scores of miles; with grass sufficient for multitudes of cattle. Go out an hour's walk, in the settlement of Virginia, and see, at night, the wild oxen and the gallant deer, which come into the farmsteads, tearing up cassada roots, plucking potato vines, and stealing sugar canes.

Notice, too, the large quantities of corn, meal, and rice imported into the country; when we can easily produce two crops a year on our own lands, and largely export to foreign lands. Mackerel, codfish, and herring, in thousands of barrels, are brought to our ports; while the very same fish, sport in our own waters. And in less than ten years such will be here, as already in Sierra Leone, the valuable results of our own fishing operations, that our children will wonder at the careless neglect and lack of enterprise of the present day.

See, again, the large quantities of plank brought to Liberia; while we have, in our wilderness, the most precious of woods, cedar, saffron, mahogany, iron teak, and rose. And here too are the facilities of wind and water for mills; and yet there is not a single wind-mill in the country, and not half-a-dozen water-mills.

And yet, with all these vast opportunities for wealth, we lack a full supply of our needs, and send across the ocean for no small portion of the articles of family consumption, which are needed for our tables!

I said there were two aspects of the neglect of our native resources, and of native skill. I have referred to *one*. Now let me refer to the other.

(2.) That other is our slight grasp upon *the interior trade.* It is slight because we have less of it than any trading people on this Western Coast. Go to any of their settlements, and you will find their "factories" scores, sometimes hundreds, of miles in the interior.

The foreigner comes to the coast. For a few months he languishes under the influence of fever; but shortly he shakes it off; and now you hear of him far up on the banks of the Senegal, the Gambia, or the Niger, pushing his active trade.

How does not this contrast with our partial movements! *Our* operations but skirt the coast. We have not got a factory further inland than Vauzah! Every one here knows the grounds of this difference. The other governments send their protective and regulating power far into the interior. But while we can command as much personal bravery and endurance as any other people in Africa, our government influence is partial and limited.

Note another aspect of this case. Observe the small advantage we are taking of *native labour* in carrying on the work of improvement in the land. In this single county of Messurada we can count the names of no less than a dozen tribes. And yet notice (1) The limited contact of our communities with the aborigines; (2) The great lack of labourers amoung our planters; and (3) The comparatively small amount of trade we draw from the interior. Considering the period of our settlement here, we ought to be touching tens of thousands of these people on every side, and far in the

interior, with a more plastic and regenerating power than we are now exerting. We ought, moreover, to be employing, by this time, many more thousands of natives on farms; availing ourselves of the vast riches of the interior; and training masses of them into civilized communities and enlightened citizens.

Look at the labour question. What is the most dazzling, anxious, problem to our large sugar planters? Labourers! Every farmer of any magnitude is constantly putting the query—How can we get a fuller supply of fixed, steady, trustworthy labourers, for the cultivation and the ingathering of our crops? And this question is put in a country where there are tens of thousands of unemployed, but vigorous men, unproductive; *but fitted, as well by the habit of labour as by physical power, to all the needs of our agricultural operations.*

For this, I maintain, *is* the nature of the case. The native man has not only physical capacity, but he has also the habit of labour. He is a WORKER; notwithstanding all that Mr. Carlyle and all his brother Anthropologists, may say to the contrary.* The criterion of industry is, if I mistake not, this, that is—"*Do a people work up to the level of their necessities and their cultivation?* If they do, then they are industrious, if not, not!

The native African *does* work, and that most gladly, up to the level of his cultivation and his needs; not indeed, I grant you, up to the civilized man's needs;

* See "Latter Day Tracts," by Thomas Carlyle.

for he is a barbarian. He does not work for a brick house, for carpets and chairs, for books and pictures. He has not reached that point of civilization, which requires such things. Neither did Mr. Carlyle's grandfathers when Cæsar came to Britain. These things are not the native man's needs. His needs are rice, cassada, palm oil, and a hut; not awry, dirty, and ready to fall, like a thriftless Italian's or a rude Irishman's, but perfect and complete. And these needs are always supplied. Who ever heard of a famine in the country, caused by native laziness?

And, therefore, I say that our native population have the habit of labour, and are industrious. They are industrious according to their habits and training; we must teach them ours.

And yet, with all our needs, we have never taken the proper steps, either by a skilful increase of their wants, or by a generous mode of interesting them in the profits of labor, to avail themselves of their powers and fitness for wide and productive use! How great a blunder!

Look again at our halting, national and individual prosperity. What is a common complaint throughout the length and breadth of the land! The slowness of our accumulation of wealth! Contrast this fact with the vast talent wealth of this part of the continent, or the revenues of the colonies and settlements which draw to themselves the riches of Lagos or Sierra-Leone.

Think of the forests of palm trees in the interior; their golden fruit falling wastefully on the sod, and then

springing up again in crowded clusters, painfully pushing their feathery tops towards the skies! Think of the forests of camwood growing wild, hundreds of miles all through this country, and, in their maturity, going to decay and falling prostrate to manure the land for a ranker luxuriance! Think of the multitudinous vines, and shrubs, and trees, constantly wasting their exuding gums upon the ground—gums which, in foreign lands, would command millions of dollars! Think of the vast and valuable beds of precious minerals, rivalling, perhaps, the riches of California, now lurking, hidden from human sight, in bye and sequestered places through all the land! Think of the thousands of plants of matchless virtue, which science and pharmacy would gladly welcome to the laboratory, now growing up in the wilderness, but to wither, die,

"And waste their *richness* on the desert air!"

And yet, after all this, the liveliest imagination can hardly measure the wondrous riches which God has scattered at almost every footfall throughout this country to our very doors!

And yet the acquisition of these products, one of the prime conditions of our existence and success on this soil, has been only casually attended to, or, else, in too frequent cases, passed over with neglect or indifference!

II. I have thus stated some of the more prominent deficiencies of our national policy. And now I beg to remark that they are all, for the most part capable of remedy. It is in our power, I feel assured, to com-

mence, at an early day, a new and effectual policy, and to enter thereby upon a career of growth, prosperity, and beneficence, parallel to the successful progress of many of the new-born states of modern times.

I know the smallness of our means. I feel too the need of aid in carrying on fully the processes of successful civilization, in such a wide territory as stretches out beyond us to the heart of this continent; for we must aim to touch graciously even that outer bound. And, as for myself as an individual, I do indeed covet that aid, let it come from any quarter. Not indeed for ourselves; but for the great work which we are to do, in civilizing and evangelizing the rude and benighted neighbours about us. I see, too, somewhat, I think, how great help could be secured for this mighty work.

For help we need. There is nothing humiliating in such an avowal. It is the common need of new nations. Wherever before did a handful of people, less in number than thousands of nameless American villages, set up the fabric, and assume the functions of national life? Even should Liberia fail, that is *in attempting such a vast undertaking*, there would be nothing inglorious in it; no evidence of race inferiority. It would be but one of the many instances of glorious *unsuccess*. It would only be the venture of a child to do the work of a giant, and he could not compass it. But we are, child though we be in form and power, we *are* compassing it; only our powers are overtasked; we miss provident opportunities; we ofttimes "beat the air;" we waste healthful energies.

We need help; and we must fain secure it, if aid and succour can possibly be secured. But not, I assure you, by a declaration that black men cannot carry on a nation; and then go begging some foreign people to take us as colonial vassals, or contemptuous appendages!

Now I do not wish Liberia to become a colony of any nation. I want her to maintain, forever, distinct nationality. After our experience of independence we could not endure colonial subjection. Well and truly says Lord Lytton, concerning liberty—"The first thing is to get it; the next thing is to keep it; the third thing is to increase it." * And so we, having got independence, must not give it up.

I here, indeed, some talk of annexation to America. Why not to the planet Jupiter? Fellow Citizens—I am astonished at a proposition, at once so humiliating in its nature and so disastrous in its tendency; and I stand here to-day, and entreat you, with all my heart and voice—don't you have anything to do with such a wild and deadly scheme.

Fellow Citizens—the genius of free government, during the ages, visited in turn a few favoured spots of earth, for the gift of freedom and civil liberty. She visited, in ancient times, the states of Greece and Rome. She visited, in the middle ages, the Venetian territory and the Republic of Genoa. In our modern era, she long dwelt amid the mountain fastnesses of Switzerland; on the sea-girt isles of Britain; in the new-born,

* "Caxtoniana," by Lord Lytton.

the virgin, territories of America. But never once did she visit this West coast of Africa; never take up her abode in any quarter of this vast and benighted continent.

Now, in these latter days of the world's history, filled with generous desires for Africa, she stooped from her lofty flight, and visited the lowly sons of Africa, painfully toiling on the farms of Maryland and Virginia, in the rice fields of Carolina, or amid the everglades of Florida; and whispered in their ears her good intents for this their fatherland. And when they, at her promptings, came o'er the seas, she accompanied them; and set up here, in this seat of ancient despotism and bloody superstitions, the first free, civilized, and Christian Negro government that Africa had ever known from the dawn of history!

And now, I ask, are you, because of some pain and toil, some trouble and poverty, going to unmake history? Because of some little suffering, will you put back ten degrees the dial of the world's progress? Well nigh every foot of land on this West Coast, which lies upon the sea-board, is in the possession of some European power? Will you give up every rod of this coast for foreign possession? Will you not retain a foot of land on this coast for Africa's self and her sons? Is there not to be *one* single free Negro government in the world. Circle the earth; and where can you find one single, responsible, representative, Negro government among the nations? And will you sweep this one lone, simple, star from the heavens?

The United States Government, however, can do great things, through us, for the regeneration of Africa. It would be immodest to assert that she owes *us* a debt; but the averment, is, without doubt, a proper one, that America is deeply indebted to Africa. And providence seems to have made us, who spring from her loins, the proper channels in Africa, of her prompt and generous Christian solicitudes, and, as I trust eventually, of her governmental succor and assistance. For it seems to me that now, as the United States has begun a colonial policy, it would not be unseemly in that great nation to extend to this nascent state the many advantages of a colony without its disadvantages, that is, by the offer and the guarantee of a PROTECTORATE to Liberia, for a lengthy period, for specific ends, pertaining to African regeneration; with those monetary helps and assistances, and that *naval* guardianship, which would enable us to commence a greater work of interior civilization, by the means of roads, model farms, and manual labor schools; with the definite condition that our internal economy, and our full national functions, should remain intact and undisturbed.*

Such a protectorate, or some such strengthening and assuring aid; would supply that government patronage, of which Liberia alone, of all modern or ancient colonies that I know of, has never felt the fostering care and sustentation; and would soon enable us to enter vigorously upon that regenerating policy, in this

*Greece; the Ionian Isles; and the Sandwich Islands are examples of the compatability of national life with a foreign protectorate.

part of Africa, which I will now endeavor to point out.

And *first*, I would suggest the duty of rising to a higher appreciation of the native man, his usefulness and his worth. I present this first, because all the great outer works of man come from an internal root; are the fruit of sentiment or principle.

I fear that we are lacking in that recognition of the native man, as a future element of society, which is desirable, as well for our needs, as for his good, and God's glory. And this assuredly should not be the case; for here is a MAN, who, however rude and uncultivated, is sure to stand. The hardihood of the race through long centuries, its quiet resistance to the most terrible assaults upon its vitality; its resurrection to life and active duties, after a ghastly burial of centuries in the caves of despair, in the graves of servitude and oblivious degradation, are all prophetic of a lasting future. Other races of men, in foreign lands, as in America and New Zealand, fall before an incoming emigrant population. But this is not our mission here; and, if it were, it is not in our power, that is, we have not the ability, to destroy the native. With all his simplicity he thoroughly feels this. You see that he does not lose his countenance in your presence; and he knows not fear. In his character you see nothing stolid, repulsive, indomitable. On the other hand he is curious, mobile, imitative He sees your superiority, and acknowledges it by copying your habits. He is willing to serve you; and, after being in your service, he carries home with him the "spoils," which he has gathered in your family,

by observation and experience; which make him there a superior fellow to his neighbor. There too, in his own tribe, you see that he is sure to live, for he fully supplies his own needs; rears a goodly family; cultivates jollity; attains a good old age; and shows great vitality.

Now this being shows clearly that he has the needed qualities to make a proper man. Everywhere, where the trial has been made, he has passed out of his primitive rudeness, and made a step in advance of his former state.

Why then should we doubt the full and equal ability of the native man to become all that we are, and do all that we can do?—Indeed I can hardly maintain my gravity, while talking thus to *you*. For who indeed are *we?* Right glad am I that there are no Europeans here to-day; for surely they would see the almost ludicrousness of such an address from such an one as I am—and to *you!*

Have faith in the native. You *have* trusted him—trusted him to nurse your children—trusted him with your goods in trading—trusted your life in his hands, in fragile canoes—trusted yourself, unprotected, in his sequestered native villages. Go now to a farther length—trust him as a man, fitted to

> ——"Move and act
> In all the correspondences of nature."

In the *second* place I would suggest the use of well-regulated and judicious measures, in order to secure the vast resources of the interior. What I desire to see

undertaken is alliances with powerful tribes in the interior, to secure thereby permanently open roads, and the uninterrupted flow of trade; not indeed as an end, but for the ultimate purposes which lie beyond trade, but of which trade is everywhere a facile agent—I mean general civilization, and the entrance of the controlling influences of Christianity. Surely the command comes to us as a Christian nation—"Prepare ye the way of the Lord." And I have the deep conviction that this work is not a difficult one. What prevents our government organizing an armed police, and a line of forts to the interior, whose presence and power could be felt up to the border line of our territory? How soon then, especially in this country, would vanish those petty native fights, which annually obstruct trading operations six and eight months at a time, and which inflict the loss of thousands of dollars. What should prevent our government enjoining upon our subject natives the maintenance of peace, the constant opening of trade paths, and the bridging of rivers and streams?

Perhaps it may be said that we have no right to command, or press such regulations upon our native population. To this I reply that both our position and our circumstances make us the guardians, the protectors, and the teachers of our heathen tribes. And, hence, it follows that all the legitimate means which may tend to preserve them, which anticipate bloody antagonisms, and which tend to their mental, moral, and social advancement, determine themselves as just and proper.

All historic fact shows that force, that is authority, *must* be used in the exercise of guardianship over heathen tribes. Mere theories of democracy are trivial in this case, and can never nullify this necessity. You cannot apply them to a rude people, incapable of perceiving their own place in the moral scale, nor of understanding the social and political obligations which belong to responsible humanity. "Force and right," says a brilliant writer, "are the governors of this world; *force till right is ready.* * * * * And till right is ready, force, the existing order of things, is justified, is the legitimate ruler." And he adds—"Right is something moral, and implies inward recognition, free assent of the will; we are not ready for right—*right*, so far as we are concerned, *is not ready*, until we have attained this sense of seeing it and willing it."* Out of this grows the necessary tutelage of children to the years of their majority. Hence also the stern necessity of assuming the nonage—the childhood of the natives; and, consequently, our responsibility of guardianship over them.†

Now, in our exercise of wardship, nothing can be more serious than that terminal exercise of force which lags at the heel of disaster, and is only supplemental to

* "Essays in Criticisms," by Matthew Arnold.

† "To characterize any conduct whatever towards a barbarous people as a violation of the 'Law of Nations,' only shows that he who so speaks has never considered the subject. A violation of great principles of morality it may easily be; but barbarians have no rights as a *nation*, except a right to such treatment as may, at the earliest possible period, fit them for becoming one. The only moral laws for the relation between a civilized and a barbarous government are the universal rules of morality between man and man."—*Dissertations and Discussions, &c., by John Stuart Mill, vol. 3. Art.: A Few Words on Non-Intervention.*

sanguinary calamities. You would despise a parent who postponed all the training of his children till moral ruin had seized them; and then only gave them vengeful retribution. So, likewise, is the nation despicable which claims the right of force over blinded heathens; but can only use that force as the instrument of retaliation for real or supposed injuries.

No, fellow citizens, force is, indeed, our prerogative and our duty with respect to the native; but I maintain that *it should be the force of restoration and progress*—the force which anticipates the insensate ferocity of the pagan, by demonstrating the blessedness of permanent habitation and lasting peace; which forestalls a degrading ignorance and superstition, by the enlightenment of schools and training; which neutralizes the bareness of a native rusticity by the creation of new wants and the stimulation of old ones; which nullifies and uproots a gross heathen domesticity by elevating woman and introducing the idea of family and home.

But you say that all this work, all the machinery for carrying on this work, will be expensive. Of course it will be. But then look at the other side of this matter. Is not *that* expensive too?

Look at our war expeditions and our tribal difficulties, and their great cost. The "interdicts" on trade, which the government has had to enforce, and the consequent loss of thousands of dollars; is not that a matter of consideration? Who can fully estimate that loss?

The Sinou war of '61 cost this nation 15,000 dollars. It occurred at the commencement of the planting season,

and drew off hundreds men from their labour; which involved an additional loss of fully 15,000 dollars work.

In addition to all this, it included the loss of life of several sturdy, valiant, industrious men, whose places, as citizens, husbands, and fathers cannot be filled; and whose value cannot be estimated.

Look at our difficulties in '66 with King Boyer. Who of you here can tell me the full sum total of the loss the government "interdict" on trade, at Bassa, has caused this nation?

Now look at a different policy—suppose years ago, when we purchased that territory, we had sent a schoolmaster to teach King Boyer's children, and, at the same time, to act as a Liberian magistrate, to assist him in settling difficulties;—suppose Boyer, at every session of the Legislature, had been invited to sit with the Senate as an advisory chief, entertained, meanwhile, by the Executive and leading citizens; suppose that, at a proper time, we had followed up this policy by establishing a farm school, in King Boyer's neighborhood, for the growth of coffee and other products, and the training of boys in carpentering and other trades, and in the profits of which King Boyer himself should be a chief participant;—do you think that, with such a policy, we should ever have been troubled by that chief as we have been? Or, rather, do you not think that such a system would have increased Boyer's personal self-respect and conscious dignity; filled him with the moral burdens of responsibility; raised him, long since, almost to the point of civilization; put his people on the road

to civilization; and spread the influence thereof to neighbouring tribes?

Put such a system into operation, and, in less than five years, you will see its magnitude and its magical operations all through our territory; in the alliance of strong chiefs and tribes; in the undisturbed opening of roads; in the constant flow of the treasures of the interior to the sea-board; and in the quest of powerful kings, and mighty men, even from the Kong range, for the education of their children, and the enlightenment which comes from the beaming rays of the Cross of Calvary!

You think still, perchance, of the expense of such a policy. But think also of the large export duty such a system would give you;—think of the capability it would give the people for meeting direct taxation;—think of the confidence and assurance with which it would inspire distant capitalists for adventure;—think of the gravitating influence of the trade and barter of great nations to Liberia!

Why the very report of such largeness, energy, and noble forecast, would bring the unsolicited capital of great nations to your doors, for your encouragement and support. Such a system would delight the heart of universal Christendom! It would attract the gaze of all the mission societies in the Protestant world! It would deepen the confident assurance of all the friends of the Negro, in every quarter of the globe! It would bring to your shores the congratulations and assistance of great nations and mighty kingdoms, intent upon the regeneration of Africa!

And, believe me, some such work of magnitude must be undertaken by us, or, otherwise, we shall lose all nobleness of feeling and endeavour; we shall become gross, sordid, and sensual; and so insignificant and trifling will be the life of this nation that, by and by, the declaration will become a common one everwhere—"That people are undeserving national recognition; they are only playing at government; they are not fit to live!"

To prevent such a degrading fling at us, we must give up the idle notion of dragging hither a nation from America, and go to work at once in the great endeavour to construct a vast national existence out of the native material about us.

And such a system you *can* commence. It has been done by other people with no larger resources than yours, and under circumstances not a whit more promising or advantageous. Some of you have heard of the early history of the Indian Empire of Great Britain, and of its marvelous after-growth from a seed of insignificance. Some of you are familiar with the trials of the first colonists to America; and how, in a few memorable instances, by a policy, alike skillful and Christian, they quenched the ferocity of their Indian neighbours, and pushed their trade into the interior safe and unmolested. Some of you here, who indulge in the luxury of fiction, will call to mind how, with a graphic and a winning style, COOPER, in his "Leather Stocking Tales," shows us how by advanced posts and small forts the first settlers of New York carried their fur trade to the very borders of the Canadas.

I must not, however, recall to your remembrance such a picture as this without presenting to your notice its possible disastrous contrast. For, if you do not soon undertake the more general improvement of your native population, the native men who have lived in your families, and been sharpened up by your civilized superiority, will give you, by and by, a visitation of sorest anguish. They will combine together, along the line of our interior border, in their several tribes, from Gallinas to Palmas; and then you will have here, in Africa, such a league of natives as the Indians once formed against the early colonists of Massachusetts; who will come down to the sea-board, in sanguinary ferocity and terrible array, to destroy every vestige of religion, every relic of civilization, and sweep us, if possible, into the sea!*

Now let me call your attention to the basis, which lies deep bedded in the native man's nature, for such a policy as I have endeavoured to point out. For the law of fitness must needs be regarded, or, otherwise, all your measures will prove fruitless. We must adjust our system to those conditions of society, and those idiosyncracies of the nature, which are likely to serve as a basis for general improvement.

*The prediction, contained in the above paragraph, had been scarcely uttered before the author was informed of its correctness and reality, as a *fact!* Immediately after the adjournment of the meeting, on the 1st of August, at Clay Ashland, Mr. S. Anderson, the commissioner to the Barline County, who had just returned from the interior, remarked to the Author,—"Well, you prophesied rightly to-day about native combinations against us. The interior tribes had effected a league, and were about commencing operations; but my expedition has broken the whole thing up. If the Government had not sent a commissioner to *Palaka*, and made the liberal offers she has to the Barline tribe, Liberia would soon have been most seriously assailed by hostile tribes on every side of us! 'Twas a great providence. We were only just in time to save ourselves from ruin!"

Now, we have a basis for a policy such as I have been describing. There is, in the native man's moral constitution, a foundation for it, For, *first*, your petty tribes, to use a country phrase, would "kiss your feet," if you will give them protection from the raids of their more powerful, but lawless neighbours. The great felt need, and a great object of desire among our native population, is peace, order, and protection. Nothing do they crave more ardently than to be saved from the assaults and ravages of the mightier chiefs around them; and to be allowed constant facilities for trading. It was this great need, which, before the "Congo inundation," caused so many of the natives, fragments of larger tribes, the Deys, Veys, and Bassas, to leave their own localities, and settle on the lands of the St. Paul's farmers. They craved peace and security; and they felt that here, under our laws and magistracy it could be secured in larger measure than anywhere else, in our territory.

But a *second*, and a further basis for this policy is the trading propensity of the native. Greed is his master passion; as strong a characteristic as his superstition. See these native men, Pessas, Veys, Hurrahs, Ghibees, Mandingoes, bent and laden with palm oil, camwood, ivory, and rice on their backs; ending, perhaps, a twenty days' journey through the "bush," at the door of a "factory" or a traders' store. See therein that strong acquisitive principle, which is the impelling motive power of all this endurance and weariness; and recognize it as the germ, around which ultimately are

to be gathered the accretions and the policy of as grand mercantile measures as the world has seen, in any of its quarters its palmiest days of commerce.

Let the government and people of Liberia seize upon and use this central principle of the native mind, as an instrument and facility for the promotion of its rule, general civilization, and the propagation of the Faith. And this is to be done by the measures and the plans which will open trade to the far interior. Regulate your own tribes; interest them in your government; give them peace and protection; afford them facilities for the gratification of their strong greed; tie them by the strong cords of amity, education, and respect to your government; and your fame will spread hundreds of miles in the interior; and powerful kings, remote from the sea, will soon be visiting your capitol, bringing their sons for training and culture; and seeking the acquaintance of your merchants, for the purpose of commercial intercourse.

And still a *third*, and further advantage will follow. Everybody knows the pride of the native man in speaking English. Now, just in proportion as we draw nigher to our country-folk by trading operations, so will native youth come and dwell with us, to learn our language and our customs; and thus the supply of labour will be fully met.

The bearing of this event upon population is important. During the last six or seven years the great demand of the nation has been for emigration—for an increase of civilized power in the land. And the usual

tendency with us is to ascend the hill of Monrovia, and to look across the sea to sight, if possible, the emigrant vessel, crowded with passengers. I do not blame this tendency. I am glad to see new men coming into this country, and thus increasing the Christian and civilizing power of the land. I cannot tell you the joy and gratitude with which I would hail the providence which would give us, this very year, twenty thousand men, of the African race, as an accession to our scanty population; if they could be well sustained and established here.

For myself, I as cordially welcome Barbadians, Jamaicans, Sierra-Leonians, as well as Americans, to this common heritage of the Negro—as the Emigrant Commissioners, at New York, greet the Germans, Italians, Swedes, English, and Irish, who arrive at that port by hundreds of thousands; and thus, every year, swell the already vast population of the great Republic of America.

At the same time, we must not forget that we have a multitudinous immigrant population here at hand, indigenous to the soil; homogenous in race and blood; a people "to the manner born;" fitted to all the needs of this infant state; wanting only in the elements of civilization, and the training of the Christian life. It is our duty to supply this deficiency. We were sent here, in God's providence, to stimulate, by government rule, by law, by example, and by teaching, the dormant energies and the latent capacities of this uncivilized population, and, by gradual steps and processes, guide them

up to the higher levels of improvement and civilization.

Of their capability of reaching to any of the heights of superiority, *we* have attained, no man here can doubt, who looks at the superior men, clergymen, doctors, merchants, councilors—native men—who have risen to a position at Sierra-Leone. We see every day, even in a state of simplicity, their manifest *physical* superiority; and all our intercourse with them, as chiefs or traders, discovers to us, an acuteness, penetration, and mental power, which assures us all of the presence here of an acumen, now rude, latent, and mostly hidden, but which needs only to be brought out and cultivated to evidence power and capacity.

An English Minister, not long since, declared that it was the interest of Great Britain to train the West African people "in the arts of civilization and government, until they shall grow into a nation capable of protecting themselves and of managing their own affairs."

Surely if Earl Grey, a man of a different race, felt this sense of obligation, what a shame will it not be to us, a people of Negro blood, if we come back here to the land of our ancestors, and seat ourselves here, amid a needy people, kindred in race and blood, and at once, in the pride of our accidental superiority, eschew obligation and responsibility. Such a course as this will surely be to sow the seeds of disaster and ruin, right amidst the most glowing prosperity; to wrap up the germs of retribution in the brilliant folds of a seeming successfulness.

No, fellow citizens, whether willing or unwilling, whether from necessity or at the urgent call of Christian duty, we *must* educate and elevate our native population. Here we are a "feeble folk," in the midst of their multitudes. If we neglect them, then they will surely drag us down to their rude condition and their deadly superstitions; and our children at some future day, will have cast aside the habiliments of civilized life, and lost the fine harmonies and the grand thoughts of the English tongue. We must undertake the moulding and fashioning of this fine material of native mind and character; and, by the arts of Christian training and civilized life, raise up on the soil a new population for the work of the nation—a virginal civilization ready to start, with elastic vigour, on the noble race for superiority, and to achieve the conquest of the continent for Christ and His Church.

Fellow Citizens—I have spoken to-day with the greatest freedom, in setting forth the conviction of that new school of opinion which has arisen in Liberia, which cries out for justice and duty to Africa. I have taken it for granted that you were brave men and women enough to hear the plain truth, without offence or hesitancy. I deem it a duty that we should talk with all candour and simplicity concerning our national affairs; eschewing all flattery and "mutual admiration." For it is with a nation as with a child. If you cannot tell a youth his faults, without his flying into a passion, there is no hope for him. So, likewise, if a people must always be petted and flattered, and made to

believe they are the greatest nation in existence; and cannot bear a plain account of their weaknesses and deficiencies, their case is hopeless. England is one of the oldest and greatest of European nations; and yet there is no people on the earth who so continually find fault with themselves as the English. "They grumble," says an English prelate, "about everything. But then, when they grumble, they go to work to correct the thing they complain of." And this is the secret of their great power, their constant improvement, their marvelous growth.

And it is this, their constant dissatisfaction with an imperfect state and their aim after an ideal perfection, which gives them that quality which *we* are yet to attain, namely *prescience*—the disposition to work for the future. We have but little of it in Liberia, in church or state. Everything is for the present. But this is the reverse of both the noble and the natural; opposed to the divine instinct of our being.

> "Man's heart the Almighty to the *future* set
> By secret and inviolable springs."

And we must strive to rise to the higher measurement of our being and our duty.

Fellow Citizens—there are grand epochs in the history of races and of men, full of the sublimest import. Such, I verily believe, is the period in which we are living. The great activities of commerce and of trade; the doubts and questionings of science, geography, and adventurous travel; the intensities of generous hope; the brotherly yearnings of Christian desire, seem all con-

verging, in this our day, towards the continent of Africa. We are approaching, if, indeed, we are not now well-nigh, the latter days of the world, and the work of the Lord has still one grand complement to the fullness of its mission—that is, the regeneration of Africa. To a large participation in this work, we, the citizens of this republic, are most surely called; and the arduousness and burden of this calling, painful as indeed they are, are utterly insignificant, when compared with the grandeur of the duties involved, and the majesty of the consummation aimed at. It is our privilege to engage in this magnificent work, and to participate in the moral glories which will follow the redemption of a continent. The work will surely be done even if we neglect our duties. But sad and shameful will it be if we blindly miss one of the grandest opportunities human history has ever afforded for moral achievement and the blessedness of man. Other races of men have had such opportunities and nobly met them. This is the time of the Negro!

And, as there are important periods in the history of man, so, likewise, are there fit men, who always start up in the nick of time, with that breadth of mind, that largeness of soul, and that heroic nobleness of purpose, which show that they are equal to their opportunities, and prepared to work with men, with angels, and with God, for the highest good of earth and for the Divine glory. Here, on this coast of Africa, is this grand opportunity, given of God, to men of the African race. May we have resolution, strength, and manliness enough

so to bear ourselves that the future records of our day may bear witness to our high public spirit, or solemn sense of duty, our thrift, our energy, our love of race, our patriotism, and our fear of God.

For such high performance our faculties alone are incomplete. We need, for these grand ends, not only the genius of men, but the quickening influences and the grand suggestions of superior powers. And I invoke upon this Republic the succours and assistances of that awful but beneficent Being, who rules the destinies of nations, to give wisdom to our rulers; to dispose this people to the habits of industry, sobriety, and perseverance; to guide the nation in the ways of peace, prosperity, and abounding blessedness; to the glory of His own Name, and for the restoration of a Continent!

Eulogium on the Life and Character of Thomas Clarkson, Esq. of England.

New York, December 26th, 1846.

EULOGIUM.

THIS funeral observance, melancholy as it is in its significance, has yet its softening aspects. Mournful as are the associations connected with the event which excites our regrets, yet there are many and peculiar solaces. For distressing as it is to behold the benignant sons of freedom sink, one after another, below the horizon, there is alleviation in the thought, that there were many who rejoiced in the full-orbed glory of their open day; and now that they have receded from our skies, the light they have left behind does not stream upon this generation unappreciated and disregarded. It has not always been even thus. It is but recently that the holy and the good have been able to command deserved attention. The world has been rolling on six thousand years in its course; and now, in these latter days, the Philanthropist is just beginning to obtain the regard and honor he so richly merits. During this long period, mankind absorbed in trifling and fruitless anxieties, have passed by, and neglected, the great good men of earth. The record of the past of human history, is a memorial of this shameful fact; true, with

but few exceptions, equally and alike, of nearly all nations, in all periods of time.

The fragments snatched from the almost barren past of Egyptian history, relate chiefly to the murderous exploits of, a Sesostris or a Shiskah; and the remains of its high and unequalled art are the obelisks and the urns, commemorative of bloody conquerors—or the frowning pyramids, upon whose walls are the hieroglyphic representations of War, Conquest and Slavery. The annals of Greece and Rome are but slightly varied in their aspects, and their teachings. They favor us with but few of the features of the worthy and the good. They do indeed reveal some slight touches of a slowly rising civilization; but restrained ever by the tightened grasp of a cold-hearted heathenism. Their largest spaces are devoted to the exploits of infirm and furious deities, or else to the memories of men chiefly distinguished by the brutality of animal passions. And the literature they have transmitted to our day, is chiefly the gorgeous representation of sanguinary deeds, dressed up in the glowing imagery of master poets; or else the fulminations of passionate men, exciting, by wondrous oratory, to scenes of strife and vengeance. And this is the general coloring of history. In the past, its more numerous pages are given to the names and exploits of such men as Cæsar, Hannibal, Alexander, and Tamerlane: and in times nearer to our own day we find it thus. The records of the middle ages are mostly narratives of Crusaders and Troubadours. And in our own immediate era, Marlborough and

Gustavus, Napoleon and Nelson, and Wellington, have attracted as much notice and admiration as any of their contemporaries in the quieter walks of civil life, however distinguished for talent or for genius.

All this, however, pertains mostly to the past of human history. *We* have advanced to a different era and have reached a more open day. War, conquest, and valor have no longer their own way entirely, nor pursue, unmolested, their own career. The mind of this age is not wholly absorbed in the sanguinary and the warlike. Moral, benevolent, and Christian characteristics begin to attract attention. The dazzling scintillations of the Chieftain or the War-god, are now decidedly eclipsed by the steady and enduring lustre of the Moralist, the Friend of Man, the Christian or the adventurous Missionary. The gods of this world are fast losing rank.

"———From their spheres
The stars of human glory are cast down."

Higher, nobler, and worthier objects are now receiving human admiration. The tribute of the Poet's lays, or the Orator's lofty periods, are as freely given to the Philanthropist, as heretofore they were bestowed upon the hero and the conqueror. Art, Poetry, and Eloquence are his willing votaries to speak his praise.

"———Th' Historic Muse
Proud of the treasure, marches with it down
To latest times; and Sculpture in her turn
Gives bond in stone and ever-enduring brass
To guard them, and t'immortalize her trust."

Such being the change in the world's morals and the world's sentiments, it is by no means extraordinary, but natural and befitting, that we have assembled here this evening to commemorate distinguished worth and eminent moral character.

THOMAS CLARKSON, to whose honor and memory we have gathered together to render our tribute of respect and gratitude, was an Englishman. More than this, and of higher import, he was a Christian and a Philanthropist. The chief activity of his long life was given to zealous endeavour, to demolish the statutes which legalized and sanctioned the trade in African slaves, and affix upon it the brand and reprobation of piracy. This was the object of his life. This was his *mission*:—and he succeeded in it. To him, more than any of the Philanthropists of that great land, or at least, as much as any of them, belongs the endless glory and renown, of having displaced a monstrous villainy from beside the common honest pursuits of commercial enterprise, and classifying it with those high crimes and misdemeanors, alike the reprobation of Christian and of heathen morality.

Of the earlier portions of Mr. Clarkson's life we have but little acquaintance, or of the more minute details of his private and domestic character. Having so lately deceased, no definite nor minute biography has, as yet, reached our shores, to furnish us with such information. Fragments only of his boyhood and his youth are in our possession. We see him first upon the stage of action in early manhood, when the exuber-

ance of his youthful spirit having passed away, he was ripening into the firmness and the strength of a fresh and vigorous manhood; and thence rose above the horizon, struggling ever and anon with the clouds which would fain obscure his brightness, or the storms which would hinder his progress; yet emerging from them all clear, distinct, and luminous, until at last he sinks to repose, as the sun declines at eventide, amid the brightness and the luxuriance of an autumn sunset.

Bare, however, as are the known incidents of his early days, we shall briefly narrate them. Thomas Clarkson was the son of a gentleman who held the situation of master in a free grammar school. He was born on the 30th of March, 1760, at Wisbeach, in Cambridgeshire. The first rudiments of his education he obtained from his father. From *his* charge he passed to Cambridge University, where he completed his pupilage and gained distinction.

The incidents compressed in the few paragraphs thus recited, cover a period of twenty-four years. How much of maternal solicitude and prayerfulness, of fatherly care and watchfulness, on the one hand, and then of boyish thoughtfulness and rectitude, of earnest strivings against sin, of noble aspirations after truth, godliness, and grace, of youthful purity and determination, and, at last, of moral decisiveness and spiritual purpose, was included in this period, is hidden from our sight. It must have been most rarely characterized however, by all the genial influences of a pious parentage, of virtuous instructors, of a chaste and upright

youth, and of the Divine Benignity, to have resulted in a manhood so firm and lofty, and a maturity so serene and majestic. An enervated youth rarely produces a vigorous manhood. When the dawn of an individual's existence is overcast by the clouds of error and impurity, we may not expect to see its evening twilight, clear, undisturbed, and beauteous. But when youthful rectitude and honor rise up before us, we may anticipate a clear, open manhood, and a green and honored old age:

"*This* morning gives us promise of a glorious day."

Thus, most probably, in purity and goodness, the youthful CLARKSON trod the flowery pathways and the pleasant groves of Art, Literature, Science and Religion.

He had now nearly reached his twenty-fifth year. This is a remarkable period in any man's life. The previous stages of our short pilgrimage are spent in preparation, (whether mercantile, mechanical, or literary,) for the duties and responsibilities of life: but at this period, the burdens of individual care are entered upon; personal responsibility is assumed; self-dependence becomes a consciousness, and we launch out from the shelter of parental control, and enter, self-reliant, amid the scenes and responsibilities of actual life.

The ingenuous youth passing from the vale of obscurity up to the elevations of early manhood, can look abroad thence upon the various avenues of adventure which branch out in every direction through life, and make his own selection of the path he will choose for

his course through life. And felicitous in the extreme is that man's lot, whose vision has not been obscured by premature indiscretions; or his, who blinds not the light vouchsafed him from on high; or his, who shuns the windings and confusion of infidelity and error, not deeming that—

> "——light which leads astray
> Is light from heaven;——"

or his, who has the advantage of distinguished ancestors, treading the golden ways of right and duty, to guide his feet; or the man who is blessed with distinct and undoubted providences, falling like stars from heaven, to illumine his skies and make clear the road of life.

In Mr. Clarkson's case, with the union of all these fortunate circumstances, there seems to have been particularly the last. If the providences of God may be regarded as an intimation of His will, it may not be presumptuous to declare our belief in the Divine assistance granted him, to decide the path which duty called him to pursue—in leading the current of his mind in *that* direction which it took—to make that election and form that decision which was the augur of such noble events, and the parent of such enlarged gifts. The belief in such high guidance, is suggested by a reference to incidental occurrences of his life, at this period.

I said that Mr. Clarkson was a member of Cambridge University, an institution which has for centuries been celebrated for the contributions it has made to science and learning, and for the distinguished men who have

received therein the discipline of education, and the advantages that tend to develop character, create high scholarship, and stimulate to high and lofty endeavor. Many of the greatest minds of England were trained and nurtured under her fostering care and lofty erudition. On the catalogue which registers her world-renowned sons, are inscribed the names of such men as BACON, MILTON, CUDWORTH, BARROW, HENRY MOORE, and NEWTON. Her contributions to the cause of piety, religious reformation, philanthropy, and freedom, have not been less distinguished. Perhaps no seat of learning in the world has done more, for human liberty and human well-being, than this institution. Of this no better evidence need be given than the presentation of the names of Latimer, Cranmer, George Herbert, Ridley, Wilberforce, and Clarkson.

In the year 1784, Dr. Peckherd, a distinguished divine of the Church of England, was appointed to the Mastership of Magdalen College, in the University of Cambridge. This gentleman had been noted in his earlier life by able treatises in theology, and by his strong advocacy of the cause of civil and religious liberty. In the dignity of his official station he did not forget the noble themes, which had animated his youthful bosom and enlisted his youthful energies. Accordingly, when called upon to preach before the University, he choose his favorite topic, "Human Liberty and the Rights of Man." In this discourse he introduced some animadversions upon the Slave Trade, and denounced it in terms at once distinct, nervous, and

emphatic. But his testimony, though given before a learned and religious body, did not satisfy the yearning spirit of this humane and large-hearted Divine. He was anxious to do yet more for the suffering victims of avarice and oppression. In the year 1785, being then Vice Chancellor of the University, he made use of another opportunity to demonstrate his repugnance to Slavery, and his steadfast adherence to the cause of Freedom. It devolved upon him, in virtue of his office, to announce two subjects for Latin dissertations — one to the middle Bachelors of Arts, and the other to the senior. The writers of the two best essays were to receive the prizes. To the senior Bachelors the theme proposed was — "Is it right to make slaves of others against their will."

In the year preceding this, Mr. Clarkson had gained a prize for writing the best Latin Dissertation. In order to retain his reputation in the eye of the University, it became him, then, if possible, to bear off again the palm of victory. To do so it was necessary that he should produce the best Essay upon this Anti-Slavery theme.

Here let us pause. Around this green spot let us linger. It is full of the most inspiring influences. A heart now is to be tuned to the softest music of humanity. A soul is about being mastered by the loftiest suggestions of benevolence and love. A mind is filled with a noble object; and its strong currents are henceforth to run in unison with the benignant stream of truth and Christian duty. What a crowd of thoughts

and suggestions throng and gather around such an event as this,—an event destined to a lasting record among the treasures of History, and invested with all the "mellowing hues" that cluster around touching incident and association!

Mr. Clarkson addressed himself to this effort with all the zeal and ardor incited by a remembrance of his lately gained honor, and all the ambition of a youthful mind, anxious to prove itself worthy of a high position. With the subject itself he had almost no acquaintance. This was the first distinct presentation of it to his thought. Thus, a complete novice, he commenced the mastering of this important subject. Mr. Clarkson tells that with the idea of literary honor in his mind, he expected much satisfaction from the arrangement and prosecution of his plan. This was the work of the *head*. But the subject now opened upon him. As he advanced, new ideas and suggestions were presented to his consideration, new scenes to his fancy, wondrous and unheard of distresses to his imagination. Such tales of rapine and carnage, had never, even in report, come to his knowledge. Such pictures of agony and woe had never met his vision. A whole continent lay before him, eclipsed and benighted by the malignant orbs of Slaughter and Murder. Shrieks, wails and moanings, the clank of chains, the sounds of flagellation, and the utterances of despair, were wafted to his ears. Bolts, fetters, brands and shackles, dark prison holes, and the gloomy dungeons of "perfidious barks," were the objects that flitted before his sight. The

student's ambition melted before these realities; and the visions of pride and emulation, faded gradually away. His *heart* began to be interested as well as his head tasked. The recital of all the various scenes of suffering, outrage, and agony inflicted upon the poor victims of cruelty and avarice, opened the avenues of sympathy and commiseration, which flowing unimpeded in their natural channels, neutralized the force of scholastic aspiration and of literary pride.

I have no language by which to express, adequately, the intense and painful interest, excited by this subject, in Mr. Clarkson's mind.

His own words are fittest to describe such a state of feeling, bordering on agony. "No person," says he, "can tell the severe trial which the writing of it proved to me. I had expected pleasure from the invention of the arguments, from the arrangement of them, from putting them together, and from thought in the interim, that I was engaged in an innocent contest for literary honor. But all my pleasure was dampened by the facts which were now continually before me. It was but one gloomy subject from morning to night. In the day time, I was uneasy. In the night, I had little rest. I sometimes never closed my eye-lids for grief. It became now, not so much a trial for academical reputation, as for the production of a work which might be useful to injured Africa. And keeping this in my mind ever after the perusal of Benezet, I always slept with a candle in my room that I might rise out of bed, and put down such thoughts as might occur to me in

the night, if I judged them valuable; conceiving that no arguments of any moment should be lost in so great a cause."

Thus was the ambitious student transformed into the humane philanthropist; and under the influence of such feelings, coloring a mind naturally sensitive and active, Mr. Clarkson composed his Essay: and the result was as might be anticipated. He demonstrated his masterly ability, and was again honored with the first prize.

This issue of this effort, was not the issue of the question which had stirred every noble feeling and every generous sentiment of his soul. The whole man was aroused with an agitation, which pervaded every element of his being. His entire thought was absorbed in this momentous subject. The whole current of existence now ran in this direction. The consideration of this topic, the harrowing tales it presented of crime, blood and rapine, had given to his mind a proclivity, which the ordinary concerns of scholastic life, or, the high expectations of a growing professional career could not turn aside. The hand of destiny was upon him and he could not turn it aside.

The manner in which he was now being directed by the finger of Providence, is best pointed out in Mr. Clarkson's own narrative. As a successful candidate he had to read his Essay in the Senate House of the University, soon after the adjudging of the prizes. "On returning however to London," he remarks, "the subject of it (his Essay) almost wholly engrossed my thoughts. I became at times very seriously affected

while upon the road. I stopped my horse occasionally and dismounted and walked. I frequently tried to persuade myself in these intervals, that the contents of my Essay could not be true. The more, however, I reflected upon them, or rather upon the authorities on which they were founded, the more I gave them credit. Coming in sight of Wade's Mill in Hertfordshire, I sat down disconsolate on the turf by the road-side, and held my horse. Here a thought came into my mind, that if the contents of the Essay were true, it was time some person should see these calamities to their end. Agitated in this manner I reached my house. This was in the summer of 1785."

The purpose thus hinted at, he kept brooding over, until it became a conviction of duty. He determined to translate his Latin Dissertation upon the slave trade, and publish it to the world. This he commenced in November, 1785, availing himself during the interval of all additional facts and illustrations, adapted to enrich and strengthen his argument.

Meanwhile he sought a publisher: and here he met with difficulty. This however served a good end, in that he was brought into acquaintance with several members of the Society of Friends, already deeply interested in the Slavery question, who desired the publication of his Essay and who were even then seeking him out. Most fortunate conjunction of circumstances!

Of these individuals one was James Philips, a Bookseller, to whom he offered the publication of his work. Another was William Dillwyn. From him he obtained

rare and valuable information concerning the Slave Trade in all its details, and the state of Anti-Slavery feeling in the United Kingdom. "How surprised was I," says Mr. Clarkson, "to hear in the course of conversation of the labors of Granville Sharp; of the writings of Ramsey; and of the controversy in which the latter was engaged, of all which I had hitherto known nothing! How surprised was I to learn that William Dillwyn had, two years before, associated himself with five others for the purpose of enlightening the public mind upon this great subject! How astonished was I to find that a society had been formed in America for the same object, with some of the principal members of which he was intimately acquainted! And how still more astonished at the inference which instantly rushed upon my mind, that he was capable of being made the great medium of connection between them all. These thoughts overpowered me. My mind was overwhelmed with the thought, that I had been providentially directed to his house; that the finger of Providence was beginning to be discerned; that the day-star of African liberty was rising, and that probably I might be permitted to become an humble instrument in promoting it."

In the month of June 1786 his Essay, translated into English, was published in London, under the title of "An Essay on the slavery and commerce of the Human species, particularly the Africans," by the Rev. THOMAS CLARKSON.

Mr. Clarkson immediately commenced the circulation of his Essay. For this purpose he sought the acquaint-

ance of distinguished personages, who would be able, alike from position and name, to render him assistance. Among these in particular may be mentioned Sir Charles Middleton and his Lady; Dr. Baker, a divine of the Church of England; and Mr. Bennet Langton, a man of learning, and also the friend and associate of Dr. Johnson, Burke, and most of the wits of that day.

His Essay created much excitement and was read with avidity.

The publication of it, however, did not yield Mr. Clarkson that entire composedness of mind that he anticipated. The general excitement which had been started by it, he himself could not resist, which added to the deep sensation he had already experienced while investigating it. And thus gradually he was drawn further and further in interest in this cause, almost to identification therewith.

On a visit once to Sir Charles Middleton, Mr. Clarkson, carried away by intensity of humane feeling, uttered the spontaneous declaration—"I am ready to devote myself to the cause." But after he had thus declared himself, he partially repented. A thought of the difficulties he should have to encounter as its champion—the magnitude of the undertaking, the sacrifices it would demand of him, startled and perplexed him.

Says he, "I had been designed for the Church; I had already advanced as far as Deacon's orders in it; my prospects there, on account of my connections, were brilliant—and that by appearing to desert my profession, my family would be dissatisfied, if not unhappy.

These thoughts pressed upon me and rendered the conflict difficult. But the sacrifice of my prospects staggered me I own the most. I had ambition—I had a thirst after worldly interests and honors, and I could not extinguish it at once."

This inward agitation, however, decided the course of his life. He devoted himself heartily and unreservedly to the cause of Abolition. I quote his own words:—"At length I yielded—not because I saw any reasonable prospect of success in my new undertaking, but in obedience I believe, to a higher power;" and to this cause he immediately addressed himself with unusual zeal and with decided purpose.

And now before pursuing further the life of this distinguished Philanthropist, let me advert here to the exact position of the Anti-Slavery cause at this time. A brief episode of this kind will enable us better to appreciate the services of our illustrious friend, and to comprehend the nature of his undertaking, and the greatness of his labors.

The evils of Slavery and the horrors of the Slave Trade had not escaped the eye and thought of Europe. Various individuals during preceding centuries, marking its disgusting features, had declared their sentiments thereon by denouncing its iniquities. Indeed the whole subject had been brought home directly to the heart of the whole of Europe; for the whole continent itself had felt its distressful visitation.

We so often hear the institution of Slavery peculiarly associated with our afflicted race; and the curse of

Ham, wrested from its proper significance, insidiously pointed at us; that we have come almost to regard ourselves as *the* objects, *specially* consigned to its miseries, its degradation, and its wrongs. Not so, however.

Among the various ills, which in consequence of the entrance of sin into the world, have flooded humanity—the wars, diseases, intemperance, impurity, poverty, idolatry and wretchedness, which have degraded the race; none have been more general, none more deadly than slavery. No portion of the globe has been exempt from this curse. Every land on the face of the earth has been overshadowed by it. And where now we see the blooming fruits of art and civilization, and behold the giant tread of progress; there once were erected the shambles of the Slave-dealer, and there were seen the monuments of oppression. The whole western part of Europe was once in a state of abject vassalage. The system of Feudalism, with most degrading characteristics, is hardly yet entirely extirpated from some of its foremost nations. In Russia, millions of serfs, even now, in wretchedness and poverty, suffer the infliction of the knout, and are subject to irresponsible power and unrestrained tryanny. England herself, grand and mighty empire as she is, can easily trace back the historic foot-prints to the time, when even she was under the yoke. And the blood which beats high in her children's veins, and circles their hearts; is blood, which though flowing down to them through a noble lineage of many ages, that still, in its ancestral sources, was the blood of slaves!

And although Christianity had ameliorated the condition of the lowly poor, and stricken the chain from the vassal, yet she had not obliterated the memory of its ills, nor neutralized the natural repugnance to its abominations. And thus when Slavery was again presented to the eye of Europe, distressing another class of victims, the warm heart of Europe was prompt and punctual with sympathy and brotherhood.

This repugnance to slavery and the slave trade manifested itself on several occasions.

At the commencement of the sixteenth century, after the slavery of Africans had been allowed in the Spanish settlements, we find one Cardinal Ximenes, then holding the reigns of government, (previous to the accession of Charles the Fifth,) refusing his permission for the establishment of a regular system of commerce, in the persons of Native Africans. When Charles came to power, he acted contrary to the course of the Cardinal. But by a good Providence he was afterward brought to see his error and to repent of it. In the year 1542, he made a code of laws, prohibiting the slave trade and emancipating all slaves in his dominions.

About the same time, Leo 10th, the Pope of Rome, denounced the whole system, declaring "That not only the Christian religion, but that nature herself cried out against a state of slavery."

In England, in 1562, we find Queen Elizabeth anxious, lest the evils of the slave trade should be entailed upon Africa by any of her subjects, declaring that if any of them were carried off without their consent, "It would

be detestable, and call down the vengeance of Heaven upon the undertakers."

From this time, we find a continual testimony, ever and anon, borne against the system of slavery, by men of every profession and of every rank:—MILTON; Bishop SANDERSON; Rev. MORGAN GODWYN, an episcopal clergyman, who wrote the *first* work ever undertaken expressly for this cause; RICHARD BAXTER, the celebrated divine published upon it; STELLE; the Poet THOMPSON; Rev. GRIFFITH HUGHES, another Episcopal clergyman; SHENSTONE, the Essayist and Poet; Dr. HUYTER, Bishop of Norwich; STERNE; Bishop WARBURTON, author of the *Divine Legation*, who preached a sermon before the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, in 1766, in which he scouts the idea of man holding property in rational creatures. The DISSENTERS of all names, especially the FRIENDS, distinguished themselves beyond all others, in their early interest in the cause, and their clear, earnest, and explicit disapprobation of it. Latterly, GRANVILLE SHARP, the Father of the more modern Abolitionists, appeared upon the stage. And to him belongs the distinguished honor of having brought about the glorious decision in the case of Somerset, which COWPER has rendered immortal in the noble lines:—

> "Slaves cannot breathe in England: if their lungs
> Receive our air, that moment they are free;
> They touch our country and their shackles fall."

Thus it appears that some sensibility had been manifested in behalf of bleeding, suffering Africa. It was

not, however, either universal in its prevalence, regular in its development, or definite in its aims and objects. It pervaded the wide space of centuries, but lacked clear and evident junctures, and determinate links.

From this brief retrospect we may perceive the moral grandeur of Clarkson's position. He was the first who commenced a systematic, well-planned effort, for the destruction of this colossal iniquity. He stood up, and measured the broad proportions and the lofty height of this grand villainy; and not content with the utterance of his condemnation thereof, he determined in the strength of God, no matter how deep laid might be its foundations, how lofty its altitude, nor how gigantic its form, that yet it should be uprooted and lay prostrate in the dust!

His determinations were not rash, his purposes not passionate, his zeal not lacking knowledge. On the other hand, he had arrived at his conclusions after much and painful deliberation, at the sacrifice of much ease, and by the shutting out from his sight the golden light of high expectations, which always have an unwonted glow in youthful eyes. And his knowledge of this subject, though not as broad and comprehensive as it afterwards became, was yet sufficient to enable him to see the bloody abominations of the Slave Trade, and to settle within him the conviction that he was appointed an apostle "to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound." It was not the promptings of romantic feeling, nor the influence of inordinate ambition, but rather the sug-

gestions of the Divine Spirit, and the pointings and directions of the clear, distinct providences of God.

In the progress of his mission, Mr. Clarkson's acquaintance became more and more enlarged. Day after day he formed friendships with humane and benevolent individuals: thus creating a nucleus, around which might be gathered the moral force and sentiment of the kingdom. Statesmen and Lawyers, Bishops and Doctors of Divinity, Churchmen and Dissenters, Lords and Knights, yielded to the clearness of his reasoning, the justness of his representations, and the humanity of his purposes. A regular organization was decided upon, at once, to represent the philanthropy of England, and to direct the already growing anti-slavery sentiment of the country. On the 22d of May, 1787, a committee was formed, consisting of twelve members. Granville Sharpe was appointed Chairman, which office he held during the whole anti-slavery struggle. Of this committee Mr. Clarkson was undoubtedly the grand moving spirit. While it is indeed true, that the whole committee signalized themselves by unwonted and long-continued exertions, yet it is evident, and acknowledged, that Clarkson was the Prometheus of the cause; diffusing the burning warmth and vivid flame of his own intense zeal to the committee, from them to the country at large, and they back again to the lawgivers of the kingdom.

It was just about this time that he became acquainted with the afterwards celebrated WILBERFORCE, just then, almost a youth, "rising above the horizon," and about

starting into public life. Most happy meeting! Most opportune acquaintance! History has few pictures, romance few ideal scenes, more grateful or more glowing, than the meeting of these two youthful men, neither of them having attained the mid-day of their strength, conferring with each other for the destruction of a well-established system, existing under the sanction of the national legislature, and uncondemned by any class of England's community. Mr. Wilberforce joined Mr. Clarkson in his designs, and from that time they were leagued together in this holy cause.

In May, 1788, the question of the abolition of the slave-trade was first introduced into the British Parliament. It was not presented by Mr. Wilberforce himself, owing to indisposition. The great WILLIAM PITT has the honor of first bringing this important subject before the Commons of England. Immediately a most interesting discussion ensued upon it, bringing out the most masterly minds, and affording an opportunity for the gathering around the standard of freedom, the most distinguished talent, the loftiest piety, and the most commanding eloquence, of that or any other age of the world—Pitt, Fox, and Burke, the three greatest geniuses of the age, engaged in this debate, condemning the slave trade; and thus, in the very infancy of the cause, honoring themselves and human nature, by proving true to its best and noblest dictates.

Thus was the ice first broken. Thus were the dark clouds of a fearful night first pierced by the early rays of the opening morn of freedom.

And now commenced the first great agitation of the elements. The opponents of liberty had hitherto rested in security, behind the entrenchments of law and statute, of trade and custom, and the sanction of wealth and luxury. This security had never, as yet, been disturbed by any of the demonstrations of anti-slavery sentiment. The sermons of Bishops, the vigorous essays of Laymen, the harrowing recitals of returned West India Clergymen, the strains of Poetry, the bold, restless, and uncompromising zeal of the Dissenters, not even the vigorous and successful assaults upon the system by Granville Sharp, had, as yet, been able to disturb their equanimity. During the preceding two years, in the midst of the absorbing interest and the deep sensation created by Mr. Clarkson's Essay and his labors, they seemed unmoved, and acted as though secure. But the earnestness and the assiduity of the anti-slavery men, at this time, aroused them. The possibility of not being allowed to retain, undisputed and undisturbed, all the advantages they at present enjoyed, seemed at length presented to their minds. Now appeared to them the time to assume some position; and they stood up in conscious strength and importance, folding about them the panoply of power, and gathering around them the myrmidons of trade, wealth, and luxury—determined to resist any attempts to put an end to this detestable traffic.

The contest had commenced, and it was carried on with vigor. Two great antagonistic principles were placed in battle array, each with fixed, unyielding,

determinate purpose. On one side was the great landed interest of England, the aristocracy, the West India planting power, and the aggregate of the mercantile influence of the country. Indeed, there is hardly any interest in a great commercial empire like England, that did not feel the influence of this system, and was not subjected by it to a measurable degree of control. It entered into every ramification of society. It permeated every institution of the land. It wound itself round every establishment. It stretched out its long arms of power and authority to individuals of every rank and every sphere of life. I employ Mr. Clarkson's own description, as the most accurate and distinct: "The slave trade," says he, "was not an interest of a few individuals, nor of one body, but of many bodies of men. It was interwoven into the system of the commerce and of the revenue of nations. Hence the merchant, the planter, the mortgagee, the manufacturer, the politician, the legislator, the cabinet minister, lifted up their voices against the annihilation." "Both the Lords and Commons of England were interested in West India plantations, and the ESTABLISHED CHURCH was a sharer in their unholy gains.* It exerted a controlling influence upon individuals, from the king on his throne down to the peasant in his hut and the sailor on the shrouds; and all classes, from the king down to the sailor and the peasant, were enlisted in its behalf, and stood up its defenders.

* Progress and Results of Emancipation in the English West Indies, by JOHN JAY, Esq.

Such was the stern and formidable array which presented itself in 1788, in maintenance and defence of the slave trade.

On the other side were associated a few individuals, mostly unknown to fame, without power or patronage, without the advantage of noble connections or social advantages; led on too by a young student of twenty-five. It is true, there immediately rallied to their standard, men of distinguished name and most consummate ability; Bishops, Statesmen, Divines, Poets, and Orators. But the connection between them and these was but slender. They stood mostly in the relation of patrons. They were willing to give their approval of the cause whenever absolutely needed, and to lend their advocacy: but the labor and effort, the strife and the shock of fiery assault, were left to a few simple men—an humble committee—

> "Of unappendaged and unvarnished men,
> Of plain, unceremonious, human beings:"

—men, though, well and largely endowed with intellect; with brave hearts; of a lofty Christian faith; with sympathies deep and boundless as the sea; with judgment remarkably clear; with a foresight almost prophetic. What, however, they lacked in name, and fame, and power, and patronage, was made up in the possession of one simple element—TRUTH: an element more energetic than the elemental fires of earth; more potent than the gravitating force of the universe; vital, irrepressible, immortal, in its nature; and filled too with the might of the right arm of God!

With this resistless and effective instrument they entered upon the contest for freedom. The chief scenes of this moral conflict were Parliament, and the arena of public sentiment and thought. In the former, Mr. Wilberforce was the leader of the Anti-Slavery cause. In the latter, Mr. Clarkson was the most active and conspicuous. The burden of obligation in this matter rested upon his shoulders; and he proved himself equal to it. The labor required was to obtain evidence, and diffuse it throughout the land; to organize Anti-Slavery Societies; and to obtain petitions from every quarter. In all this he labored most assiduously. An exhibition of such untiring devotion, of such unwearied patience and such herculean labor, the cause of philanthropy and religion has seldom witnessed. He worked like an Apostle. He traveled in every direction. No quarter of the kingdom where information could be obtained, was passed by. No place where influence could be exerted, was neglected. Every individual whose witness was important, was sought out. Every slave-hold, where entrance could be obtained, was examined. Throughout each year, three months, at least, were spent traversing the kingdom, seeking that great body of evidence—itself a monument of his ability and industry—demanded by the Privy Council; which proved of so much service, in demonstrating the enormity of the Slave Trade, in augmenting the number of petitions, and in the end of demolishing the system itself. On one occasion, ere he relinquished the clerical character, he preached a

sermon in Manchester, selecting for his text Exodus xxxiii. 9th:—"Thou shalt not oppress a stranger, for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt:" from which he proved that slavery was at variance with Scripture. So eminent were the labors of Mr. Clarkson, and so evident the fruits of his zeal, that the Anti-Slavery Committee in their first report, published 15th of January, 1788, made a spontaneous acknowledgment of their indebtedness to his zeal and effort:—"To the abilities and unremitting industry of the Rev. Thomas Clarkson, in these researches, the Society are much indebted."

We have already referred to the introduction of this question into the British Parliament. On the 12th of May, 1789, Mr. Wilberforce brought forward his celebrated motion in relation to the Slave Trade, accompanied by a speech, which, judging by encomiums passed upon it by the great orators of the day, by the press, and by the Anti-Slavery Committee, must have been of unsurpassed ability. The friends of freedom were met this time, with the determined opposition of the West India party and the slave-trading interest, now determined to front the Abolition cause, with a fixed and obstinate resistance. Objections drawn from political economy, objections suggested by trade, objections started by avarice, objections originated in the pride of race, and drawn from the imputed inferiority of the Negro, were brought forward to demonstrate the necessity and the rightfulness of this traffic, and to prevent its abolition. They questioned and denied the

evidence produced by the Abolitionists; they maintained absolutely the humanity and kindness of the Slave Trade; they extenuated the imputed horrors of the mid-passage; they contended for the peculiar adaptedness of slavery to the welfare of the Negro race; they strove to show how beneficial the whole system would be to Africa, in developing her resources and in civilizing her sons. No possible argument that sophistry could suggest, from political economy, from science, from benevolence itself, was left untried. The sanctions of religion, even, were attempted to be appropriated: they—

> "Tortured the pages of the hallowed Bible
> To sanction crime and robbery and blood!"

The opposition to the Abolitionists was carried to the extreme of personal rancor and malignity. They were marked men everywhere. The most opprobrious epithets were heaped upon them. No circumspection and disinterestedness, no prudence and candor, no integrity and unselfishness on their part, were capable of shielding them from the venomed shafts of calumny and detraction. For notwithstanding the purity of their lives, and the obvious humanity of their purposes, their characters were calumniated and their motives impugned.

The opposition manifested against Christian Reformers is a necessary and inevitable event. In a world like this, it is an utter impossibility to advocate the Right; to vindicate Truth; to uphold Principle; to walk steadfastly in the pathway of Duty, and to disseminate

those glorious ideas, in which consist the excellence and dignity of our being, without exciting opposition, and bringing down upon us the repugnance and the wrath of wicked and selfish men. Who ever heard of wicked men being enamored of Truth, or of the corrupt and evil minded being smitten and subdued, by the benign features, and the lovely proportions of Virtue and Goodness? To the pure only is purity desirable, and the upright alone are they who affect truth and reverence principle. Hence the pathway of the Christian Reformer, which should be bestrewn with flowers and garlands, inasmuch as he is a celestial visitant from heaven, the vicegerent of God on earth; is covered with briars and intercepted with thorns. And this result is not conditioned on aught in themselves. It is not a contingent of place or person or position. It is a natural and legitimate event, with its proper antecedents. It is inevitable. We ofttimes hear it said that this apostle of truth is too harsh and the other, too vindictive. This one is infidel, and that one speculative. This one too hasty, and the other injudicious; and therefore in consequence of one or the other of these causes, the ebullition of over-strained passion against them, and of vindictive feeling. The rationale of the whole matter lies far back of any of these mere speculations, and is far more radical. If opinions such as these accounted for the Reformer's trial; why is it that they have ever beset him, from the time of the Holy Prophets, the noble vindicators of truth in ancient times, down to the immaculate Jesus, sent from heaven

with the signet of divinity on his brow, and speaking as never man before or since hath spoken? And why hath it ever since *then* been thus, from the time of Jesus to the present? Have all Reformers been rash, and hasty, injudicious and fanatical? These too—Patriarchs and Prophets, Apostles, Martyrs and Confessors, and the blessed Lord of Life whose name is Love? One Reformer is bold and earnest, another is mild and gentle. One is determined and venturesome; another is soft, quiet and persuasive. This one is severe and denunciatory; that one lofty, serene and majestic; and the third meek and lovely:—men of different dispositions, and varied qualities of mind and temper; yet all, equally and alike, exposed to dangers and obnoxious to evil tempers and malignant assaults. The saintly, almost angelic Elijah, the evangelical Isaiah, the faithful Daniel, the heroic Paul, the seraphic John, the bold and dauntless Luther, the quiet Melancthon, the yielding Cranmer, the august and saintly Wilberforce!

The Reformer's trials originate in the bitter and malignant opposition of the monstrous abominations which he attacks. These abominations foster and augment the rancor of the human heart; and when the opponent of error—the fearless champion of truth, passes by, all this enmity, heretofore latent and inactive, breaks forth from its restraints, and is poured from full vials upon his devoted head. Not to the Reformer, therefore, but to the cherished vices of mankind, are we to attribute the convulsions and the agitations of the moral world. And the advocates of error are they,

who turn the world upside down; and not the friends of right, who are indeed the law-abiding and the true friends of peace and order.

To meet all these hindrances, and to face all this fierce opposition, the Anti-Slavery men were forced to activity, and this chiefly on the ground of evidence. It had been the art of the Slave-traders to keep unseen the horrors of their nefarious traffic; and thus the miseries endured by the poor victims of it, were but little known. To demonstrate the inherent wickedness and abominations of the system, and to reveal somewhat the cruelties and agonies—

——"Worse
Than fables yet have feigned or fear conceived."

that were concentered in it, the Abolitionists were obliged to send to every commercial port in the kingdom, to gather abundant and significant facts. This labor devolved upon Mr. Clarkson. And faithfully and perfectly did he perform it. But none can tell the severe and unrelaxing effort this duty required. For although there were hundreds of men in England, who had been engaged in the Slave Trade on the coast of Africa, yet such was their dependency and so strong was the hold of their employers upon them, that few could be induced to unfold its dark and murderous revelations. Mr. Clarkson again and again visited Bristol, Liverpool, Monmouth, Bridgewater, Plymouth, and several other ports in quest of the needed facts. At Liverpool, as well as at other places that he visited, his life was endangered. Several ruffians attempted to cast

him from the pier-head into the sea; and it was only through his quickness and activity, that he was enabled to rush between them, and save himself from a watery grave. But none of these things moved him. In the midst of all dangers he was undaunted and composed. In spite of all opposition, he carried out his purposes, obtained the evidence he sought and secured the concert of the friends of freedom there, in opposition to the Slave Trade. With the facts and testimony thus obtained, Mr. Clarkson would return, after each of his yearly missions, to the Anti-Slavery Committee, and to the leaders in Parliament. This evidence was found an invaluable auxiliary in the prosecution of the cause. The friends of freedom in Parliament, thus thoroughly furnished, and led on by their august chief, Mr. Wilberforce, were enabled to advocate successfully the rights of injured human nature, and withstand the opposition.

But the contest with slave-trading interest was a long and arduous one. It was the work of years, requiring the unwearied, almost gigantic efforts of even extraordinary men to produce tangible and evident results. In the year 1790, Mr. Wilberforce, on two different occasions, renewed his motion for the abolition of the slave trade, accompanied each time by speeches, which startled every one by their graphic pictures and transcendent ability, and elicited most extravagant encomiums. The friends of freedom, however, were unable to drive back the surges and the waves of the dark stream of death, which had its rise in this nefarious traffic, and

which was sweeping thousands from the scenes of life into woe and misery, the shades and ruin.

Yet they were not discouraged. In '92, under the leadership of the illustrious Wilberforce, they again presented the cause of Africa to Parliament. Every possible obstruction, every conceivable instrument of hindrance was used to prevent the consummation of their desires. Yet some progress had been made. Previous to this session an abridgment of all the evidence which had been obtained by Mr. Clarkson, had been published by the Anti-Slavery Committee. Thus the clear cogent reasoning, and especially the abundant facts he had gathered, and the evidence he had furnished the Privy Council was spread before the public and was scattered throughout the country. "Mr. Clarkson, like a messenger of light, traversed the nation. Anti-Slavery meetings were held in all quarters. The country was aroused. A perfect stream of petitions was poured in upon Parliament. And to give effect to avowed principles and determinations, more than 300,000 Englishmen, anticipating by twenty-five years, the subsequent agitation for the Abolition of Slavery, refused the use of slave grown sugar, in testimony of their abhorrence of this barbarous traffic. Thus had been awakened a feeling, irrepressible by the power of Trade, the voice of Authority, or the suggestions of selfish Avarice. The opposition could not entirely withstand this. They were forced to yield somewhat. Mr. Wilberforce's motion for *immediate* abolition did not succeed; but one offered by Mr.

Dundas for *gradual* abolition, was carried by a majority of 88.

Not the least discouraged—yea, rather still confident, the friends of Abolition still continued their efforts for the destruction of the slave trade. Mr. Clarkson was abundant in labors, unwearied in exertion, collecting evidence, addressing meetings, travelling long journeys. In the midst of all, the fire of his youthful determinations kept him ever under an intense excitement. This, with his constant labors, anxieties, and difficulties, proved hurtful to his health. Nature could not stand all this wear; and in 1793 his powers gave way, and he was forced to retire from the field.

During all this period Mr. Wilberforce was putting forth those extraordinary efforts in behalf of our race, and especially against the slave trade, which brought him distinguished honor in his own day, and have rendered his name immortal. He stood in the front of the cause in Parliament. *There*, not merely by the choice of his compeers, but also by his unmingled devotion, his earnest self-consecration, his commanding talent, and above all, by his evident godliness, he was the acknowledged leader. All his influence in the cabinet, with the ministers of state, among the religious public, where he was pre-eminent in his day, was exerted in behalf of this cause. Every year he brought it before Parliament. He wrote books and pamphlets; he addressed public meetings; he spent his money; he offered his prayers, in furtherance of its sacred objects. To such an extent did he carry his labors, that he endangered

his health, and very considerably broke down his constitution.

A question has arisen as to the relative claims of these two great men, to fame and honor, for their exertions in behalf of the slave and Africa. No decision has been obtained on this subject, and none, we think, can ever be arrived at. Their names are inseparable and undivided in this good, great object; and linked together in an united fame, shall they go down to posterity. Wherever the abolition cause is spoken of in all coming times, and the minds of men turn to its most distinguished champions and promoters, WILBERFORCE and CLARKSON will be the two names most readily suggested. Not the former first, because of more deserved honor, but for the sake of euphony in the utterance. Not the latter secondary, because of subordinate desert and service, but for ease and gracefulness in the record of them.

If Clarkson needed the splendid genius and the majestic eloquence of Wilberforce in Parliament, for the accomplishment of his ends, Wilberforce was equally helpless, without the hands and labors of Clarkson. If one was necessary at the forum, with his transcendent ability and almost divine eloquence; the other was equally demanded with his statistical ability, and his tireless, steady, controlling influence—the representative of the cause before the world. If the one was needed in order to rectify wrong and bloody sanctions of law and legislation; the other was needed at the head of the Anti-Slavery Committee, its life and en-

ergy, guiding and controlling the religion and philanthropy of the land:—needed at London and Bristol, and Liverpool and Plymouth—questioning slave-trading seamen, visiting dark and ghostlike mid-decks, bringing home to the Committee those electrical facts, that awoke a nation from gilt and infamy, to honor brotherhood and justice! For it is the most certain of all things, that without the presentation of clear, distinct, irrefragible, undeniable evidence, the West India interest, in Parliament, would have stood the shock of anti-slavery opposition for a century.

It is one of the most remarkable traits of English character, that, for the settling of any question of import, the main lever and engine to be employed, is statistical information. Without it no man can pretend to statesmanship, or look forward to honor. Without this, rhetoric is divested of its graces, learning of its might, genius of its splendor, and declamation of its pomp. In this too, the English present a remarkable difference to most other countries. What is done in Germany by profound and massive learning, in France by acute and subtle reasoning, and in our own country, by popular address and splendid eloquence, is effected in England by FACTS. For favor and success in any cause, it is absolutely necessary that this national propensity should be satisfied to the utmost. And the cause, however inauspicious in its first prospects, may reasonably expect a successful issue, as a reward to the patient industry and the untiring zeal of the inventor, the complier, and the analyzer of statistical informa-

tion. But without these, the loftiest eloquence is considered only declamation, and the sagest wisdom discoursed, as but garrulity.

It was owing very considerably, nay almost entirely, to the full array of these powerful controllers of public opinion, and to the re-acting influence produced thereby on the legislative body, that the Abolitionists were enabled to obtain success. The fire and the flame of an eloquence unequalled in the annals of legislation, Greek, Roman, or British—an eloquence almost unearthly, from the lips of such men as Pitt, Fox, Burke, Wilberforce, Whitbread Romilly, and others, could not easily drive back the disciplined, well-arranged squadrons of avarice and blood. But when the conviction of the truthfulness of the statements made by the Anti-Slavery party, fastened the public mind; when the nation saw that it was all solemn fact, that such atrocities were committed under the sun; that it was truth that such abominations were enacted under the British flag, and beneath the decks of British vessels; that it was reality that such cruel injuries were heaped upon human beings, their own fellow creatures, the image of God!—then the pride and shame of Britons contended in ten thousand breasts, and the whole nation rose up as one man; and thousands swept the blood-stained products of Slavery from their tables and their stores; and came down to Parliament—a whole nation, and thundered at its doors, and burdened its tables, not with *petitions* merely, but with their DEMANDS, that the slave traders should not dare tarnish the fair fame of

England, by the sanction and the sufferance of British law and British authority!

We may thus see how much the cause was indebted to Mr. Clarkson, for his unexampled and gigantic labors. His department in the Anti-Slavery contest was one of heavy plodding labor. The chief correspondence was carried on by him, augmented as it was for years by interchange of letters with over four hundred persons. In prosecuting his purposes he travelled at various times over thirty-five thousand miles, being often on his journey during the night, at all seasons of the year, exposed to all inclemencies. He was constantly publishing valuable works on this subject. In the year 1780, a mission to France was entrusted to him, designed to further the cause of Abolition. That country was then in a state of anarchy, and Clarkson was much emperiled. His reception, however, was highly flattering. He was introduced to General Lafayette, the distinguished M. Necker, the Bishop of Chartres, Mirabeau, Condorcet, the Abbe Gregoire, and several other distinguished individuals, who were all interested in his objects, and paid him distinguished consideration. He remained in France six months, but his mission did not result in anything more than obtaining the acquaintance and the interest of philanthropists there, in the cause he had so deeply at heart.

All these labors and responsibilities tended to break down his constitution; and although at intervals of partial recovery, he would resume his onerous duties, yet he was ever afterward unable to put forth those

peculiarly masculine exertions that characterized his early advocacy and furtherance of the cause.

And therefore it is, that while not detracting the least from the fame and honor of Wilberforce, we must yield equal honor to the memory of his friend. And this accords with the spirit of these true yoke-fellows in their own day and labor. Between them no rivalry existed, save that of high philanthropy and enlarged human good. And so let it be in our grateful remembrance of them. Their resplendent immortality is one and inseparable. "Lovely and pleasant were they in their lives, and in their death they shall not be divided. They were swifter than eagles; they were stronger than lions."

We now approach a period when success began to await the tread of the Abolition leaders. The history of their labors, from 1788 down to the commencement of the present century, had been mostly a history of severe and almost fruitless labor. From year to year Wilberforce had presented his motion for the abolition of the slave trade; but to no definite effect. But now, various causes conspired to produce a favorable change—pointing to success.

The world, at the commencement of this century, had been awakened to new considerations and more enlarged ideas. Both continents, Europe and America, had been shaken, by the agitation of questions pertaining to the highest interests of human liberty. The American Revolution had just then brought before Europe, abstract questions of human rights, ideal sen-

timents of human freedom, which ever before had been the contemplation only of secluded thinkers, but now were discussed by the meanest citizen and the lowest serf. The spark of freedom flew across the Atlantic, and agitated the atmosphere of Europe. England, and France—the two foremost among the nations were especially affected by it. In the former the agitation was more moderate and rational; but in the latter it was intense, violent, and protracted; attended by the volcanic irruptions of anarchy, riot, and confusion.

At the same time, the Catholic Emancipation question was before the people and Parliament of England. And now for years, the question of the abolition of the slave trade, and the rights of the negro, had been agitated in the United Kingdom; and the pregnant truths, the glowing facts, and the transcendent eloquence of the Abolition leaders, had thoroughly impregnated the British mind, and aroused the British conscience.

It was just at this period they were about receiving important and available aid in their exertions. The Irish Parliament had been abrogated, and a union formed between that and the Parliament of England; and most fortunately did it happen, that the Irish members now returned to the British Parliament, of every name and party, were the true and unswerving friends of the slave. I cannot but pause here, and with admiration contemplate the noble position taken by Ireland upon this question.

The spirit of that beautiful isle hath ever been on the side of human freedom. When herself in possession

of it, her children have prized it beyond all price, and evinced their sincerity in the same by a zealous anxiety for the liberties of others. When deprived of it, this has been her highest aspiration. No ideas of commercial prosperity, no promptings of avarice, have been able to repress this spirit. Neither rank nor caste make any exceptions to this statement. Her wealthy and more refined children have been willing to sacrifice property, to devote talent, to lay down life, for their beloved Erin; and the tenants of her humblest cots, for the realization of this, their proudest hope,—the freedom of Ireland,—have willingly contributed their scanty gains. It has been the plaintive breathing of the poet, and the loftiest aspiration of the orator. The songs of her daughters are laden with the fragrance of it, and the sober utterance of her matrons have tended to give it the strength of principle. The martyr on the scaffold pours forth his last mournful exclamation for his country's welfare; and the exile in far distant regions as he treads the beach of his adopted home, sends across the ocean the careering sounds of his earnest ejaculation—"*Erin go bragh!*"

Unchangeable amid all the domestic evils, the mercantile changes, or the political vicissitudes of their native land;—their motives unquestioned and their purposes decided—the glorious sons of Ireland—her Burkes, her Grattans, her Currans, her Emmetts, her Moores, and her O'Connells, have always, nobly, proudly, withheld their countenance and support from the piracy and the murder of Slavery; and have at all

times cast the weight of their influence, their voting power, and eloquence in the scale of humanity, and for the freedom of the African race.

But the prime cause — the grand agency, which tended to produce the benign results, now approaching, was the revived spirit of Religion, acting upon the heart of England. To this, more than to any other influence, are the children of Africa indebted for the glorious gifts and offerings of freedom. England at this period, was in one of those peculiar religious states, which she has at various times experienced, when the mind of her people and of her venerable church, was aroused to a sense of unworthiness,—to sorrow for ungratefulness, lukewarmness, and sin,—to a consciousness of the weight of responsibility and prerogative, resting upon them, slighted and uncared for; and when both Church and people started up with the determination, to be equal to their responsibilities, to fulfil their obligations, and to make the poor at home, and the heathen abroad, participants with themselves, of the lofty prerogatives of British freemen and the mild duties of British Christians! And thence commenced those magnificent schemes of love and mercy, which have carried peace, consolation, and blessedness to benighted men, in almost every quarter of the globe.

Thus renewed and strengthened, the Abolitionists kept pressing on to the achievement of a glorious conquest. At every presentation of the question to Parliament, they were favored with evidences of progress, feeble indeed, but not the less clear and indis-

putable, that a brighter day was appearing. That day was the 10th of June, 1806, when Mr. Fox, then a Minister at court, was induced to bring the subject before the House. This he did by a motion for the abolition of the Slave Trade, introduced by a speech characterized by his usual ability; the result of which was the attainment of the object by a majority of 114 to 15. An address to his Majesty was then passed. The resolutions of the house, together with the address, were both sent to the Lords. Here a very interesting debate sprung up, during which the old stale defences of the system were reiterated. A most noble advocacy of the measure contemplated was made by Lord Grenville, aided in the same, by that beauteous character the amiable Bishop Porteus, and the distinguished Dr. Horsley, Bishop of St. Asaph. It carried this branch of the national legislature by a vote of 100 to 36. This was the last act of the Grenville and Fox administration. They were just then about being ejected from office; and fears were entertained that this measure would not receive the royal sanction:—but these fears proved groundless. The seals of office were resigned, and the royal sanction was given on the same day. This scene is most graphically related by Mr. Clarkson:—"The commission was opened by Lord Chancellor Erskine, who was accompanied by Lords Holland and Aucland; and as the clock struck twelve, just when the sun was in its meridian splendor, to witness this august act of the establishment of Magna Charta for

Africa, in Britain, and to sanction it by its glorious beams; it was completed."

Thus after years of most strenuous activity and unexampled labors, Clarkson and his compeers effected a grand moral achievement. They succeeded in obtaining from the people of England, their Parliament and their King, a declaratory act, that man was not an article to be hunted as horses, buffaloes or game, and then as live stock, closely huddled together, be brought in pestiferous mid-ships across the Atlantic; and that Englishmen should not engage in such inhuman practices, at the peril of their lives. By legal enactments they forbid this, and declared it—Piracy. This was a consummation at once clear, distinct and positive. A victory was achieved of the most noble character, over one of the most formidable combinations of evil, which had ever opposed the influence of the cardinal virtues—a victory compared with which the exploits of Heroes and Conquerors and mighty Warriors fade into insignificance; and before which, even the triumphs of mind, resplendent and untarnished as they are, have to yield, as to higher moral and religious glory. It was MORAL CONQUEST, gained over the combined enmities of Trade, Luxury, Pride and Tyranny—made peculiarly illustrious by being untarnished in aught by the intrusion of selfish interest, or of personal ambition—uneffaced by the ravages of strife, or the stains of blood.

And great was the honor and the applause due those noble characters, by whose exertions this event was brought about. That honor and that applause they

received in their own days and these shall follow their memory down to the latest period of "recorded time." And when we consider the actual immediate results proceeding from their labors, and the prospective issues flowing therefrom, we shall see that they were, truly and indeed, full worthy of the high encomiums, which their contemporaries, and Christendom, and history has awarded them. When looking back to the scenes and contests of the Agitation for the Abolition of the Slave Trade, I feel thankful to God, not only for the benefits resulting to our race, but likewise to the human species at large. Immense advantages have accrued to the world, in consequence of these noble endeavors. To some three or four of these let me briefly direct attention:

1. This great moral effort has helped to create and increase the free sentiment of the world—to swell the tide of liberty—and to generate that kindly atmosphere of the universe, in which all free sentiments, all noble generous principles may flourish, but in which error and all slavish opinions shall suffer, languish, and die.

2. It has furnished the world with the brilliant spectacle, of the great, the titled, the grand, the noble, and the wise, moved by the purest sentiments and sympathies, and gathered in affectionate brotherly regards around the lowly and the wretched. Bishops forgot their dignity, Statesmen their pride, Poets their fame, Courtiers their ambition, and Noble Women their fashion and their ease; and with the consciousness of power, gathered around the brutalized Negro, answering

his piteous entreaties with the exclamation—"Thou ART a man and a brother!" The friends of Abolition had the most noble compeers. Such a galaxy of Genius, Rank and Talent, never surrounded a cause, as was associated with this. And therefore to the latest times, the light and influence of this example shall go spreading down, to Scholars and Statesmen, to Bishops and Ministers, to Rulers and Nations, with its high and lofty significance and its heavenly teachings.

3. This moral effort establishes the principle, to use the words of Mr. Clarkson, "That commerce itself shall have its moral boundaries." This result is of the last importance. Too long has religion been abstracted from the lives and business pursuits of men. Too long has Christianity been isolated, yea almost localized to the Minister, the Cathedral, the Cloister or the Church! That day is past, and the usages therewith connected, are numbered with the things that were. Christianity henceforth permeates all the relations of life, and sits in judgment upon all its moral concernments. From its severe scrutiny no man can conceal himself, from its severe arbitrament no man be shielded. And henceforth Trade, Barter, Commerce, Enterprise, and all the other concerns of life, shall yield to its dictates, and submit to its injunctions.

4. The most notable of all the results of the Abolition of the Slave Trade is that which lies far beyond it, and of which it was but the prelude. I allude to the high hope which it furnishes the children of Africa all over the globe,—that the days of Slavery shall soon be

numbered. Compared with this, the passing of the act for the Abolition of the Slave Trade, itself, was comparatively nothing. The labors of Wilberforce and Clarkson in this contest, it seems to me, were valuable and glorious, not so much for the immediate results which proceeded therefrom, but chiefly for the formation of that high moral feeling—that Christian education of the piety of England,—that bringing out those enlarged and noble sentiments of freedom,—that made the heart of Britain so large and expansive, that it took in the world, in its noble regards,—would not tolerate the presence of Slavery in any of her domains,—elected as her duty and her obligation,—the destruction of Slavery in the BRITISH DOMINIONS and THROUGHOUT THE WORLD!

We are now prepared to continue our notice of Clarkson's life. He was at this time near his fiftieth year, broken down in constitution, and under constant debility. This, however, did not relax his energy, nor abate his mental desire. Unable to engage in those peculiar labors, which would require much physical energy, and yet constitutionally disposed to activity, he began to turn his attention to Literature, and thus to meet the requirements of his nature in the field of letters and the labors of the mind.

His first work was the "History of the Abolition of the Slave Trade," in two volumes. In this work he gives a full and minute history of the rise of Anti-Slavery feeling in Europe, from the earliest times; records the names of the most distinguished individuals

connected with the same; relates the commencement of this effort in England, its progress and its details; entering minutely into the particulars of its advancement at every stage; bringing before us, ever and anon, its chief advocates and its prominent opponents, continuing the story of it down to 1807, the year when victory crowned their endeavours.

This is a great work, considered in any, and in every view. He has embodied in history, facts and incidents of the most valuable nature which but for him, would have been unrecorded; and for the want of which, in all coming times, ingenuous and virtuous youth, would have lacked the splendid examples of his own, and Wilberforce's early self-consecration to Truth and Righteousness; Genius, Learning, and Talent would have been deprived of the sight of their most eminent examples, devoted to the cause of humanity; and Religion would have missed the sight of its most distinguished ornaments, employing the Gospel, as a legitimate means for the disenthralment of Africa and the Slave. The intrinsic value of this work is considerable. It is written in a clear perspicuous style. It is a true history. The wisdom, the clear reasoning, the accurate statement, with which it abounds, are admirable. And at times it is graced with passages of the utmost pathos, and rises to the heights of the eloquent and the sublime.

Mr. Clarkson also published a "Portraiture of Quakerism," in 3 vols., a Life of William Penn in 2 vols., and several other works.

All his works give evidence that his was no common mind. He cannot indeed be classed with those distinguished men, the great suns of Literature—the Platos, the Newtons and the Bacons, who appear only once in an age, and shine for all coming times: yet he was well gifted in mental resources and intellectual ability. The more marked features of his mind, if I mistake not, were clearness of judgment, sound common sense, accurate discrimination, and that marked characteristic of Englishmen—practicality. He was undoubtedly, a man of extensive information, and large acquaintance. He had one faculty which Coleridge regards as indicative of a great mind—"The capability of extending its attention to the greatest multiplicity of affairs." The logical faculty is not strongly developed in his writings. Like most Reformers he perceives truth as by intuition; and without the labor of severe ratiocination, arrives at his conclusions, with accuracy and correctness. With all this, he was an excellent scholar, which shed a graceful influence over the fruits of his mind, and adorned his style. The latter was clear and chaste, full of sweet simplicity, and abounding at times in beautiful paragraphs.

Mr. Clarkson, however, did not allow his attention to be absorbed entirely in literary pursuits. He had devoted himself to the cause of the African race; and to that cause he was determined to be true and faithful through life. He had indeed succeeded in one great object of his life. The British government had been led to declare the slave trade Piracy; and so far as it

was concerned, to quit herself of all legal responsibility in the same. Yet there was still need of labor and effort. The slave trade was still carried on: connived at by some nations, sanctioned by others. And slavery, its fruitful source, was still in existence; and human beings were sold, bartered, and scourged, and murdered, beneath the British flag and under the sanction of British law. Mr. Clarkson could not remain indifferent to all this crime and barbarity. Infirm as he was, growing aged too, yet he felt himself stirred to manly effort and humane activity. Clarkson was not like too many of our American divines, who can declaim with sensibility and pathos over *that* horrid *African* slave trade; and at the next breath, defend the slave trade of our *own* country; and prove the System of Slavery, a Patriarchal Institution, and established by God! Not so *he*. He saw, as any pure mind can see, that the slave trade and slavery, both come under the same category, and merit the same condemnation, as equally and alike, systems of rapine, lust, robbery, and murder, in their incipiency and in all their fruits and details. Against British West India Slavery he now directed his energies; and endeavored to arouse the repugnance of his countrymen. For this purpose he drew up and published an able treatise, entitled "Thoughts on the necessity of Abolishing Slavery." This work was followed by several others upon the same subject, which, with the combined exertions of several other Abolitionists, the first among the great men of England, succeeded in arousing that strong feeling which shook and

agitated the whole kingdom, and would not cease until the shackle was stricken from the fettered limb of the slave, and the door was opened to the captive.

While putting forth these exertions, Mr. Clarkson still stirred himself with reference to the slave trade. His chief anxiety in this respect seems to have been, to obtain the combined opposition of the great nations of Europe against it, forbidding their subjects participating in it, and declaring it piracy. And for this purpose he failed not to avail himself of every opportunity. In 1815, the Emperor of Russia, the celebrated Alexander, some other of the crowned heads of Europe, and several highly distinguished individuals, met in Paris. Mr. Clarkson drew up an address to the sovereigns, and requested an interview, which was readily granted. Soon after a meeting took place at Aix-la-Chapelle, when the Emperor, recognizing Mr. Clarkson, led him into his room, and placed a chair for him to sit upon. The Emperor expressed approval of his address, and undertook to deliver copies of it to the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia.

Thus did this distinguished man "stand before kings," honored and respected in the simplicity and beauty of a high and holy character. Nor was it only abroad that his virtues were appreciated and his name honored. At home too, on the very spot which had witnessed his labors, were those labors esteemed, and his character reverenced. Flattering acknowledgments of his worth and estimation, were received from all quarters of the world. The Poet Wordsworth addressed him a highly

eulogistic sonnet. A few years since he was presented with the freedom of the city of London. And the inhabitants of the town of Wisbeach—his birth place—requested him to sit for his portrait, to be placed in their town house. The benignant providences of the God he served, waited likewise upon the honors showered upon him by his fellow-men. Most happy was he in the observations of his later life. The agitations in which he had participated against British West India Slavery, proved successful in the issue. God spared his aged servant to see with his own eyes that issue. In 1834, the Emancipation Act was passed in the British Parliament, and freedom announced through all the western dominions of the realm; and as the reverberating sounds of freedom from the lips of 800,000 freed men ascended from the lovely isles of the west, the fervent thanksgivings of this venerable patriarch, mingled with them, and rose as grateful incense to the skies.

Happy, most happy, must have been his feelings at the remembrance that it was owing much to him that the genius of British Liberty had been aroused to exert her high prerogatives of freedom,—to give her lofty arbitrament on the side of African Liberty—to stand upon the white cliffs of England, and send the mandate across the ocean—

> "Thy chains are broken, Africa, be free!
> Thus saith the island-empress of the sea;
> Thus saith Britannia.—O, ye winds and waves!
> Waft the glad tidings to the land of slaves;
> Proclaim on Guinea's coast, by Gambia's side,

As far as Niger rolls his eastern tide—
Thus saith Britannia, empress of the sea,
Thy chains are broken. AFRICA BE FREE!"

It is not often a man is privileged to see in his own day and time the fruits of his own earnest labor, and the accomplishment of his ends. More frequently is it the case, that when some true architect of genius or philanthropy, has singled out some particular project, as his mission, that just as his plans have been completed, ere yet the foundation of them is fully laid, the mighty architect has been snatched from his labors, and to some kindred spirit has been left the work, or rearing and proportioning his fabric.

But in Mr. Clarkson's case the heavens were most propitious. Within the period of his mortal life, were included, not only the days of high and holy purpose, —the days of severe and earnest labor,—the days of painful sacrifice and suffering;—but likewise the glorious days of success and accomplishment for the two great leading purposes, which had engaged the labors of his life. One would have thought that having done so much—weighed down too beneath the accumulated weight of four score years, this aged patriarch would have ceased his labors. But no. In his youth he had put on the harness for life; and through life, he was determined to wear it. When the World's Anti-Slavery Convention met in London, Mr. Clarkson was present and acted as Chairman; evincing in this position, not only the universal honor in which he was held, but likewise the zeal of a venerable old man in the cause of

freedom and our race. During the last few years he kept up a continual correspondence with Anti-Slavery men; interested himself in all measures tending to the improvement of the African race; and published several valuable treatises upon the subject, and especially in relation to its bearing on this country. And here I may remark that there are some peculiar reasons why we, children of Africa in this land, should in a peculiar manner, and for peculiar reasons, cherish the honored name of Clarkson. Our illustrious friend felt an exceeding interest in the cause of the colored race in this land, both bond and free. I have already called Mr. Clarkson a Philanthropist. And so he was, in the best, noblest sense, of that comprehensive and extensive word. His philanthropy was commensurate with the Christianity he professed. It took in all the world. "Not circumscribed by state lines or geographical bounds; he had an open ear and a sympathetic heart for the poor slave in southern fields, and the marked, proscribed, *free*-colored men suffering at the north, under the murderous system of caste." During the latter part of his life, Mr. Clarkson paid very considerable attention to the rights, interests, and condition of the colored race, in this land. The first manifestation of this interest was given in relation to the cause of Colonization. After a close and accurate investigation of this scheme, in the grounds of its origin, in the purposes it proclaimed, in the objects it aimed at, and in the means employed for its furtherance; with a discriminating judgment exercised upon the same, Mr.

Clarkson renounced his connection with the Colonization Society, and published to the whole world his loss of confidence in it; denouncing it as the handmaid of slavery and a great persecuting Institution of colored men. Since that time he has published several pamphlets upon The System of Slavery—The prevalence of Caste—and one Addressed to the Christians of America of all Denominations. Just previous to his decease he wrote an article upon the American Union, in its relation to the continuance of Slavery therein. The manuscript of this he placed in the hands of George Thompson, Esq., to be published after his death.

Thus lived this good old man, his whole life a glorious adornment of the Holy Faith, which he professed. And now full of years, full of honors, abundant in good works even to the last; the time arrived for him to prepare to die. And in meekness and in faith he was made ready. On the 26th of September, the messenger came for him. He laid himself down quietly and submissively before his God; and after a few utterances, of his pure and simple faith, and his assured confidence in the Redeemer, he passed away to the spirit land.

Thus lived and died Thomas Clarkson, the illustrious friend of Africa and her children. And what a life! How glorious in its lofty goodness, its pure benevolence, its destructions of evil, its upbuilding the institutions of mercy and of love! In looking at it, even amid the solemnities of the death-chamber, the funeral, and the grave,—gloominess recedes; and the saying of the sacred writer occurs—"The path of the just is as the

shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." Indeed, grief has but brief opportunity at the demise of a man like Clarkson, so full of years, and with a life so perfectly finished and completed. No poignant grief is here; no incontrollable anguish. But we are awed and solemnized at the passing away from earth of that which is the grandest and most transcendent in human nature. Mr. Clarkson was pre-eminently the CHRISTIAN CHARACTER. This, I think, expresses him fully and entirely; and this is the ground of admiration and of reverence. In describing him, I do not think we fully meet his merits by the title of—great man, or Great Philanthropist. He was both of these indeed; yet he was more. It was *character* CHRISTIANIZED, which gave force and momentum to his name, and words and life, and secured success to his aims from early manhood to extreme old age; and in this he furnishes a most glorious manifestation of the capacity of our holy religion. No such fruits are produced on heathen ground. Paganism has no such offerings to present, in all her histories. The "owlet Atheism," is barren and unproductive of such luminous gifts. It is Christianity which has such offspring, and Christianity alone; and when we desire to behold such lofty men as Clarkson, we must seek them amid the institutions of Christianity. And the life and labors, and principles of Clarkson, prove him to have been one of its very noblest fruits. * * * * * * *

And now, fellow-citizens, having thus expressed our reverence for the name and character of this illustrious

Philanthropist, let us not retire from this edifice to-night, without appropriating to ourselves some of the lofty teachings, and elevating influences, which the contemplation of his life is calculated to give. If it is true, that a really great man is a gift seldom granted the world; it is equally true, that the fewness of their visits is made up, in the permanent advantages they afford the world, in the healthful influences they send abroad, and from the clear light of truth, which comes streaming down from their day and time, more vital and luminous, than the spark of life which animated them during the period of their existence.

There is a depth, a power, an impressibility, about them, at once transcendent and majestic; diverse in different men, because of varied genius, diversified circumstances and dissimilar objects: yet in all, displaying a oneness in their beauty and their brightness.

The lives of some men are Poems. They are filled with light and adorned with grace and beauty. The lives of others are Martyrdoms. They die daily. The lives of another class are Heroisms. They do wondrous deeds and perform most marvelous acts. The lives of a few are Prophecies. They make revelations, and open the portals of the future. To cite no more than these:—How picturesque—how benign and gladsome, —how full of grandeur and sublimity—the lives of Xavier, and Heber, of Dante, Spenser, and in Sacred Writ, Elijah and the beloved St. John: *These* lived in a world of light and beauty, they walked beneath the

open heavens of sentiment and love, they "breathed empyreal air, sons of the morning."

How much of tearful agony, and ofttimes, of vicarious suffering is associated with the names of those glorious men, who for the vindication of Truth—for the advancement of Science—and for JESUS' SAKE, were baptized with afflictions and agonies, even to the death! What tales the old grim Castles, the dark Dungeons, the Gibbet, the Battlefield, the Stake, the Cross—could tell, of suffering and of woe, aye, and of steadfastness and of patient endurance too, exhibited by those lofty creatures, of human mould: martyrs of Science—martyrs of Goodness, Truth and Love—GOSPEL MARTYRS—martyrs of Human Rights, and of Political Freedom! Socrates, Galileo, Kepler, Tell and Wenkelried, Wallace, Sidney and Hampden, and above all, the Prophets, the Apostles, the Primitive Christians, and the Reformers.

And these too, were the HEROES of the olden time, and of our more modern world—who trod earth with a loftier mein and carriage than the lowlier humbler sort of men—who performed wondrous deeds—"who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions!"

They were Prophets too, each in his own lot:—the men, who, while they enacted the wondrous in their own times, for their own day and generation, worked also for the future. Such a one was GALILEO, who exploded the errors of preceding generations, and revealed the phenomena of the heavens with exactitude and pre-

cision—Such a one was BACON, who dispelled the mist and darkness which enshrouded the human mind in its excursions after Truth, and gave it the light of a single Principle—the great sun in the heavens of intellect—by which we are enabled to make the farthest ventures in Science and investigation:—such were LUTHER and CRANMER, who swept away the meshes of error and superstition which had wound themselves round the mind of great nations for centuries; and opened upon the sight of man the clear, bright avenues of Truth, Salvation, and Eternal Life.

And the days, of high and lofty character—the days of the heroic, the martyr-like, and the prophetic, in human life, are not altogether in the past. Within the century in which we live, glorious displays of them all have been made, for the good of man and for the glory of God. The Anti-Slavery struggle brought them out in bold relief. The life and character of Clarkson is a bright and peculiar exemplification. In him there was a blending and a mingling of all these characteristics. How much of the *poetic* is discovered in the incidents of his early, almost youthful life. It is a compete Epic, with its grand and noble representations and its lofty teachings. There is that which is sublime, in the agonies of a youthful heart keeping time with the distressful pulsations of thousands of poor slaves, in dungeons and dark pestiferous slave barks:—a youthful soul, contending, striving against high hopes and lofty aspirations, and calmly putting them aside for a labor of love and human brotherhood.

And in the severe, the extraordinary labors of this great man—the risks he run in slave vessels, in dark, gloomy, murderous midships—meeting with grim and bloody pirates,—risking his life amid imminent deadly dangers—laying out his strength in hard and wasting exertions; we have developed the Hero, and the Martyr-Spirit. The single incident of an obscure student starting up to battle a giant hoary evil, is wondrous as a spectacle, and in its teachings. "Here" remarks a writer of the day, "Here was a spectacle which men according to their feelings, would have called sublime or absurd; a young student of twenty-four, of narrow fortune, and almost unknown, devoting himself to a work from which Kings and Senators would have turned with dismay!"

Nor is the prophetic wanting in the character and the life of this distinguished man. It is expressed, clear, distinct and prominent. The ENERGY and the PRINCIPLES of men like Clarkson—men who grapple wrong and error with a tenacious and an iron grasp, have a ringing, sounding significance, heard and felt, long through aftertimes. It was thus with Clarkson from the start. In the earnest, systematic, positive, and determined step and glance of that young man, a slave-trader might have clearly seen at the offset, that the system would not be *suffered* to exist, however propped up and supported;—and that it MUST die. And by the power and the light of the lofty heaven-derived principles which Clarkson wielded—principles realized by success and accomplishment—we, the children of

Africa, may take prophetic glance, and behold the glorious privileges and enlarged advantages of Freedom, springing up before us, all along the crowded avenues of coming times.

And, my friends, let us not suffer the rich instructions, and the massive treasures afforded us in the lives of Clarkson, and all other such great men, to pass us by, unheeded and disregarded. The lofty wisdom and the serene teaching which lie in them, let us appropriate to ourselves, and incorporate in our lives and characters. Sweeping away from before our sight, the mists of selfishness, and the films of earthliness, let us erect ourselves to the altitude and the proportions of noble men—furnish the world with the pictures of Beautiful Lives and Glorious Characters;—give demonstrations in our persons and histories, of the Heroic and Martyr-like;—anticipate the future by the force of Everlasting Principles and Eternal Truth; sending down the light thereof to coming times, by our own high conformity:—

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime;
And departing leave behind us,
Foot-prints on the sands of time."

While remembering with grateful feeling the Philanthropists of England of a past day, and honoring her noble dead, let us not be so forgetful nor so culpable, as to forget the Abolitionists of our own country, of a past day and of the present. Our deceased friend set us a noble example in this respect. Of this country,

Abolitionists of these times were his friends, and such alone. Let us be true *now*, in their own day and peril, to these benefactors of our race, and friends of man. Why should we wait until they have cast off this mortal coil and become clothed upon with immortality, to greet them and their memories, on the shores of eternity, when the meed of praise, and the thrilling tones of gratefulness, are *now* their due; and when too our beaming eyes and thankful utterances, may serve to cheer and animate them, amid their sweatful toil and their imminent dangers!

A more ardent, devoted, unselfish set of men the world hath never seen. Such manifestations of philanthropy, such tokens of love, such displays of kindness to the lowly and the abject; have rarely been equalled amid all the histories of goodness which time hath ever recorded on her ample page. Their disinterestedness is equal to their other virtues. It is almost in vain we look among them for the intrusions of selfish purpose or vaunting ambition. Their exhibitions of self-sacrifice, and of fearless hearty zeal—their demonstrations of brotherhood and equality, are really touching and subduing. Honored and revered be these glorious men! They shed light upon our pathway in our day of darkness, and now as we are emerging from the gloom let us not forget their goodness.

I am thankful for this opportunity of associating in this my humble performance, their honored names beside the names of our English friends, with whom they ever lived in sympathy, and walked in unison.

And my earnest desire is that our grateful remembrance of the one may ever be associated with the other.

Let no imputation of wildness against them, no senseless fanatical cry of fanaticism, no difference of faith or creed, no party feeling, no dissimilarity of views in regard to particular means or measures—not even casual exhibitions of rashness on their part;—keep us from rendering the tribute of praise and admiration to the most marked characters, and the most heroic beings of the age!—a set of men, who in all coming history will be regarded as they, alone, who, in their day and generation, retrieved their country and their age, from absolute imbecility and littleness.

"Blessings be with them and eternal praise;"

the memory of the Abolitionists of the past—the free and generous BENEZET; the lofty and serene JOHN JAY; the sage and venerable FRANKLIN; the humane MATTHEW CLARKSON; the Christian-minded RUSH; the noble-souled TOMPKINS; the august and incomparable CLINTON: and then the Philanthropists of the present day—GARRISON, the TAPPANS, the JAYS, the SMITHS, the BIRNEYS, the WELDS and the PHILLIPS,—vindicators of our race and friends of the slave.

Finally, friends and fellow-citizens, let us not be unmindful of the prerogatives and the obligations arising from the fact, that the exhibition of the greatest talent, and the development of the most enlarged philanthropy in the 19th century, have been bestowed upon our race.

The names of the great lights of the age—Statesmen, Poets, and Divines, in all the great countries of Europe, and in this country too, are inseparably connected with the cause and destiny of the African race. This has been the theme whence most of them have reaped honor and immortality. This cause has produced the development of the most noble character of modern times;—has given the world a WILBERFORCE and a CLARKSON. Lowly and depressed as we have been, and as we now are, yet *our* interests, and *our* welfare, have agitated the chief countries of the world, and now, before all other questions, are shaking *this* nation to its very centre. The Providences of God have placed the Negro race, before Europe and America, in the most commanding position. From the sight of us, no nation, no statesman, no ecclesiastics, and no ecclesiastical institution, can escape. And by us and our cause, the character and greatness of individuals and of nations, in this day and generation of the world, are to be decided, either for good or for evil:—and so in all coming times, the memory and the fame of the chief actors now on the stage will be decided, by their relation to our cause. The discoveries of Science, the unfoldings of Literature, the dazzlings of Genius, all fade before the demands of this cause. This is the age of BROTHERHOOD AND HUMANITY; and the Negro Race is its most distinguished test and criterion.

And for what are all these providences? For nothing? He who thinks so must be blinded, must be demented. In these facts are wound up a most distinct

significance, and with them are connected, most clear and emphatic obligations and responsibilities. I have already hinted at the relation they bore to the power-holding body in this country. But the clear-minded and thoughtful Colored Men of America—they too must mark the significance of these facts, and begin to feel the weight of these obligations and responsibilities. For more than two centuries we have been working our way up from the deep and dire degradation into which Slavery had plunged us. We have made considerable headway. By the vigorous use of the opportunities of our but partial freedom, we have been enabled, with the Divine blessing, to reach a position of respectability and character. We have pressed, somewhat, in the golden avenues of Science, Intelligence and Learning. We have made impressions there; and some few of our foot-prints have we left behind. The mild light of Religion has illumined our pathway, and Superstition and Error have fled apace. The greatest paradoxes are evinced by us. Amid the decay of nations, a rekindled life starts up in us. Burdens under which others expire, seem to have lost their influence upon us; and while *they* are "driven to the wall," destruction keeps far from us its blasting hand. We live in the region of death, yet seem hardly mortal. We cling to life in the midst of all reverses; and our *nerveful* grasp thereon, cannot easily be relaxed. History reverses its mandates in our behalf:—our dotage is in the past. "Time writes not its wrinkles on our brow;" our juvenescence is in the future. All this,

with the kindly nature which is acknowledgedly ours—with the gifts of freedom vouchsafed us by the Almighty in this land, in part, and the West Indies,—with the intellectual desire every where manifesting itself—and the exceeding interest exhibited for Africa by her own children and by the Christian nations of the world; indicate that we may not gather a trivial meaning nor a narrow significance.

The teaching of God in all these things, is, undoubtedly, that ours is a great destiny, and that we should open our eyes to it. God is telling us all—that, whereas the past has been dark, grim and repulsive—the future shall be glorious;—that the horrid traffic that does

> ——"The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
> Making the green one red;——

shall yet be entirely staunched—that the whips and brands, the shackles and fetters of slavery shall be cast down to oblivion;—that the shades of Ignorance and Superstition, that have so long settled upon the mind of Africa, shall be dispelled;—and that all her sons, on her own broad continent, in the Western Isles, and in this Republic;—shall yet stand erect beneath the heavens,—

> "With freedom chartered on their manly brows,"

their bosoms swelling with its noblest raptures—treading the face of earth in the links of Brotherhood and Equality, and in the possession of an enlarged and glorious Liberty!

May we be equal to these providences, may we prove deserving such a destiny! And God grant that when at some future day, our ransomed, and cultivated posterity, shall stand where we now stand, and bear the burdens that we now bear; they may reap the fruits of our foresight, our virtues, and our high endeavor. And may they have the proud satisfaction of knowing, that we their ancestors, uncultured and unlearned, amid all trials and temptations, were men of integrity.—Recognized with gratefulness their truest friends dishonored and in peril. Were enabled to resist the seductions of ease and the intimidations of power. Were true to themselves, the age in which they lived, their abject race, and the cause of man. Shrunk not from trial, nor from suffering:—but conscious of Responsibility, and impelled by Duty; gave themselves up to the vindication of the high hopes, and the lofty aims of TRUE HUMANITY!

Eulogium on
Henry Highland Garnet, D. D.

Before the Union Literary and Historical Association;
Washington, D. C., May 4th, 1882.

EULOGIUM.

"HOWL, fir tree; for the cedar is fallen!"* This is the ejaculation of an ancient Prophet at the fall of a great and mighty nation. The figure is at once expressive and melancholy. It requires no extraordinary imagination to set before the eye one of those mighty monarchs of the forest, the grand cedars of Lebanon; tall, majestic and powerful, its age hoar and venerable, its girth enormous, its awful form uplifted to the skies, its arms widespread and gigantic, a mighty forest king which, for centuries, had defied the force of the severest hurricanes; but at last there comes the final, fatal storm, and down at once it falls, prostrate to the earth, its glory gone, its life forevermore but a thing of memory!

Such a natural disaster is easily transferred by the imagination to the calamities of nations and men. It is a spontaneous impulse of our being to resort to nature for the expressions of our most vivid emotions. On momentous occasions, or at times of dread calamity our own inward resources are too scanty; and so the

*Zech., xi. 2.

sun's decline, the fall of a star, the waning, dying, light of a luminary in the heavens, or the fall of a majestic cedar of the forest serve as expressive emblems of the mortality of man.

The death of Henry Highland Garnet can have no more fitting threnody than the wail of the prophet: "Howl, fir tree; for the cedar hath fallen!" Like a cedar of Lebanon he was, in both his inner and his outer nature, a grand and majestic being; and his death, like the fall of a mighty monarch of the forest, is one of the saddest afflictions which has recently fallen upon our race. Our assembling here to-night is to express our admiration of the life and character of this eminent man, and our grief at his loss. He was a man of wonderful qualities, of astonishing eloquence, of strong, vigorous and commanding character, of long-continued and philanthropic labors, of great virtues; a true genius, a most illustrious example of the capacity of the Negro race and of the dignity of man.

In venturing a eulogy upon this eminent person, I approach a subject full of incident and adventure, variable with the lights and shades of human life, not seldom darkly lined with the traces of suffering and misfortune, now brilliant with the lustre of genius, and now dark with the touches of disaster; but everywhere, and at all time, whether in sunshine or in shade, lofty, self-sustained, brilliant and commanding.

Our distinguished friend was born in slavery, in Kent county, Md., December 23, 1815, on the plantation of Colonel William Spencer. His father before him was

born in the same condition and at the same place. His grandfather, however, was born a freeman in Africa. He was a Mandingo chieftain and warrior, and, having been taken prisoner in a tribal fight, was sold to the slave traders, and then brought as a slave to America. But the fires of liberty were never quenched in the blood of this family; and they burst forth into an ardent flame in the bosom of George Garnet, the son of the native African warrior. Born in New York myself, I had no acquaintance with the grandfather of Henry Garnet; but I knew both his parents well, and early became acquainted with the eventful history of the whole family.

It was about the year 1824 that Colonel Spencer, the master, died. His slaves were devised to various relatives, some of whom were noted for severity and cruelty. Burning with an intense desire for freedom, George Garnet fell upon a scheme which, cleverly carried out, brought freedom to his whole family. Obtaining permission to attend a slave's funeral, he took his wife, his son Henry and his only daughter in a covered wagon to Wilmington, Del. There they remained one night under the protection of the celebrated Quaker, Thomas Garret, a man famous for aiding fugitives,* by whose agency they were pushed on to Bucks county, Pa.

*Thomas Garrett will ever remain the one immortal name which, through all time, will give honor to the city of Wilmington, Del. During his life he helped between two and three thousand fugitives to escape from slavery and to obtain their freedom. His grand service to the Garnet family was never forgotten by Dr. Garnet; and in 18— he went to Wilmington, on some public occasion, and in a public address thanked the old hero and philanthropist for the shelter given him and his father's family in his boyhood.

In 1825 the Garnet family came to New York city, and soon after took apartments at 137 Leonard street, the very next door to my father's house. And here, as little boys, Garnet and myself became school-mates and life-long friends.

I remember his father well. A grander, nobler, more stately man, both in stature and character than George Garnet, I have rarely met. He was as tall as his more celebrated son; a perfect Apollo, in form and figure; with beautifully moulded limbs and fine and delicate features; just like hundreds of the grand Mandingoes I have seen in Africa; whose full blood he carried in his veins.

Unlike his son, he was grave and sober in his demeanor, but solid and weighty in his words; not given to talk, and reminding one of the higher Quaker character; deeply religious; and carrying in his every movement strength and dignity. I remember well the self-restraint his appearance always evoked among my playmates, and a certain sense of awe which his majestic presence always impressed us with.

His mother was as notable a person as his father, both in personal presence and traits of character; a most comely and beautiful woman; tall and finely moulded with a bright, intellectual face, lit up with lustrous, twinkling, laughing eyes—which she gave as an inheritance, to her son; and the very soul of fun, wit, frolic and laughter.

From this brief description you can see whence our late friend got that readiness, humor, intellectual fire,

steadiness of character and strong native thought, which were his grand characteristics. They came from both parents; but like most great men they were especially the gift of that grand mother. Blessings for ever upon all good and noble mothers!

From such a stock, with both physical and mental greatness in both lines of his ancestry, Henry Garnet inherited that fine physique, that burning vitality, that large intellectual power, that fiery flame of liberty, and those high moral and spiritual instincts, which are generally characteristic of the great.

Coming to New York he entered at an early day the African Free School, in Mulberry street, and became the schoolmate and friend of those distinguished colored men, then boys, whose names have become celebrated in the history of our race in this land:—Patrick Reason, Prof. Charles L. Reason, Geo. T. Downing, Ira Aldridge, the great tragedian; Isaiah De Grass, James McCune Smith, M. D., and Samuel Ringgold Ward.

Owing to the necessities of the family he spent two years at sea as a cabin boy. During his absence, in 1829, an event took place which is impressed very vividly upon my memory, and which can not be omitted from this narrative. I saw the occurrence with my own eyes, playing, after sunset, before my father's door. One evening, in the month of July or August, a white man, a kinsman of the late Colonel Spencer, the old master, walked up to Mr. Garnet's hired rooms, on the second floor of the dwelling. He knocked at the door, and Mr. Garnet himself opened it. "Does a man

by the name of George Garnet live here?" was the question put. "Yes," was Mr. Garnet's reply; and immediately, as by a flash, though years had passed away, he recognized one of his old master's relatives. The slave-hunter, however, did not recognize George Garnet. "Is he at home?" was the next question, to which, with quiet self-possession, Mr. Garnet replied: "I will go and see." Leaving the open door Mr. Garnet, without saying a word to his wife, daughter, and a friend in the room, passed into a side bed-room. The opened window was about twenty feet from the ground; between the two houses was an alley at least four feet wide; the only way of escape was to leap from the side window of the bed-room into my father's yard. How Mr. Garnet made this fearful leap, how he escaped breaking both neck and legs, is a mystery to me to this day; but he made the leap and escaped. In my father's yard was a large ill-tempered dog, the terror of the neighborhood, The dog, by a wondrous providence, remained quiet in his early evening slumbers. After jumping several fences Mr. Garnet escaped through Orange street, and the slave-hunter's game was thus effectually spoiled.

On his return from one of his trips to Washington, Henry Garnet found his father's family scattered by this raid of Maryland slaveholders.

The news almost crazed him; and having purchased a clasp-knife he walked Broadway, expecting and prepared for an attack from the slave-hunters. His friends,

however, hurried him out of the city, and for a time he was concealed on Long Island.

Just after these occurrences, by an accident, he contracted white-swelling in his right leg, and thus became a cripple for life. These startling occurrences, above narrated, proved the pivotal event of Henry Garnet's life. From that time forward he was a man. The breeze of nature began to stir within him. Large and glowing ideas circled his brain. The mystery of life had sprung upon him! There are certain plants which carry latent in their folds, special virtues, odors, medicinal qualities, electric power, which to ordinary sight are unrecognized and unknown; but step upon them, crush them with the slightest tread, and immediately all their latent qualities spring to the surface, and marvelous powers startle the touch, or exhalations fill the air! So the anguish of this family calamity gave birth to a giant soul! From this terrible ordeal Henry Garnet came forth like gold thoroughly refined from the fire! The soberness which comes from trial, the seriousness which is the fruit of affliction, the melancholy and the reflection which spring from pain and suffering, for he was now a cripple, soon brought Garnet to the foot of the Cross. He had attached himself about this time, to the Sunday-school of the First Presbyterian church, under the care of the celebrated Rev. Theodore S. Wright.

His wonderful aptness, great cleverness, immediately attracted the attention of his pastor and teachers, and he at once took there, as wherever else he went, the foremost place in the school. Parson Wright baptized

him, and at once became his patron and friend. And when soon afterward he decided to enter the ministry, he looked upon Garnet as his own "son in the gospel;" and always, to the day of his death, cared and provided for him in all his efforts to secure a liberal education and to reach the ministry.

In 1831 the leading colored men in New York city established a High School for classical studies, for colored youth. Garnet, with Sidney, Downing, George Lawrence, (now of Texas,) and several others of our schoolmates were, its first pupils. This school only whet our youthful appetite for larger facilities of training and culture. But, alas! in those days the doors of all academies and colleges were closed to colored youth. Our parents looked one way and another; but not a ray of hope was discoverable on the intellectual horizon of the country.

Fortunately, however, just at this time, it was in the year 1835, the abolitionists of New Hampshire, disgusted with the negro-hatred of the schools, and mortified at the intellectual disabilities of the black race, opened a school at Canaan, N. H. Youth of any and all races, and of both sexes, were to be received in it. I cannot tell the delight its announcement gave our little band in the Canal Street High School. Three of us New York boys, Henry Highland Garnet, Thomas S. Sidney* and myself, at once took advantage of this opportunity, and off at once we started for Canaan.

*It is difficult for the author to speak in moderate terms of the genius, talent and character of this great young man THOMAS S. SIDNEY, his and Dr. Garnet's school-mate, companion and friend. Dr. McCune Smith, thus describes him:—"The wit, the pure

I cannot pause to relate the incidents of this journey from New York to New Hampshire. You will remember that Garnet was a cripple, weak, sickly, feeble; but he had a wonderful spirit and marvelous energy and perseverance. The difficulties of the journey you can hardly imagine. On the steamboat from New York to Providence no cabin passage was allowed colored people, and so, poor fellow, he was exposed all night, bedless and foodless, to the cold and storm. Coaches then were in use, and there were no railroads; and all the way from Providence to Boston, from Boston to Concord, from Concord to Hanover, and from Hanover to Canaan, the poor invalid had to ride night and day on the top of the coach. It was a long and wearisome journey, of some four hundred and more miles; and rarely would an inn or a hotel give us food, and nowhere could we get shelter.

Sidney and myself were his companions during the whole journey; and I can never forget his sufferings—sufferings from pain, sufferings from cold and exposure, sufferings from thirst and hunger, sufferings from taunt and insult at every village and town, and ofttimes at every farm-house, as we rode, mounted upon the top of the coach, through all this long journey. It seems hardly conceivable that Christian people could thus treat human beings traveling through a land of ministers and churches! The sight of three black youths,

patriot, the almost self-taught scholar, cut off, alas! in the very bloom of his promising youth." He died at the early age of 23. And it was *then* (in 1841) the author's melancholy duty, as now in the case of his friend Garnet, to deliver before the people of New York the eulogy upon his life and character.

in gentlemanly garb, traveling through New England was, in *those days, a most unusual sight;* started not only surprise, but brought out universal sneers and ridicule. We met a most cordial reception at Canaan from two score white students, and began, with the highest hopes, our studies. But our stay was the briefest. The Democracy of the State could not endure what they called a "Nigger School" on the soil of New Hampshire; and so the word went forth, especially from the politicians of Concord, that the school must be broken up. Fourteen black boys with books in their hands set the entire Granite State crazy! On the 4th of July, with wonderful taste and felicity, the farmers, from a wide region around, assembled at Canaan and resolved to remove the academy as a public nuisance! On the 10th of August they gathered together from the neighboring towns, seized the building, and with ninety yoke of oxen carried it off into a swamp about a half mile from its site. They were two days in accomplishing their miserable work.

Meanwhile, under Garnet, as our leader, the boys in our boarding-house were moulding bullets, expecting an attack upon our dwelling. About eleven o'clock at night the tramp of horses was heard approaching, and as one rapid rider passed the house and fired at it, Garnet quickly replied by a discharge from a double-barrelled shotgun which blazed away through the window. At once the hills, for many a mile around, reverberated with the sound. Lights were seen in scores of houses on every side, and the towns and

villages far and near were in a state of great excitement. But that musket shot by Garnet doubtless saved our lives. The cowardly ruffians dared not to attack us. Notice, however, was sent us to quit the State within a fortnight. When we left Canaan the mob assembled on the outskirts of the village and fired a field piece, charged with powder, at our wagon.

We returned home over the Green Mountains of Vermont, along the valley of the Connecticut, through Troy, down the Hudson to New York. All through the route Garnet was a great sufferer; at Troy we had misgivings for his life, and on the river we had to bed him with our coats and shade him with our umbrellas.

We sojourned at our home a few months, when information was received that Oneida Institute, at Whitesboro, a Manual Labor Seminary, had opened its doors to colored boys.

Thither we three New York boys at once repaired, and spent three years under the instruction of that master-thinker and teacher, Rev. Beriah Green. Garnet graduated in 1839, and immediately afterward entered upon public life.

Settling at Troy, he taught the colored school in that town, studying theology at the same time under the celebrated Dr. Beman, and acting as secretary to the colored Presbyterian Church. He was licensed to preach in 1842, and was ordained and installed the first pastor of the Liberty-Street Presbyterian Church, in that city; and there he remained ten years, publishing, part of the time, a paper called the *Clarion*.

At this point I enter upon a notice of the public career of Henry Highland Garnet. He came from Oneida Institute well furnished for the brilliant course which he ran for over forty years after his graduation; and yet it is nothing but duty, duty to him who cannot speak for himself, to state the limitations of that preparation.

Garnet was, in every peculiarity of his mind, a splendid man. As a boy at school he suffered no rivalry. He always stood first, and no one could surpass him. With a wonderful memory, with a most vivid imagination, with strong native powers of thought, and great originality of mind, he bid fair, even in boyhood, to make one of the greatest of scholars. Alas, at fifteen years of age, he was a cripple! For thirteen years after that he used a crutch. During these thirteen years he carried about with him a useless leg, which, night and day, caused him pain and anguish, and threatened his life. A few of his old school-mates are now living, and can tell the distressful agonies he endured all this long period. The result of all this suffering was that his education was constantly interfered with by long spells of sickness until 1841, when his leg was amputated. How, under these circumstances, he did study, how he took the place he did among his school-mates is a marvel. Indeed the man was more than the scholar. Said Nathaniel Peabody Rogers* of him, when he was at Canaan, at the very beginning of his career, that he was "An enlightened and refined scholar, a writer and speaker of touching beauty."

* NATH'L PEABODY ROGERS was one of the earliest and most eminent Abolitionists in the State of New Hampshire; a man of genius and a most intimate friend of Wm.

But this superiority and refinement was more the result of instinct and genius than it was of scholarship. His early, long continued illness broke up the systematic training of the schools; and so he was never the deep-plodding, laborious student. And yet he knew most everything. His originality was astonishing. Other eminent men of our acquaintance were, of necessity, readers, investigators, students; Garnet, beyond all other men, drew from the deep wells of his own nature the massy stores of his thought and speech. He brought into public life all the largeness and riches of one of the rarest and most beautiful minds I have ever met with. I acknowledge myself, at once, unequal to the task of delineating the unique and peculiar qualities of the intellect of Henry Garnet. I can only set forth, in my own poor way, what impressed me many years ago as the chief characteristic of his mind. These were INTUITION, WIT, BRILLIANCY, and POWER. I use the word *intuition* here to indicate that special faculty of my friend, by which, without any labored processes of reasoning, and free from all metaphysical verbiage, he invariably reached, as by a straight and sudden dash, the clearest conception of his argument. With equal facility he was always able to bring that conception, the main and master idea of his topic, to the mind of the simplest of his hearers. No matter

Lloyd Garrison. Mr. Rogers was one of the founders and trustees of "Canaan Academy." Soon after our arrival at Canaan he invited Garnet, Sidney and the author to address the Anti-Slavery Society of Plymouth, N. H., on the 4th of July, 1835. In his accounts of that meeting and of the speeches then made, he makes the above remark of Garnet, who was then in his 19th year. (See *Liberator* of July 25, 1835.)

what might be the theme, he grasped it in a moment. As by an instinctive process he went, at once, to the very heart of it, and then, in a most luminous manner, set it before his hearers, so that no one, listening to his speech, could go away mystified or in doubt as to the cause which had been advocated by the orator, the grounds of that cause, and the right of that cause. He carried no heavy artillery into his mental exercises; he did not use, he had no need to use, the exact and formal appliances of a logical method. With a feminine instinct, which is, indeed, the instinct of the whole higher class of mind, he possessed that penetrative quality, which is as much moral as it is intellectual, which leads the mind, as by a flash, to the very centre of its subject; and from that centre can at once return, and, with equal facility, circle with light and power its wide circumferences. Every thing in his mental processes was clear, methodical, perspicuous.

Connected with this mental faculty was the great gift of BRILLIANCY. He had an imagination of a very rare nature, and from this endowment sprung that high poetic quality which was interfused in all his efforts. This, too, though few are aware of it, was the original bent of his mind. I cannot say that he "lisped in numbers," for he was a few years older than myself, and when I first knew him I was a very little boy; but the very earliest remembrance I have of his intellectual gifts was his school-boy ventures in poetry. And the skill, the tenderness, the exquisite beauty of those boyish productions charm me, even as a

remembrance, to the present. He had a "Common Place Book" at Canaan in which were gathered many of the fine effusions of his muse, sweet and tender poems, which he used to read as class compositions. Only a few months ago, in one of our latest conversations, I besought him to gather these verses, and to leave something lasting behind him, either poems or speeches. But he knew not where they were. In his, as in many other such cases,

> **Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,**
> **And waste its sweetness on the desert air.**

Years have passed, I judge, since he indulged in the harmony of verse; but he could, I feel assured, have gained distinction, if he had addicted himself to verse. The truth is, the orator spoiled the poet. The large gift of speech bestowed upon him, the strong rhetorical element in his nature, eclipsed, as he grew older, the brilliancy of the muse. And so it came to pass that the keen ideality of his nature ran out into the channels of splendid oratory. Hence the imaginative faculty running in this one single channel of speech, served to give his eloquence that peculiar splendor and finish which attracted the attention of the learned and scholarly. As by an instinct his mind ranged the fields, the mountains, the sunny glades, the glad face of streams and rivulets, the golden skies, the glorious ocean—for the elegant and the sublime. His mind was suffused with beauty, and thus it was that, with great strength, he carried into all his discourses great finish and refinement. Frequently the old poetic fire

would return, and he almost spoke in numbers. Then it was difficult to say whether it was poetry or eloquence with which he delighted his audience.

He was a great master of style—not the style which comes from school rhetoric; it was the natural product of a mind naturally beautiful. When we were boys at school, before he or his school-mates knew of any such art as Rhetoric, it was a common saying, "Garnet is nothing without style." And when in the evenings we assembled in his room, for *his* room was the central point of attraction, sick and racked with pain as he was, he would rise above physical ailment, and delight us, hour after hour, with the choicest gems of eloquence and poetry, gathered from the whole field of literature, the outpourings, too, of his own original mind, expressed in the sweetest, most winning elocution; now interspersed with irresistable wit, and now moving us, boys as we were, with touching and tearful pathos; for, of both these fine qualities of the orator he was a great master. His speeches were colored more or less with both wit and pathos. When I use the word WIT I use it in its generic sense, as including fun, humor, satire, anecdote, sarcasm and irony. He swept the whole gamut; he ranged, with wonderful facility, from the facetious to invective, from the lightest banter to terrible philippic. He was quick as a flash at repartee. "Would you have me," was the query of a disgusted and indignant white gentleman—"Would you have me marry a dirty, stinking, greasy, black, negro wench?" "No," said Garnet, with the greatest

simplicity and politeness; "but would you have *me* marry a dirty, stinking, greasy, *white* wench?" The man was at once dumb-founded and completely silenced. He was delivering a class oration in 1836, before a large audience, at Oneida Institute. At one of his finest periods a ruffianly fellow, startling the whole church, threw a large squash upon the stage. Garnet turned in a moment upon his crutch, and pointing at it, exclaimed: "*That's* the man's head who threw it!" The whole audience at once burst into the loudest cheers; and the fellow ever afterward was called "Squash-head Cills!"

From such sallies of wit he would turn, by the easiest transitions, to the current of his discourse; now commanding his audience by argument, now captivating them by a lofty and glowing sentiment; at one time subduing them by the tenderest passages, and then arousing them to fiery ardor by the fervency of his own excited feelings.

Underlying the several qualities referred to was the strength of a giant, giving tone to every faculty of his mind. He was a man of great power, both mental and physical. No one could look at Henry Garnet without seeing at a glance that he was a strong man. After the amputation of his leg he developed into a new life of vigor and mightiness. Tall and majestic in stature, over six feet in height, with a large and noble head, its front both broad and expansive, his chest deep and strong, his limbs straight and perfectly moulded, his

very presence impressed one with the idea of might and manliness.*

While indeed gentleness and good humor beamed from both eye and countenance, it was easily seen that he was no child to play with. His general wont, both in society and on the platform, was that of sweetness and amiability. Indeed, with a large infusion of fun, he was at the same time almost womanly in temper and affectionateness; but when aroused with indignation at wrong or tyranny, or confronted by opposition, he was a very lion in debate, and nothing could stand before him. He never allowed an antagonist to go off with the idea that he had been tilting with a carpet-knight.

The man, however formidable and freighted with powers, found himself forced to fall back on all his resources in a conflict with Garnet. In some of these encounters, so terrible was the punishment he inflicted upon his opponents, that they never a second time attempted to confront him. Dr. James McCune Smith, during his day, was without doubt, the most learned

*Dr. McCune Smith's description of Dr. Garnet will, I doubt not, be regarded as quite in place here: "Here was a gentleman of splendid physique, polished manners, extensive learning, well up especially in English poetry: ably filling the pulpits of the best divines, and bearing off the laurels in eloquence, wit, sarcasm, interlarded with subduing pathos—in short a master of all the graces of rhetoric—and this gentleman, an African of pure lineage, with no admixture of Saxon blood as the source of his unquestionable talent and genius. To be sure, there was the well-developed, nearly perpendicular forehead, the long, mobile eyebrows, overhanging eyes, that, prominent themselves, and like my Lord Stanley's, of irritable leaden hue, when in repose, seem almost hidden in the ambush of luxuriant lids, a large nose, like Brougham's, under muscular control, yet hooded as Seward's, with the short upper lip which Bulwer says is an essential to beauty, a wide but well-cut mouth, with the thin compressed lips which indicate high determination, and a fighting chin—'all white features,' some will say; not at all; they are the features which God has stamped upon the leaders of mankind in all ages and nations." (Garnet's Memorail Discourse, p. 54.)

colored man in the United States, as well as a man of genius and of eloquence; but he confessed that after one encounter with Garnet he had never seen the way clear to attempt another.

With qualities such as I have described, not as yet fully developed, but ready and eager for use, Henry Garnet stepped out of Oneida Institute upon the platform of the American Anti-Slavery Society; and there he made his maiden speech; that is, before a large and popular audience. Let me tell you an incident connected with that speech.

I was the guest, last November, of a distinguished and learned clergyman of my own Church in New Jersey. He told me the following facts: "I was born," he said, "in the South, the son of a slaveholder. Passing through New York in May, 1841, I read a notice that a black man would speak at the anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society. The idea of a Negro making a speech was the most ludicrous thing imaginable, but for the sport of the thing, I said, I will go and hear this fellow. I had never seen a Negro who could read. I had not the most distant idea that a black man could be taught to think, to be intelligent, to be cultivated. I thought I should have fine fun in hearing something burlesque and clownish."

"I went," he said, "to the Broadway Tabernacle, took my seat and waited for the speaker. Two or three white men spoke, and then the chairman introduced a tall, slender, black young man, leaning on a crutch, whom he announced by the name of Garnet. Dr.

Crummell, as soon as he opened his mouth and began his speech I was filled with amazement! Never in my life, before or since, have I heard such pure and beautiful English, such finely turned sentences, such clear and polished rhetoric, such lucid crystal thought. His gesticulation, too, was as refined and elegant as his speech was chaste and manly. Never, from that day," he said, "have I ever had any doubts of the full capacity of the Negro."

This was the beginning of a public life, never intermitted, in its outpouring of golden speech and beneficent action, from 1841 until he was laid down, worn and speechless, in his grave on the shores of Africa.

He was a Presbyterian minister, pastor of a handful of people in the little town of Troy, N. Y. He began life with the expectation of exclusive devotion to the ministerial calling. But such splendid abilities could not be confined to such an obscure corner. Soon his fame spread abroad in the city and county where he lived. At that time the colored people were holding their annual conventions for the purpose of securing the right of suffrage. Garnet at once became one of its leading spirits. The conventions were held in Albany, Troy, Schenectady and Utica, and were occasions of universal interest throughout the State, to both white as well as colored people. At these assemblages the people were impatient to hear the young orator, and at his every presence the call for Garnet would be vociferous at every session.

The anti-slavery agitation, at this time, made a demand for the genius and talent of the ablest colored men. The demonstration, in their own person, of the ability of the race, was thought a needed element in the giant warfare then carrying on. At once there sprung up, well and finely equipped, a dozen or more remarkable colored men, who went into the field as advocates and lecturers. Foremost among these were *four* men who have attained celebrity, and whose names cannot die in the remembrance of the black race in this country, nor in the annals of the republic.

There was the fiery and impulsive Remond, as true and gallant a knight as ever, with unsheathed sword, rushed into the thickest of a battle fray, and did right noble service. There was our celebrated neighbour, then a youthful recruit, but now "the old man eloquent," of Anacostia,* who some of our young graduates seem to think a mere bagatelle, but of whom a scholar and divine of my own church told me the other day that he was the only man in America who reminded him, in his eloquence, of the great Prime Minister of England, William Ewart Gladstone. There was Samuel R. Ward, that mighty master of speech, that giant of intellect, called in his day "the ablest thinker on his legs," whom Charles T. Torry declared was only second in his day to Daniel Webster in logical power. And last, but by no means least, was Henry Highland Garnet. More restrained and less fiery and monotonous than Remond; not so ponderous as Douglass; inferior in cast-iron

*Hon. Frederick Douglass.

logic to Ward; there was a salience, a variety, an intellectual incidity, and above all a brilliancy and glowing fire in our friend's eloquence which gave him his special and peculiar place. He united the sparkling keenness of Tristam Burgess to the glow and exuberance of Henry Clay.

He, with the others I have named, answered to the call of the anti-slavery leaders, and at once he shot up into universal favor, and shone with bright and peculiar lustre. The demand for him came from every quarter; in city, town and village, in all New York and Pennsylvania. Through the far West, delighted and wonder-struck audiences were enraptured by the fire and beauty of his genius. In numerous places the wealthy, the aristocratic, the very *elite* of American society, pro-slavery people as well as friends of our race, would come together from long distances in carriages, in carts, in wagons; and in public buildings or in the open air hang delighted upon the lips of this great magician.

And no wonder that it was so. To hear Garnet in his prime was a rare privilege and a high delight. He had a voice of vast compass and of the sweetest tones. His presence, his scrupulous neatness, his gentlemanly address, his deferential attitude, his fine enthusiasm always won his audience from the start. And then, when he became thoroughly warmed up to his subject and brought his hearers into full accord with himself, he carried them whithersoever he pleased. Now he convulsed them with laughter and filled them with delight; and then by a sudden turn his entire audience

would be bathed in tears. At one moment you would be carried away by the terse statement, pointed and accurate, as if from the lips of a Webster, and soon your reason would be addressed by argument as solid and weighty as the utterances of a judge. Anecdote, incisive, sparkling, and convulsive, would be, perchance, the very next turn of the meandering stream; and then, like sunlight breaking on the scene, there would be the sudden bursting forth of a sublime and magnificent passage, carrying the entire audience beyond themselves, and eliciting equal astonishment and applause.

The whole effort would generally close with a brief, finished, touching peroration, in which pathos and beauty would equally combine. Not unfrequently at the close of some such grand oration, amid universal plaudits, grand ladies, as well as the humble women of his own race, would shower him with flowers.

I am speaking from my remembrance of some of his earliest orations; but I was absent from the country from 1848 to 1873, and I am told that I never saw him at his best. His noblest efforts, it is said, were the speeches, the one in 1843, in Buffalo, at the Liberty Party convention, the other in 1865.

The Buffalo speech, it is the testimony of numerous listeners, was equal, as an oratorical effort, to anything which has ever been heard on the American continent. No report of it was made, and we can only judge of its excellence by the opinion of its hearers; and that opinion is unanimous that nothing like it had fallen upon the ears of its auditory in this generation. One

eminent and learned American* who heard that speech declared that it was "one of the ablest speeches that ever fell from human lips." Men were not simply convinced and enraptured by it; they were swept away; they were frenzied. Uplifted by his passionate appeals, convulsed by his harrowing statements, the whole multitude of people were ready at the moment to run any risks, to do any deeds for the freedom of man, and for the destruction of slavery!

The other memorable speech was delivered in Detroit, Michigan, in the winter of '65 or '66. I have not been able to ascertain its special topic. Less impassioned, it would seem, than his Buffalo appeal, addressed more to the reason than to the feelings of his audience, it must have been one of those orations which were calculated to captivate the scholar and the thinker. The editor of the New York *Christian Advocate*,† in a recent number, declares that "in force of reasoning, purity of language, propriety of utterance, it was not unworthy of comparison with a sermon of Bishop Tillotson, or an address of George Wm. Curtis."

This, you will observe, is an extraordinary encomium, one which I would not myself have ventured to make. Indeed, I have had misgivings that much of what I have said would seem to some extravagant. But here is a scholar and divine not likely, as I am, to be influenced by personal friendship; not in danger, as an old schoolmate, of being swayed by partiality, who compares Dr.

* The late Dr. F. Julius Le Moyne, of Pittsburg, Pa.
† Rev. J. W. Bulkley, D. D.

Garnet to one of the classical pulpit orators of the Church of England, and to one of the most refined rhetoricians and acute thinkers of our own day.

In referring thus to the nature and quality of Dr. Garnet's eloquence it should be borne in mind that to plead for men and to plead with men was his life work. No greater mistake can be made than to suppose that the oratorical function was a pastime or a matter of display with him. The art of speech was his "staff of accomplishment." And, in the use of it, no mechanic, no common laborer, no sailor on the high seas, was more assiduous and laborious. He poured out the strength of both body and mind in this vocation, until both were exhausted in the service of man.

Let us see, for a moment, what his public life was.

He was a minister of the Presbyterian Church, and pastor, all his life, of several congregations; he was an anti-slavery orator; he was a foremost friend of and active agent for the fugitive slaves in the days of slavery; he was the agent of Gerrit Smith in the disposal of his land-grants to the colored men of New York; he was a temperance lecturer; he was a delegate to Europe in behalf of peace, temperance and freedom; he was a missionary to the Island of Jamaica; he was a promoter of African Civilization. He was one of the leading members of the Liberty party, and down to the time of his departure for Africa he was a distinguished leader of the great Republican party.

In the furtherance of these grand projects Dr. Garnet put forth the noblest efforts. He spoke on numerous

occasions; he wrote letters by the hundreds; he spent his money; he abounded in charities; he traveled thousands of miles in his native land; he crossed the ocean on more than one occasion; he exposed himself to great perils; he suffered cruel assaults upon his person; he was mobbed by murderous ruffians.

Nor were his labors confined to this country. The fame of the orator and preacher crossed the ocean, and at the call of distinguished philanthropists he visited Great Britain in 1850. I happened at the time to be in England, and I assure you that the appreciation of him there seemed to exceed, if anything, his popularity in America. He spoke in almost every city and large town in the three kingdoms. He preached in the pulpits of the most celebrated divines. He was the guest of great philanthropists, princely merchants, eminent civilians and grand noblemen.

From England he crossed the channel, sent thence as a delegate to the Peace Congress at Frankfurt-on-the-Main; and thence, in company with the celebrated philanthropist, Joseph Sturge, and the equally celebrated Dr. Dick, he traveled through Prussia and France.

From Europe he went, for a brief period, as a missionary to the Island of Jamaica, W. I., stationed at Sterling, Grange Hill, in that island. He was doing effective service among the black population when protracted illness forced his return to the United States. And here he became at once the successor to the friend of his youth, Rev. Theodore S. Wright. As a pastor, everywhere and at all times, his labors were heavy and

incessant and they were as equally fruitful. Whether in Troy, Geneva, Grange Hill, Jamaica; Washington, D. C., or Shiloh Church, N. Y., success always attended his efforts; Sunday-schools flourished, congregations were crowded, young men were encouraged, societies were established. These labours culminated during the anti-slavery conflict and especially on the breaking out of the rebellion. Then it is recorded of him that he was one of the very first to call upon young men of color to take up arms. He became chaplain to a regiment of colored troops. He organized a committee for sick soldiers. He was the almoner of New York beneficence to the colored sufferers of the mob.

These numerous services and large activities made him a prominent personage in New York city, not only among his own people, nor simply in his own denomination. Amid the immense population of the Metropolis there never was a man of our race so well known and so popular as Dr. Garnet. The laboring classes of the whites, reporters for newspapers, the politicians, the clergy of all names, the great merchants of the city, the grand dames on the avenues knew him, recognized him and respected him. One public journal declared, at the time of his death, that he was "the best known colored clergyman in the United States." The leading merchants of New York joined in the application for his appointment as "Minister Resident" to Liberia; and at his death the Presbytery of New York, of which

he was a member, passed honorary resolutions testifying to his worth and usefulness.*

I have spoken of the genius, the eloquence, and the labors of Henry Highland Garnet. Spare me a few moments longer, for a few words concerning the man himself, for a man, *i. e.*, the personal quality of any human being, is always of more value than any of his parts.

There are two words, which I think more than any other, will serve to delineate his character—LARGENESS and SWEETNESS. I can well believe the tradition in his family that his ancestors were kings in Africa. Things, ideas of magnitude, grand prospects, seemed ever, even in boyhood, to occupy his mind. There was nothing of stint or contractedness about him. He was generous, beneficent, unselfish, hospitable.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere.

Every stranger, minister, foreigner, fugitive, refugee, was welcome to his board, and could command his purse. The great fault of his character was in this direction. Not merely unselfish, he lacked somewhat in the quality of self-love. There was a princeliness in

* At the stated meeting of the Presbytery of New York, April 10th, 1882, the following resolution was adopted:—"That the Presbytery has heard with profound regret of the death of the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, D. D., a member of this body, late pastor of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church of this city, and Minister of the United States to the Republic of Liberia. His long service in the Church, his ability and fidelity as a preacher and pastor, the dignity, purity, and usefulness of his life, and the courage with which he maintained the honor of his high calling in the Church and the community, commanded our esteem and respect, and render his departure a real loss to this Presbytery. That his death as he was just entering upon his duties as Minister to Liberia, where he had a wide field for the exercise of his talents, and where he promised to be greatly useful, is to be deplored as a calamity to that republic and to the colored race.

That a copy of this Minute be sent to the family of Dr. Garnet, and be published.

his largeness which not seldom landed him into poverty. For, like Daniel Webster, and I am speaking of no faultless man, he never seemed to think there were limitations to the boundliness of his beneficence and the capacity of his pocket.

Out of this largeness sprang the bold and commanding elements of his nature. He was fearless as a lion. At Canaan, 400 miles from home, the whole community around for miles boiling over with bitterness, ready, in cold blood, to shoot down a few black boys who wished to become students, Garnet, a mere stripling, was as cool and determined as a sage.

Weak, feeble, full of pain, his poor leg at the very time poulticed, his spirit was equal to the occasion. All day long, with fun, wit and humor, he was moulding bullets and at the same time cheering the hearts of us younger boys. And when the dark night came he, the captain, disposed of our little force, and sat at the bedside, in the most exposed room, waiting the first fire of the enemy.

Just so it was amid the riots of New York in 1862. While everybody else was frightened and fled he stood at his post, the aid and succor of his people; and it was only by an accident that he escaped the shooting or hanging of an angry mob.

Indeed he had within him all the elements of a hero; great consciousness of power, and that love of authority which made him in all conditions and at every period of his life a leader of men. Thus it was that for twenty years he was, what I have not heard of

any other colored man, in any of the great cities, *the* man of New York.

It is a most fortunate circumstance that his parents brought him, a child, out of slavery; equally providential that he was crippled in his early teens. If he had remained in bondage he would surely have become a leader and fermenter of insurrection. I have no idea that he could ever have been made a submissive slave. You will be interested to hear that he was one of a company of our school-mates in New York who at from thirteen to sixteen years resolved, that while slavery existed we would not celebrate the Fourth of July; and we did not. For years our society met on that day, and the time was devoted to planning schemes for the freeing and upbuilding of our race. The other resolve which was made was, that when we had educated ourselves we would go South, start an insurrection and free our brethren in bondage. Garnet was a leader in these rash but noble resolves; and they indicate the early set and bias of his soul to that quality of magnanimity which Aristotle says "exposes one to great dangers and makes a man unsparing of his life;" "thinking that life is not worth having on some terms."

As I have just said, sweetness, as well as largeness was the other great trait of his character. His social qualities were exceeding attractive; and men, women and children were fond of gathering around him and enjoying the delights of his converse and the pleasures of his company. Naturally amiable, with large affluence of kindness and love, he was exceedingly popular.

The young of both sexes delighted to come to his house and spend long hours in the joyous converse which he would pour out sparklingly, hour after hour, amid his friends. How beautiful, how tender, how gracious was he not to women! In his relations to them he was beyond comparison the most accomplished, most Chesterfieldian person that I ever met with. Mrs. Julia Garnet, then Miss Williams, was a school-mate of ours at Canaan, New Hampshire; and after his marriage, in 1842, I was both struck and charmed with the same gallantry displayed to the *wife after* marriage that he had shown her before. It was his natural gentlemanly instinct to rise and offer a chair to the *wife*, that he was prompt to do to her as maiden and mistress.

How sweet too he was to children. They all loved him; everywhere they flocked around him; everywhere he was the object of their idolatry; so great was the playful element in his nature, so long did he carry the feelings of childhood into the maturity of age, that children forgot his seniority and thought themselves for the time romping and sporting with a playfellow.

One only task remains for me to perform. It must be done, and I cannot possibly evade it. The hours of this evening are passing away, and no reluctancy can save me the saddening duty.

I have spoken to you of the life, the genius, and the labors of Henry Highland Garnet, and now I must speak of his decline and death.

That decline had been manifest some five or six years. Gradually, during this period, his powers as a

worker and speaker had been failing, as was evident to his friends, and apparent to himself. Age, excessive duty, the harassing cares of a poorly paid ministry; disease, the tardy lurking effects and influences of the maimed limb of his boyhood—all combined in his later years to reduce the vital energy of his once active system.

But, besides failing health, sad misfortunes in divers forms fell upon him. Troubles and trials served to weaken and undermine the brave spirit and the strong constitution in which it dwelt. It is useless to attempt concealment. Sorrow and discouragement fell upon his soul, and at times the wounded spirit sighed for release; and the strong desire arose to escape to some foreign land, where, oblivious of the ingratitude and forgetfulness of his people, he might have a few final days of peace and comfort, and at last sink quietly to his grave.

It happened under these circumstances that the offer was made him of the position of "MINISTER RESIDENT" to the Republic of Liberia. It came as a recognition of his high character, his honorable career, his splendid services to the cause of freedom, and his grand qualities, both intellectual and moral. It was an offer honorable to the Government which made it, and to the grand man to whom it was tendered.

The offer was gladly accepted by my friend. It was the very thing he desired. He had long been wishing to see the Coast of Africa, to tread the soil of his ancestors. If this public position had not been offered

him, he would, I have no doubt, sought some other mode, either as a missionary or a teacher, of reaching the Western Coast.

Gratifying as the offer was to him, it brought dismay and sorrow to a large circle of his best friends. For my own part, I felt it my duty to oppose its acceptance with candor, warmth, and decision. I had no doubt of its unwisdom, and I pressed my conviction very earnestly upon him.

Alas, all dissuasion was useless. "What," said he, "would you have me linger here in an old age of neglect and want? Would you have me tarry among men who have forgotten what I have done, and what I have suffered for them! To stay here and die among these ungrateful people?" "No," was his ejaculation; "I go gladly to Africa! Please the Lord I can only safely cross the ocean, land on the coast of Africa, look around upon its green fields, tread the soil of my ancestors, live if but a few weeks; then I shall be glad to lie down and be buried beneath its sod!"

Thus grandly, nobly did this high soul turn from baseness and ingratitude to a final far-distant haven of repose and death.

The Lord listened to the desires of his servant.

On the 6th of November he preached his farewell sermon to the people of Shiloh Church, to whom he had ministered twenty-six years. On the 12th of November he sailed for England. He sojourned there but a brief week, and sailed thence from London early in December, and landed at Monrovia on the 28th of the same month.

For the first time in his life he had seen the continent of Africa. He had seen the settlements from Goree to Liberia. He had seen the chief emporiums of that rising African civilization which already is blossoming into beauty and fruitfulness. He had seen the towns and villages of the young Republic, peopled by his own kith and kin, emigrants from this great nation. He had ascended a few miles the beautiful St. Paul's, trod its fertile banks, and seen its active farming and industries. He had looked around upon the land of the fathers, and was well pleased and declared his gratification. And now the time came for him to die; and calmly, quietly, resignedly, he yielded up his spirit to the God who gave it, with an assured trust in the Redeemer, and with the fullest hopes of the resurrection of the just.

They buried him like a prince, this princely man, with the blood of a long line of chieftains in his veins, in the soil of his fathers. The entire military force of the capital of the Republic turned out to render the last tribute of respect and honor. The President and his Cabinet, the ministry of every name, the President, Professors and students of the College, large bodies of citizens from the river settlements, as well as the townsmen, attended his obsequies as mourners. A noble tribute was accorded him by the finest scholar and thinker in the nation.* Minute guns were fired at every footfall of the solemn procession. And when they laid him lowly in the sod, there was heard, on the hills, in the valleys, and on the waters—

* The Rev. E. W. Blyden, D. D., LL. D.

——The tributary peal
Of instantaneous thunder which announced
Through the still air the closing of the grave.

I know the very spot where they laid him. The cemetery is called PALM GROVE. There clusters of the stately palm lift up their graceful forms, and spread abroad their feathery tops, waving in the breeze.

There he lies; the deep Atlantic but a few steps beyond; its perpetual surges beating at his feet, chanting evermore the choral anthems of the ocean, the solemn requiem of the dead.

No marble cenotaph as yet marks the place of his deep repose; but, ere long, we, in America, with his admirers in Europe and Africa, will erect on that Western Coast a shaft which shall fitly commemorate this glorious son of Africa.

Farewell! friend of my youth, Statesman, Poet, Orator, Clergyman, Philanthropist! And yet not farewell, for never can we forget thee! Ever shalt thou be embalmed in our richest memories! and thy tomb shall be the shrine whither perpetually our fond hearts shall travel, and the sons of Africa, through long periods, shall proudly visit.

For, if in the future as in the past, men continue to prize noble gifts used for the highest purposes; to honor our devoted service freely given for the maintenance of truth and justice; to applaud lofty speech used for the upbuilding humanity and the advancement of the race; to revere pure and lofty character, a lifetime illustration of the finest qualities of our kind,

Then o'er his mould a sanctity shall brood,
Till the stars sicken at the day of doom.

Address before the American Geographical Society.

Chickering Hall, New York, May 22d, 1877.

ADDRESS.

MR. PRESIDENT: It is a most singular fact that now, in the 19th century, in an age of great practicality, we should be witnessing two remarkable movements, distinguished in a very marked degree by sentiment. We see, on the one hand, a mighty movement of a great Christian nation to extinguish the sufferings of the subject Christians of Turkey, to strike the crescent from the minarets of Constantinople, and to rescue St. Sophia from the hands of the Moslem. And, on the other hand, we stand at the commencement of a grand endeavor of Christendom to wipe the blood from the bruised brow of Africa, to lift up its vast populations to enlightenment, and to rescue a great continent from the dominion of superstition and barbarism.

Well, sir, it would seem as though the age of chivalry had returned to a busy, plodding, commercial, manufacturing era; and that it is likely to give dignity to our age, and grandeur to its motives and its endeavors.

I have called this movement for the benefit of Africa, one distinguished by sentiment, but not by *mere* sentiment, for I regard the objects of this meeting to-night

as thoroughly practical, deeply human, and entirely worthy of the age.

It is—it should be—thoroughly human, undertaken with no one-sided views and purposes; but carried on in a manner which shall affect *all* the interests of man, temporal as well as eternal—a movement which shall regard the objects of our compassion, and likewise the interests of all the participants in this noble scheme, in all the divers phases of our common humanity.

Now, in this project the COMMERCIAL IDEA is, to a greater or less degree, an matter of interest and solicitude. And this seems to me perfectly legitimate. I cannot regard it as in any way discordant with the *sentiment* which I believe is its main characteristic. Africa is a land of most magnificent resources. It abounds everywhere in its tropical regions with woods and dyes, and gums and minerals and oils.

Every adventure of a new traveler results in the discovery of new staples, vast beds of ore of wide expanses of the richest and most fertile soil. And there are yet remaining immense and mysterious regions where noble herds of elephants roam undisturbed, from whence ere long great cargoes of ivory will be brought to civilized lands.

SCIENCE is, without doubt, another special interest which is pressing her claims in connection with this philanthropic movement. Doubtless she is anxious, over anxious, to penetrate the hidden mysteries, both human and material, which for centuries have baffled the skill and scrutiny of the learned, from the time of

Herodotus to the recent ventures of Livingstone, Stanley and Cameron. And her claims must be admitted, not only as real, but as perfectly harmonious with the highest moral purposes of this grand scheme. The MUSE OF HISTORY, with rapt gaze and ready pen, sits awaiting the disclosures which tradition, in many a heathen tribe, may furnish concerning the annals of the oldest but least known of all the continents. And then, with equal eagerness, but with sturdy frame and fiery blood, there stands the SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE ready for the start, anxious to enter every hidden nook, and to penetrate every mysterious corner, to clear up every doubtful question, and to make every possible discovery the ingenious mind can reach to.

These, sir, are some of the collateral motives which are more or less related to this movement, both in Europe and America, and which doubtless will claim a place right beside the highest philanthropy or the most zealous religionism. And all of these ideas and aspirations are without doubt elements in the strong convictions which have prompted His Majesty the King of the Belgians and his eminent coadjutors to this last grand endeavor for Africa's deliverance. But the mainspring of their action is, I am convinced, the Christian and humanitarian sentiment, which craves the restoration of a continent, but which is aware that all true and noble sentiment demands the regulative direction and control of reasonable and thoughtful practicality. And I have the deep conviction that this "International" movement has its foundation in reasonable and thoughtful practicality.

During the last hundred years there have been various efforts put forth by civilized Christian men for the regeneration of Africa. Some have been successful, some unsuccessful. Let me pause here for a few moments, and dwell upon some of these efforts.

There have been not a few attempts of religious bodies, in the carrying out of which there has been the expenditure of vast amounts of treasure and a great sacrifice of life; but which, after all, have proved fruitless in results. I might spend hours here to-night in narrating the missions which have been established on the coast of Africa from the 15th century to the present, not a trace of which can now be discovered. In these endeavors there has been no lack of zeal. The courage which has been displayed has been equal to that of martyrs. The talent—the mental genius—which has been connected with not a few of these attempts has been remarkable; and yet again and again they have been failures. The pestilential nature of the climate will not account for the entire misadventure.

Why, then, it is asked, so much failure? There is this notable reason to be given: men, large bodies of men, have been sent to Africa to save the souls of men, utterly regardless of their temporal needs and requirements.

But there have been as well successful missionary enterprises in Africa, and in every case that I know of success has sprung from the remembrance that the native African is a creature compact of mind, body and

soul; and that you cannot benefit him spiritually by a forgetfulness of his temporal and bodily interests. That has been the secret of their success. I have but to refer you to the British possessions on the west coast of Africa as an evidence of this truth. You will doubtless remember that when the English Government in the last century commenced its warfare against the Slave Trade, the policy pursued was to capture the slave-trading vessels on the West Coast, and carry them to Sierra Leone. The recaptured African was immediately placed under the care and instruction of Christian missionaries in Freetown and the other settlements; but the English, with that strong practicality which is their national characteristic, endeavored simultaneously with the *spiritual* improvement they gave these men, women and children, to impart to them a knowledge of handicraft. Carpenters, blacksmiths, boat-makers, and men of other trades were brought from England to instruct these poor creatures. Industrial schools were organized; model farms were established; in some cases native African youth were sent to England; and now, at the present day, there is hardly a craft or business in a civilized community which cannot be found skillfully carried on in their West African colonies, from the Gambia to Lagos.

This has been the material basis of success in the missions of the Church of England and the Wesleyan Church in Western Africa. The native pagan has been taught that he must work, and not only support himself, but help to support the missionary. The English

Church missionaries, all along the coast and in the interior, commence their missions by *practical* operations in all the spheres of action. Their endeavor is not simply to get a soul into heaven; it is to make him a man "in all the correspondence of nature." The result is that their converts are never allowed to become mere pensioners upon societies.

Civilizing processes accompany all the efforts which are made for evangelization, and mission work along the entire coast and far up the Niger has been a grand success, as well for the material, outward life of the native population as for their inward spiritual regeneration. There have been grand opportunities, too, which have been lost. I have a very great dislike to render blame against England in connection with her African policy. I dislike to make the least reflection upon her; but I do think she is blameworthy, especially with regard to two recent provinces which have been placed within her reach.

Having lived on the west coast of Africa, I have witnessed her grand and beneficent rule; I have seen the spread of her civilization; the uprising, through her zeal and beneficence, of fine communities to civility and refinement. I think she would have crowned the whole by one grand stroke of policy, philanthropy, and governmental rule, under the signally favorable circumstances opened before her within the last decade. But she has lost the grandest opportunity she recently had of settling the difficulties of interior Africa, and the work is now left to this "African International Association,"

You all remember that in 1868 Great Britain went, by her armies, into Abyssinia, at eleven degrees north latitude, and conquered that sanguinary kingdom. That was the time when she might have planted there, permanently, at one and the same time, the red cross of Britain and the standard of civilization and Christianity. Believing that nations have moral duties, it seems to me that that was the duty of a Christian nation like England—to save that people from barbarism, and to add another nation to the ranks of civilization. But, singularly enough, only a brief period afterward, that is, in the year 1874, Great Britain was forced by the clearest duty to enter, by her armies, on the opposite side of the continent, the kingdom of Ashantee. By a reference to the map you will see that Ashantee is on well nigh the same parallel of latitude. Was not the coincidence and Providence remarkable? And Great Britain, with her wondrous resources, could have established herself permanently in Ashantee as the centre of missions and trade, and thence, advancing her posts and authority, with rule, peace, order and justice, to interior tribes and nations, put an end to the internal distractions of the continent, gone directly across toward Abyssinia, and met the approaching lines, coming from the Indian coast. If England had done this great work she would have found everywhere, in almost every tribe, a grand instrumentality, indigenous to native character, furthering her beneficent efforts. Any people, any agency, whether governmental or missionary, which brings simple peaceful facilities for trade

to the native African, will always be received with gladness.

When I had the honor, a few days ago, to address the American branch of the Association at your rooms, I remarked that the acquisitive principle is to be the main temporal agency in redeeming the native African from barbarism. He is essentially a trader; he has large wants; he is not a stolid, passive, dead creature, as many suppose, albeit he is uncivilized. He has large, undefined wants, a great craving for commodities, things which he has seen, and a curiosity and a desire, springing from Imagination, for things which he has *not* seen. And this, as I take it, is the germ of a marked greatness in the native African in the future.

And here I beg to remark that, whether you are a missionary or merely a civilized man, the first thing in entering Africa is to remember that there are *two* factors to be regarded in carrying on your work. *One* is to know what *you*, the civilized man, can contribute to the work; the *other*, what is the contribution the native man can make. If the native man cannot give anything, depend upon it he is a dead man! If there is no point of receptivity in his nature nothing can save him! But greed, the acquisitive principle, is *the* grand characteristic of the native African. Here, then, is the point of vantage in work in Africa. The continent is a bee-hive. Every village is a market, and almost every hut in a village is a shop. Every head man, or chief, or king, is a merchant; and all his people, down to the very slaves, are hucksters or petty traders. Greed,

inordinate, universal greed, pervades every community, small or large. A friend from West Africa, only a few weeks ago, sent me a paper which shows that from Freetown, Sierra Leone, no less than three (3) steamers * sailed to England within nine (9) days, carrying goods amounting to more than two-thirds of a million of dollars ($700,105). What were these commodities? Palm oil, palm kernels, kernels, cam-wood, ebony, ivory, ground-nuts, gum, barwood, beeswax, india-rubber, copal, bennie-seed, cotton, Shea butter, &c., &c.

How were these commodities gathered? In the most difficult manner conceivable. In huts and remote villages, and brought, at great peril, on the backs of native men, twenty, thirty, forty days' journey through dense wildernesses, or else by hundreds of little canoes, through streams and rivers, to traders' ports.†

* Exports of commerce to England in nine days in three steamers:

The British mail-steamer "Roquette" cleared from Sierra Leone Custom-house October 2, 1876, with the following: 1,600 casks palm oil; 83⅝ tons palm kernels; 3,403 bags palm kernels; 266 bags bennie seed; 60 bags copra nuts; 9 bags ivory; 5,139 billets camwood; 2,039 billets ebony.

The British mail steamer "Ethiopia" cleared from Sierra Leone, October 11, 1876, with the following cargo: 698 casks palm oil; 122 casks Shea butter; 104 casks and barrels rubber; 18 barrels and 5 bags gum; 469 bags coffee; 1,343 bags palm kernels; 1 case skins; 13 parcels 30 bags ground nuts; 212 bags bennie seed; 499 pieces ivory; 21 bales ivory; 1 box ivory; 4,080 pieces barwood; 928 pieces ebony; 150 bales cotton; 26 packages merchandise; 11 boxes and parcels with specie and gold dust.

The British mail steamer "Loando" cleared from Sierra Leone with the following cargo: 1,103 casks palm oil; 4,069 bags palm kernels; 98 bags copra nuts; 14 bags Guinea grains; 14 bags ginger; 6 bags bennie seed; 960 bales cotton; 1,586 pieces camwood; 53 of ivory; 40 tons palm kernels.

TOTAL.

Palm Oil,	$567,175
Palm Kernels,	29,272
Bennie Seed,	1,760
Ivory,	43,525
Camwood,	2,550
Ebony,	400
Copra Nuts,	1,000

Bishop Crowther, in 1872, was wrecked on the Niger, and after his arrival at Sierra Leone he published a narrative of his journey overland, from Rabba to Abbeakuta, and thence to Lagos. One remarkable fact arrested my attention: it was, that in that moving from town to town, in this purely pagan district, 400 miles from the coast, he found many native African traders from Sierra Leone, Christian men, pushing their trade in perfect safety among the rude inland people; but meeting together on Sundays for Bible reading, prayer and praise.

Why, then, you ask, if the love of trade is such a strong passion in the breast of native Africans, why does not trade and commerce work out their own remedial processes? From the simple fact that trade everywhere meets with the interruptions of selfish men, who blindly, through excessive greed, overreach them-

Guinea Grains,	$224
Ginger,	108
Cotton,	13,840
Shea Butter,	24,400
Rubber,	1,954
Gum,	276
Coffee,	13,122
Barwood,	500
Total,	$700,105

† Exportations from West Africa in the year 1874:—

Palm Oil,	$875,000
Palm Kernels,	71,000
Camwood,	90,000
Ebony,	90,000
Ivory,	32,000
Ground Nuts,	1,500,000
Ginger,	24,000
Rubber,	55,500
Gold,	96,000
Total	$11,212,000

There are (20) twenty British mail steamers that ply between Liverpool, Glasgow, and the West Coast of Africa. The exportation last year (1876) exceeded $20,000,000 (twenty million dollars).

selves. Greed in the native African is too absorbing, one-sided, unintelligent a principle. For, (1) the native kings are ignorant, heathen men, thoroughly selfish, and ready to fight their neighbors in order to prevent them from sharing the advantages of trade. They have never learned that the greater the freedom of trade the greater the advantages to themselves and their neighbors. Acting on the opposite principle, they keep up perpetual fights, tribe with tribe, nation with nation; so that, for long periods, trade is brought entirely to an end, and large populations are made sufferers. And next (2) there is the grand disturbing element, the malign and destructive influence of the Moslems. *They* are the grand marauders in almost every part of Africa, north, east, south, and west.

Everywhere they are the great slave-traders. Through the largest tracts of territory, across vast provinces in the interior, their tracks are marked by blood and devastation. I know it is claimed that the Mohammedans are great civilizers in Africa; that their religion serves to supersede the fetichism and the idolatry of pagan tribes, by carrying with them the doctrine of the Divine Unity, and propagating the Koran. And many people are foolish enough to believe this. But the unanimous testimony of travelers and missionaries is that they care more for the sword and the mastery it gives them than for any purposes of civilization. All the good they do is but incidental. While they may furnish a small modicum of enlightenment, they flood the continent everywhere with oceans of disaster, ruin, and blood-

shed. What, then, is needed for the restoration of Africa, for the introduction of peaceful trade, elevating missions, progressive civilization?

Africa needs some grand master influences to correct all these evils. She needs a power brought from some quarter which shall give easy access to trade and barter in the interior, and prevent the constant disturbance of petty chiefs. She needs an authoritative force that shall hold in check the disturbing influence of blind, insensate greed, and yet, at the same time, furnish the native ordinary facilities for gratifying his strongest desires. Africa needs, in a word, a grand POLICE FORCE all over the continent, restraining violence, keeping open grand avenues of commerce, affording protection to missionaries and travelers, protecting weak tribes and nations from powerful marauding chiefs.

The proposal of the King of the Belgians I regard as eminently practical, both with respect to the physical and the moral needs of the continent. It brings the moral support of the greatest nations of the earth to this grand moral effort. The expeditions which shall be sent from both the east and the west coasts of Africa will carry, doubtless, the flags of their respective nationalities. Already the native chiefs in the interior have learned to respect and know the significance of these banners of great peoples. Those of you who have read the travels of Werne, and Barth, and Krapt, of Richardson and Vogel, know how, far away up the Nile, at Khartoom, and Kardofan, and cities still more remote, the British Consuls, by their national flag, have

not only commanded respect, but have given protection to many a European traveler. Just this commanding influence, more powerful perhaps than the armed men who will push these posts and expeditions through the country, will be felt through many a tribe and nation, over vast districts; sustaining missions, and accelerating the movements of traders, travelers, and civilizers, and furthering all the purposes and plans of improvement.

For these reasons, sir, I rejoice in this movement. I have the largest expectations of good and beneficence from its operations. I have the most thorough conviction of its need, its wisdom, and its practicality. At the same time I am not sanguine enough to suppose that all its grand results will be immediate, or that it can arrive at all its gracious ends void of disaster. In a large scheme like this, obstacles are sure to arise. Difficulties, complications, nay, even death may be expected. Just such melancholy issues are always to be looked for in every vast and comprehensive scheme of benevolence.

But I feel that this is the grand, final, effective effort, which will usher in the regeneration of that continent. And if it do but succeed, then the dawn of her civilization shall be seen at an early period, in all her quarters. Schools for little children shall be filled, their eager, joyous minds craving the enlightenment which comes from letters. Agriculture shall change the wild surface of vast regions of the most fertile lands, with a most marvelous easiness, and turn them into Edens of

productiveness and wealth. TRADES and HANDICRAFT shall be introduced among millions of unemployed people, thus replacing comfort and personal property for degradation and barbarism. COMMERCE shall bear the crude, untold wealth of the tropics to foreign lands, and bring back in return the costly fabrics, the improving machines, and the civilizing commodities which impel a people along the lines of superiority and elevation. ART shall multiply its blandishments,

"To soften the rude and calm the boisterous."

And far above them all, RELIGION shall exert its regenerating influence in millions of souls, changing everywhere the face of society; building up families, reconstructing nations, diffusing the blessings of peace, giving universal freedom to millions of slaves, elevating woman, and erecting the spires of churches on every hill-top and through all the valleys of that benighted continent.

It was a remark of the great William Pitt: "We may live to behold the nations of Africa engaged in the calm occupations of industry, and in the pursuit of a just and legitimate commerce; we may behold the beams of science and philosophy breaking in upon their land, which at some happier period, in still later times, may blaze with full lustre, and joining their influence to that of pure religion, may illuminate and invigorate the most distant extremities of that immense continent."

This brilliant vision never met the eyes of the great British statesman, nor any of his contemporaries. It has been postponed to an era far distant from his day

and time. But, sir, only let this grand movement be fully carried out, and I believe that there are people of this present generation who shall witness this noble imagination realized along the whole line of the coast of Africa and throughout all its broad central regions.

COMMON SENSE IN COMMON SCHOOLING.

A Sermon, preached in St. Luke's Church, Washington, D. C., September 13th, 1886.

SERMON.

That the soul should be without knowledge is not good.—Prov. 9: 12.

TO-MORROW morning we shall witness the reopening of the public schools and the beginning of another year's school session. As the training and instruction of our children is a matter of very great interest and importance, I am glad of the opportunity to say a few words upon the whole subject of Common-School education.

I need not pause to explain the special significance of the text. It is so plain and apparent that even the youngest can readily take it in, and you, who are their elders, have years ago become familiar with its point and power.

It has had during the last few years a special and peculiar influence upon *us* as a people. Rarely in the history of man has any people, "sitting in the region and shadow of death"—a people almost literally enveloped in darkness—rarely, I say, has any such people risen up from their Egyptian darkness with such a craving for light as the black race in this country.

It has been almost the repetition of the Homeric incident:—

> **Dispel this gloom—the light of heaven restore—**
> **Give me to see, and Ajax asks no more.**

Almost universal ignorance was the mental condition of the race previous to emancipation. Out of millions of people, not more than 30,000 were allowed an acquaintance with letters. To-day, hundreds of schools are in existence, and over a million of our children are receiving the elements of common-school education.

The point of interest in this grand fact is that this intellectual receptivity was no tardy and reluctant faculty. Albeit an ignorant people, yet we did not need either to be goaded or even stimulated to intellectual desire. There was no need of any compulsory laws to force our children into the schools. No; the mental appetite of the Negro was like the resurrection of nature in the spring-time of the far northern regions. To-day, universal congelation and death prevail. To-morrow, the icy bands of winter are broken and there is a sudden upheaval of dead, stolid rivers. The living waters rush from their silent beds and sweep away formidable barriers, and spread abroad over wide and extensive plains.

This craving of the appetite for letters and knowledge knows no abatement. Everywhere throughout the nation there still abides this singular and burning aptitude of the black race for schools and learning.

I am proud of this vast and ardent desire of the race; for the brain of man is the very first instrument of

human achievement. Given, a cultivated and elastic brain, and you have the possibility of a man, and, with other qualifications and conditions, the probability of almost a demi-god. Take away the trained and cultivated intellect, and you get the likelihood of an animal, and, possibly, of a reptile.

But while I rejoice in the wide spread of lettered acquaintance among us, I cannot close my eyes to a great evil which has been simultaneous with the increase of our knowledge. This evil is becoming so alarming that I feel it a duty to call the attention of both parents and children to it. The evil itself I call Disproportion! It is that which we mean when we have an excess of somewhat that is pleasing, with a loss of what is convenient and substantial. We are all apt then to say that it is "*too much of a good thing*." The like one-sidedness discovers itself among us in our common-school education. Too many of our parents are ruining their children by this error.

They crave an excess of one kind of education, and at the same time neglect important elements of another and quite as important a kind. This sad fact suggests as a theme for consideration to-day "COMMON SENSE IN COMMON SCHOOLING." The subject presents itself in the two topics, *i. e.*, the *excess* and the *defect* in the training of our youth.

(1) Education as a system in our day divides itself into two sections, which are called, respectively, the higher and the lower. The former pertains to classical learning, *i. e.*, Latin and Greek, Science, and Art, in

which latter are included music, drawing, and painting. It is with regard to the higher education that I feel called upon to express my fears and to give my counsel.

I fear we are overdoing this matter of higher learning. Everywhere I go throughout the country I discover two or three very disagreeable and unhealthy facts. I see, *first* of all, (*a*) the vain ambition of very many mothers to over-educate their daughters, and to give them training and culture unfitted for their position in society and unadapted to their prospects in life. I see, likewise, too many men, forgetful of the occupations they held in society, anxious to shoot their sons suddenly, regardless of fitness, into literary characters and into professional life. This is the first evil. (*b*) Next to this I have observed an ambition among the youth of both sexes for æsthetical culture; an inordinate desire for the ornamental and elegant in education to the neglect of the solid and practical. And (*c*), thirdly, to a very large extent school children are educated in letters to a neglect of household industry. Scores of both boys and girls go to school. That is their life business and nothing else; but their parents neglect their training in housework, and so they live in the streets, and during the first twelve or fourteen years of their life are given to play and pleasure. And (*d*), lastly, our boys and girls almost universally grow up without trades, looking forward, if they do look forward, many of them, to being servants and waiters; and many more, I am afraid, expecting to get a living by chance and hap-hazard.

Doubtless some of you will say that the colored people are not the only people at fault in these respects; that the American people, in general, are running wild about the higher culture—are neglecting trades and mechanism, and are leaving the more practical and laborious duties of life to foreigners. Grant that this is the case; but it only serves to strengthen the allegation I make that we, in common with American people, are running into an excessive ambition for the higher culture to the neglect of industrial arts and duties. I go into families. I ask parents what they are preparing their children for, and the answer I frequently receive is: "Oh, I am going to send my son to college to make him a lawyer, or the daughter is to go to the East or to Europe to be made an accomplished lady." Not long ago I met an old acquaintance, and, while talking about the future of her children, I inquired: "What are you going to do with—I will call him 'Tom?'" Tom is a little fellow about fourteen years old; by no means a genius; more anxious about tops and taffy and cigarettes than about his books; never likely, so far as I can see, to set the Potomac on fire. Her answer was that his father proposed sending him to college to make him a lawyer. On another occasion I was talking to a minister of the Gospel about his daughters, and *he* was anxious to send his two girls to Belgium to be educated for society! Not long ago an acquaintance of mine told me that his sons should never do the work he was doing. He was going to educate one to be a doctor, another to be a lawyer, and

the third he hoped to make a minister. I must give him the credit that when I had pointed out the danger of ruining his sons by this over-education, and that this sudden rise from a humble condition might turn them into lazy and profligate spendthrifts, he listened to me, and I am glad to say he took my advice. He is now giving them his own trade, and I think they are likely to become quiet and industrious young men.

Let me not be misunderstood. I am not only *not* opposed to the higher culture, but I am exceedingly anxious for it. We *must* have a class of trained and superior men and women. We *must* have cultured, refined society. To live on a dead level of inferiority, or to be satisfied with the plane of uniform mediocrity, would be death to us as a people.

Moreover we need, and in our blood, the great molders and fashioners of thought among us. To delegate the thinking of the race to any other people would be to introduce intellectual stagnation in the race; and when thought declines then a people are sure to fall and fade away.

These, then, are the most sufficient reasons for a large introduction among us of the highest training and culture. But this is no reason or excuse for disproportion or extravagance. Culture *is* a great need; but the greater, wider need of the race is industry and practicality. We need especially multitudinous artizans, and productive toil, and the grand realizations of labor, or otherwise we can never get respect or power in the land.

And this leads me next to the other topic viz., the employments and occupations of industrial life. Here we encounter one of the most formidable difficulties of our civil life in this country. The state of things in this regard is an outrage upon humanity! And I protest, with all my might, against the mandate of the "Trades' Unions," which declare "You black people must be content with servant life!" I say that this race of ours should demand the right to enter every avenue of enterprise and activity white men enter. They should cry out, too, against our exclusion from any of the trades and businesses of life. But with all this remember that no people can *all*, or even many of them, become lawyers, doctors, ministers, teachers, scholars! No people can get their living and build themselves up by refined style and glittering fashion or indulgence in bellelettres.

No people can live off of flowers, nor gain strength and robustness by devotion to art.

And it is just this false and artificial tendency which is ruining colored society almost everywhere in the United States. It is especially so in the large cities. The youth want to go to school until they are nineteen or twenty years of age. Meanwhile, the book-idea so predominates that duty and industry are thrown into the shade. Mothers and fathers work hard to sustain their children. After awhile the children look with contempt upon their unlettered, hard-handed parents, and regard them as only born for use and slavish toil. Is this an exaggeration? Have you not seen some of

those fine young ladies, whose mothers sweat and toil for them in the wash-tub or cook in the kitchen, boasting that they can't hem a pocket handkerchief or cook a potato? Have not you seen some of these grand gentlemen who forget the humble parents who begot them, forget the humble employments of those parents, turn up their noses at the ordinary occupations of the poor race they belong to, and then begin the fantastic airs of millionaires, while they don't own ground enough to bury themselves in?

You say, perchance, "Such girls and boys are 'sillies,'" and that their brainless folly is no reason why the higher education should not be given in all the schools. It is just here I beg to differ with you. I maintain that parents should exercise discrimination in this matter. They have no right to waste time and expense upon incapable girls and boys. They have no right to raise up a whole regiment of pretentious and lazy fools to plague society and to ruin themselves. They have no right to send out into the world a lot of young men and women with heads crammed with Latin, Greek, and literature; with no heart to labor; with hands of baby softness; interested only in idleness, and given to profligacy and ruinous pleasure. And just this, in numerous cases, is the result of this ambitious system of education in this land. We are turning out annually from the public schools a host of fine scholars, but not a few of them lazy, inflated, senseless, sensual! Whole shoals of girls bating labor, slattern in habits, and at the same time bespangled

with frippery, devoted to dress, and the easy prey of profligate men! And lots of young men utterly indifferent to the fortunes of their families and the interests of their race; not thoughtless and heedless, like foolish girls, but scores of them thoroughly unprincipled and profligate!

They live for to-day, but the life they live is for sensual delight, and the culture they have gained is spent in skillful devices to administer to the lusts of the flesh. This I am constrained to say is the result of the higher education in well nigh half of the colored youth who graduate from high schools and colleges, and it is ruinous to our people.

You ask me the remedy for this great evil. My answer is by avoidance of the excess which I have pointed out and the adoption of the ordinary common-school education. Shun disproportion. Hold on to the higher education, but use it only in fit and exceptional cases. If you have a son or a daughter burning with the desire for learning, give that child every possible opportunity. But you see the condition I present, viz., that it *burns* with intellectual desire. But how often is this the case? The difficulty in the matter is that parents themselves are to blame for the miscarriage of their children's education. Everybody now-a-days is crazy about education. Fathers and mothers are anxious that their children should shine. However ordinary a boy or girl may be, the parents want them to be scholars. The boy may be a numbskull, the girl a noodle. The fond parent thinks the child a prodigy;

stimulates its ambition, gives it indulgence, saves it from labor, keeps it at school almost to its majority, and then, at last, it finds out that the child has no special talent, dislikes labor, is eager for pleasure, dress, and display, is selfish and cruel to its parents, unable to earn its own living, and expects father and mother to drudge for its support and vanity. I am sure that you all know numerous cases of such failure and ruin.

And it all comes from a neglect of a few plain common-sense rules which belong naturally to the subject of education.

Let me briefly set before you some of these rules:

First of all, sècure for your children an acquaintance with reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography. When well grounded in these studies, which is ordinarily at 12 or 13, then ascertain whether your children are fitted for the higher branches. If you yourself are educated, form your own judgment; if not, get the advice of a well-qualified friend, or the opinion of your minister, or take counsel of the child's schoolmaster. If convinced that the child gives promise of superiority, keep it at school, give it the best opportunities, and labor hard to make your child a thorough scholar.

(2.) On the other hand, if you find your child has but ordinary capacity, take it from school and put it at an early day to work. If you don't you will not only waste time but you are likely to raise up a miserable dolt or a lazy dandy. Such a child, brought up to fruitless inactivity, dawdling for years over unappreciated culture, will, likely as not, never want to work

for his living, may turn out a gambler or a thief, and in the end may disgrace your name or break your heart. Don't keep your children too long at school; don't think too much about the book and so little about labor. Remember that the end of all true education is to learn to do duty in life and to secure an honorable support and sustenance.

And here (3) let me press upon you the importance of training your children in industrial habits *at home* during the period of their school life. Going to school should never prevent a girl from learning to sew, to cook, to sweep, bed-making, and scrubbing the floor; nor a boy from using a hammer, cleaning the yard, bringing in coal, doing errands, working hard to help his mother, or to assist his father. Home work, moreover, is the natural antidote to the mental strain, and ofttimes the physical decline which, in these days, comes from the excess of study, which is the abnormal feature of the present school system.

From labor health, from health contentment flows.

If you begin your child's school life by the separation of books and learning from manual labor, then you begin his education with poison as the very first portion of his intelligent life! He had better a deal be ignorant and industrious than lettered and slothful, and, perchance, a beggar! Laziness and learning are as incongruous as a "jewel in a swine's snout," and few things are so demoralizing to the young. Witness the large numbers of lettered youth and young men, fresh

from schools, academies, and colleges, who fill the jails and prisons of the country, and then think of the large and more skillful numbers outside who ought, in justice, to be companying with those *within*. Nothing is more contemptible than the crowds of these dandaical "Clothes-bags,"—for they deserve no better title, one sees in our large cities, who have, indeed, the varnish of the schools and literature, but who lack common sense, full of vanity and pretense, poisoned with lust and whisky, and, while too proud and too lazy to work, get their living by vice and gambling. This abuse of learning, however, is not confined to men. Alas! that it must be acknowledged, we have all over the land scores of cultured young women in whose eyes labor is a disgrace and degradation, who live lives of lazy cunning or deception, or plunge determinedly into lust and harlotry. And the poor old fathers and mothers who toiled so painfully for their schooling, and hoped such great things for their daughters, have been cast down to misery and despair, or else have died broken-hearted over their daughters' shame and ruin. And in every such case how sad the reflection: "O, that I had been wise with my child! O, that I had scouted her false notions about style and elegance! O, that I had been more anxious to make her industrious and virtuous! Then all this anguish and distress would never have fallen upon me!" Such cases of folly have their lessons for all of us who are parents. May Almighty God make us both wise in our generation, and prudent and discreet with our children.

The words I have spoken this day have sprung from two or three deep convictions which I am sure are thoroughly scriptural and true, and which, I think, may rightly close this discourse:

1. The first of these is that children are neither toys nor playthings, such as are embroidery and jewels and trinkets. They are moral and spiritual beings, endowed with conscience and crowned with the principle of immortality. You may toy and play with your trinkets, but you are accountable to God for the soul, the life, the character, and the conduct of your child. Hence duty and responsibility are the two paramount considerations which are to be allied with the entire training of your children, whether at home or in their school life.

2. Children are trusts for the good and health of society and the commonwealth. The law don't allow you to poison the air with filth and garbage, and for the simple reason that as a householder you are a trustee for your fellow-creatures. But in the regards of your children you are, in a far higher sense, a trustee for your fellow-creatures around you. What right have you to send forth from your threshold a senseless fool, full of learning it may be, but with no sense, no idea of responsibility for anybody, impudent to old people, a rowdy in God's Church, a rioter, a gambler, a rake? Ought not the culture you have toiled to give him serve to make him modest, a mild-mannered man, a stay to his humble toilsome parents, a useful man in society, a thrifty and productive citizen in the community? And

was it not your duty, all his life long, to strive to realize such a large and high-souled being as the fruit of your family life and training?

Or, if perchance it is a girl, what right have you to send forth into the world a lazy, impertinent creature, bedecked and bejeweled indeed; full, perchance, of letters and accomplishments, but with no womanly shame; brazen with boldness; lazy as a sloth, and, yet, proud, pretentious, crazy for ruinous delights; swept away by animal desires; alien from domestic duties, and devoted to pleasure? Go to, now. Is this the fruit of your vineyard? When God and man, too, look that it should bring forth grapes, will you only thrust upon us such wild grapes?

You have no such right! You are a trustee for society, and you should take a pride in rearing up ornaments for society—"Sons," as the psalmist describes them, "who may grow up as the young plants;" "daughters, as the polished corners of the temple." Just such, I am proud to say, as I see in many of your own families in this church, whose children are intelligent, scholarly, and, at the same time, virtuous, modest, obedient, and industrious. God's holy name be praised for such children, such parents, such godly families! May God, for Jesus' sake, multiply them a hundred fold in all our communities!

3. Join to this, thirdly, the most solemn of all considerations, *i. e.*, that your children are the servants of the most high God. "All the souls are mine," says the Almighty. God made them and sent them into

the world. He it is who places living souls in the family, in human society, in the nation, in the church, for His own honor and glory. Not for mere pastime, for trifling, or for pleasure are human beings put amid the relations of life. We are all God's property—our children and ourselves—for God's service and His praise. Beloved, accept this grand prerogative of your human existence; train your children for godly uses in this world; train their minds by proper schooling; their bodies by industry; their immortal souls by teaching, catechising, and family devotion, so that they may glorify God in their bodies and their spirits; and then God will give you family order and success in this world; your children honor and blessing by the Holy Ghost; and everlasting light shall be the inheritance of your seed, and your seeds' seed from generation to generation on earth; and glory, honor, and peace, at the last, in the Kingdom of Heaven above!

Excellence,
an End of the Trained Intellect.

An Address to the Graduating Class of the High School, Washington, D. C., June 6th. 1884.

ADDRESS.

YOUNG LADIES: Two nations of antiquity have often in your school life been brought before you, distinguished respectively, the one for excellence and the other for practicality. The Greeks stand for in human history pre-eminently as the type of culture and refinement. The Romans, down to our day, are the standard of the practical, the people who surpassed all others in the expression of the principle of utility.

These two ideas may be taken as representing the two prime ends of human training and education.

You are now on your passage from the High School to the broader field and the more responsible duties of the Normal School. So well have you acquitted yourselves in this lower plane of study that the officers of these schools are glad to tender you the cordial invitation—"Come up higher!" And so the doors of a higher Academy stand open before you, its accomplished Principal both anxious and ready to welcome you. And here you will find the many facilities for gaining a wider acquaintance and a more advanced cultivation.

At just this stage of life it seems to me both fit and advisable, to call your attention to the fact, that excellence and utility are the special objects of your school life; and also to point out to you their relative place and importance.

I shall dwell but briefly upon the principle of utility, for the reason that it is not just now the immediate end of your training. There is a time for everything, and the wisdom of man in all ages has made *youth* the time of preparation as a means to a distant end.

If we wish to make our existence a full, complete, and rounded thing it becomes us to have everything in its own order. School life is first in order, a preparatory stage, which is both designed and fitted to reach over to active duty, by and by, in the relations of life. And although it is inevitable that we shall, please God we live, be busy workers in the trades, crafts, callings, service of human life, the very first thing for young people, is the proper moulding and fashioning of their nature and the training of their faculties, that they may gain such suppleness, force and endurance as may fit them for any and all the demands of duty and responsibility.

You will remember just here that utility, though somewhat crude and homely, compared with excellence, is the end and object of life. For doing duty, accomplishing work, applying knowledge to useful ends, carrying on enterprises in the world; all this is *the* work of life. And it is something wider, broader and higher than culture, grand, necessary and beautiful as culture

is. For utility in life is that which *must* be, even if we have to dispense with culture. And hence we see that although excellence is more beautiful, and has indeed the primary place, yet utility is the grander, for it is the necessary, nay the absolute, object of our being. Excellence is a means, an instrument. Excellence is that which gives finish, majesty, glory and strength to life in all its relations. But men can live without it. Men *have* lived without it; nay men have lived mightily, masterly, yes, even prodigiously without it. The colossal empires of the ancient world wrought without it, and made grand contributions to the sum of human good. Human history would be incomplete without the annals of such barbaric States as Assyria, Babylon and Egypt in the old world and the Aztecs in this. So, too, great men, devoid of excellence, men uncivilized and rude, have done nobly the work of life and left behind them abiding influences and lasting results. Great would have been the loss to humanity if such men as Constantine and Charlemagne and Peter the Great, and Touissant L'Ouverture had never lived.

And so you see that culture and refinement, although they be most valuable things, are not entirely indispensable to human advancement.

Nevertheless who will compare crude Babylon with the accomplished Greece? Who will put austere and unadorned Sparta beside polished Athens? Who will name El-Mahdi of the Soudan with Gladstone or our George William Curtis?

We cannot then reject utility. We cannot disregard the practical, for it contains the substance and reality of our life. Nevertheless we must extol, cherish and reach forth for excellence, not so much for itself, as for the facile use of powers it gives us in the duties of life; for the completeness which it bestows upon our being; for the skill it imparts to our faculties; for the finish, grace, and polish with which it will invest our life.

I have spoken in such general terms of excellence that perchance some may desire something more of definiteness concerning it. What, you demand, what do you mean by excellence?

Let me set before you the idea that fills my own mind in speaking of it. I mean by excellence that training by which the intellectual forces are harmoniously developed, and reason and imagination are given their rightful authority. I mean that discipline which enables one to command his own powers, and then to use them with ease and facility. I mean that style of education which puts us in the centre, and affords the soul the widest circumference of nature and humanity, of knowledge and letters. I mean that instruction which gives the faculties strength and skill, sharpness and dexterity, force and penetration. I mean that schooling which puts disdain within us for the gross and ignoble, and saturates our whole being with burning desires for things that are noble, lofty, and majestic.

The elements of this quality of excellence are *self-possession, exactness, facility, taste.*

I use the word *self-possession* more in its literal meaning than in the sense of usage. I mean by it that power which a true education gives one of holding, using, and managing his own faculties with a like facility with which a horseman uses his bridle, or a sailor the helm. Multitudes of well-learned people have neither the knowledge of their capacity nor command of their powers. Well freighted indeed with learning, they have never gained a clear acquaintance with their own forces nor of their fitness to definite ends. It is one of the highest of accomplishments for men to know their own inward resources; to know what they can do with those resources; to know just the way to do the work set before them; and to know how to do that work with skill and effect.

When I speak of *exactness* I refer to veraciousness. There is, it is true, no such thing as perfectness or infallibility of intellect. "Homerus dormit," says Horace. Shakespeare committed the greatest of anachronisms. Milton was slipshod in both his Scripture and theology. Even the accurate Macaulay made mistakes. Nevertheless all true scholarship ends in truth, from the simple recital of the numeration table by a five-year-old youngster to the calculations of an Adams or a Leverier. Accuracy and precision in your intellectual ventures are not only scholarly traits; they are virtues. They give assurance of character. Wherever they discover themselves people feel they can rely upon their possessors. It is not a matter of importance that you should remember everything, for that is an impossibility

for both angel and man. But if you will determine to know a few things, and to know them thoroughly, down to the point of nicety and precision, you will do a most masterly thing for your intellect, and you will be made effective in influence upon the minds of men. You will do well, therefore, to learn at an early day the value of accuracy. If you work out a problem see that it is done strictly in accordance with rule. If you memorize a poem, give it precisely as it was written, taking no liberties with the text. If you make an historical reference quote from the most truthful history. Be sure of your numbers in giving statistics. Strive to be accurate in dates. If you are studying science see that you are grasping facts, and not rely upon speculation and fancy. Don't come forth at any time slatternly, with a torn gown and slippers down at the heel. Be neat, tidy and thorough in all your intellectual duties.

Next in importance to accuracy comes *facility*. For, in this busy, stirring world where nobody waits for his neighbor, it is desirable that you should aim at a certain measure of quickness and celerity. Error moves with swift feet; and hence truth should never be lagging behind. She should always be first in the field. Cultivate, as much as possible, together with the habit of exactness, the other habit of promptness and speed. You *can* do it; any one can do it; for it depends not so much upon breadth and weight of intellect, as it does upon application and practice. Besides it is the nature of the mind to be alert in all its movements. The mind of man is instinctively, and by the laws of its

being, a Pegasus. It is then a work *not* against, but most strictly in *accordance with* nature, to carry on our mental operations with zeal and alacrity. The lines of Cowper are simple ones, but true and significant:—

> "How swift is a glance of the mind!
> Compared with the speed of its flight,
> The tempest itself lags behind
> And the swift-winged arrows of light."

And what Shakespeare says of the poet is true of every craft of the intellect:

> "The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
> Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven."

This is equally the case with the philosopher, the painter, the scholar, the sailor, the soldier, with *man* in all the estates of human life. Mind naturally is quick, rapid, lightning like in its movements.

With self-possession and facility I join *taste* as another element in the quality of excellence. And by taste I mean that "exquisite sense," to use the words of Greville, "which instantly discovers and extracts the quintessence of every flower, and disregards all the rest of it."

Taste is nothing more or less than a sensitive disdain of the rude and gross, and the deliberate and constant choice of grace and beauty, wherever they discover themselves. And this discovery is open to every one of us; but on the one condition, namely, that the mind itself is pure; for then its vision instinctively will fall upon the fair, the bright, and pleasing. Taste is the aptitude of the soul for fitness; its craving for the

perfect; its desire for the beautiful. It is both a natural and a cultivated gift; and hence it is an acquisition within the reach of every sensitive and aspiring soul.

I beg, young ladies, to press upon you all, the opportunities to secure excellence now in this fit time, which is given you in the days of your school life. This time comes once, and never comes again. Amid the busy whirl of life you cannot turn aside to get it. You know we would all laugh at the soldier who should run from the thick of the battle, to sharpen his sword. You can, indeed, do without the grace and finish of your powers; you can be rude, rough, unskilled women, yet be brave and good women too. But you can do better, everywhere in life, by the attainment of excellence. It is Blakie who says: "Beauty, which is the natural food of a healthy imagination, should be sought after by every one who wishes to achieve the great end of existence—that is to make the most of himself."

Strive to make something of yourselves; and then strive to make *the most of yourselves:* not in selfishness; not for vain display in society or in the world; but for a grand reason which I will at once declare to you. It is this: Because you have great powers. I don't know the capacity of any one of you girls. I have never heard, from any quarter, your standing as scholars. But you are human beings; and therefore I can say, if even you were the humblest of our kind, that you have great powers. You are responsible both for your powers of mind, and responsible for the training of them.

Therefore I say cultivate your powers. Bring them under discipline. Give them strength. Try and get for them elasticity and promptitude. Set Truth—whether in fundamental ideas, great generic principles, or grand axioms—set truth, most distinctly before you, as the proper food of the mind. Use books, literature, science, as the instruments and agents of the intellect; mindful, however, that our inborn faculties are greater than all the facilities of culture. For "studies," as Lord Bacon says, serve mainly "to perfect nature."

Join to this the remembrance that there is no essential divorce of the reason from the imagination; and while it is our duty to grasp everything solid and substantial for the intellect, yet

> "Beauty—a living presence of the Earth"—pervades the universe;
> "Waits upon our steps;
> Pitches her tents before us as we move
> An hourly neighbor—;"

is one of the most glorious gifts of God to our nature: —beauty as we see it at this glorious season, in clear skies, in trees, in flowers, in the emerald verdure of green fields, in laughing, running streams; beauty in art and culture and poetry; beauty deep in the human soul and in all its faculties; and that it is our privilege and rightful prerogative as immortal creatures to take it up wherever we find it, as our heritage and rightful prerogative, and to incorporate it with every element of our being; giving the glory and the adornment of it to every relation of life.

I congratulate you, young ladies, on your advancement to this stage of your studies. I beg to cheer and encourage you in the onward step you are about taking from this evening; and you have my warmest good wishes that superiority may attend you in this later period of your school life, and that in all after days grace, excellence and efficiency may be the fruits of your entire life.

RIGHT-MINDEDNESS.

An Address before the Garnet Lyceum, of Lincoln University.

ADDRESS.

GENTLEMEN: It gives me no little pleasure to come to this school of learning, and to see such a number of young men assembled here for the purposes of study. For I presume that the main and most inspiring impulse which has drawn you hither from so many quarters, has been your personal desire for knowledge. Not, I judge, from the impulses of pride, not from the stimulus of mere ambition, but, as I have every reason to believe, from that enthusiasm for letters which is a characteristic of your period of life; and, from strong devotion to your race, have you been brought to these halls and placed yourselves under these masters. And most fortunate do I regard it for any young men who find the current of their sensibility running in the stream of thought or imagination, or noble purpose.

Temporal and transitory regards sweep away the thousands. With multitudes, your period of life is one of mere passion. But how felicitous is *their* lot whose being is inspired by promptings which spring from the intellect! Happy the youth, I say, whose minds are inflamed by all the glowing aspirations which are ex-

cited by Poetry, Eloquence, History, and Scholarship! Happy the youth who prefer the simplest sip from the fount of intellectual delight, to the largest draughts of passion. The tiniest rill of literature is preferable to the broadest, strongest stream of delight and voluptuousness.

But even at the risk of seeming paradox, I wish to suggest to you, who are now, at the beginning of a scholar's life, that you have a long course to run; that on that course albeit you may find many a beauteous blossom, many a gorgeous flower, yet on the other hand, you will surely encounter many a rugged hill, and meet multitudinous thorns and briers. And therefore you will, at the start of life, make a serious, if not a fatal mistake if you suppose that the passionate desire, of even a literary nature, will remain a constant and abiding stimulus. I have not a word to say in disparagement of the enthusiasm of letters. I have already commended it. Nay more,—I would say to every one of you, hold on, as long as you can, to every stimulating impulse of your intellectual being; fan the flames of your mental desire as long as a single spark remains, vital and aglow. For all the passions of your nature have their place, and serve legitimate ends. But at the same time bear well in memory that zeal and enthusiasm are not primary qualities; that their functions are only secondary in the work of life; and that in their very nature, they are but transitory and ephemeral in their force and influence. At times when their importance is exaggerated; or when we are carried

along impulsively, under their spell; we find on our recovery, how delusive is their nature; and that if allowed full mastery over us—"They serve to bewilder and dazzle to blind." Gentlemen, all the great things in life come from a deeper source than the passions or sensibilities. When we seek physical growth, we turn to the muscle and fibre of our bodies, and try to feed and develope both. When we aim at moral strength we seek a basis in the most solid and abiding region of our nature. Even so it is with the intellectual life. Your aim I apprehend is the upbuilding of your mental faculties. You desire espccially to strengthen and invigorate the endowments of mind which God has given you; for the specific value of such faculties, as also for the advantages which the processes of training may afford you. With these convictions of your purposed life, it is possible that I may somewhat serve you, to-day, if I attempt to point out the great truth that you can't depend upon mere impulse for these grand ends. Besides enthusiasm you need other higher qualities. To one of these I wish to call your attention to-day. I refer to that grasp upon one's intellectual powers which gives men facility and command in the spheres of life. I may venture to call it "Right-mindedness." As these are conditions of our physical powers, which fit us for large activities and which we call health; as there is such a thing in the moral life, as rectitude, so we may assume that there is such a thing as the rectitude and integrity of our intellectual faculties, and which I may call RIGHT-MINDEDNESS. How may we attain it?

First of all, then, I would suggest that you accustom yourselves to fall back upon the mind itself as a main instrument and agency to the end desired.

Many are disposed to seek the aids and facilities for mental growth in objects external to themselves. In our day, especially, lectures, magazines, the newspapers, and books, are the common reliance of most intelligent people. Perhaps it is no exaggeration to say that the vast majority of persons who have a reputation for sense and acquaintance have thrown their minds implicitly upon authority. We see this dependence more especially in the use of books. It is a very rare thing to find persons whose master convictions have been evolved out of their own inward experience, or from the anxious struggles of their own minds. Most of the ideas we find afloat in society, come from the printed pages of some noted and sometimes *inferior* authors. What with the mere delight of reading: with the stores of information they bring us; with the facial facilities of memory; what wonder that the mind, almost imperceptibly to itself, strives to avoid the strain and tug of its own muscle; and to rest content in the flimsiest self-satisfaction, and in effortless repose! What wonder then if the tendency becomes an abiding one to run away to this seeming fountain of excellence, to that deposit of fancied wealth; instead, first of all, falling back upon, and looking deeply (to use the lines of Wordsworth,)

> "Into our minds, into the mind of men
> Our haunt and the main region of my song."

It is not a legitimate inference from this that we are to repudiate these various means of culture, and give up the use of books. The proper conclusion would seem to be that, in the training of the intellect, we should put things in their proper order. The natural, manifestly is the first in order. Our own forces were antecedent to all the supplementary agencies of culture.

The inference, without doubt, is that while we use all available facilities for our mental upbuilding, it is the part of wisdom to depend chiefly, upon the natural powers with which we are gifted.

It is for these reasons, if I do not err, that mental science ranks so high in the schools: especially because it helps to set before us the anatomy of our intellectual being; and aids us, by introspection, to a view of the whole apparatus of our faculties. Some way or other we must secure this knowledge; or, otherwise, there is no possibility of effectiveness in the work of life. You know that in the handicraft of society, the very first step to efficiency is the conscious possession of powers. Not a trade can be plied without this; not a business be carried on. If you wish to make a carpenter, or a blacksmith, out of your apprentice, he must, first of all, be aware of having hands; and *then*, of their capacity; of their adaptedness to specific ends; and then get a knowledge of his tools, and of their uses. It is precisely so with regard to that other higher craft of the brain, to which, as students, you are more especially called. In this vocation one prime endeavour must be to know yourselves; know

your faculties; know their quality; know their functions. Brains, is the first knowledge; brains as a power, and instrument; *before* books.

This is the starting point of all intellectual enterprise. You must know your grandest implement. "It is in me and it shall come out" was the cry of Sheridan, after a miserable failure in the House of Commons. Here was that possession and consciousness of power which, was a real thing within him; and which is the very beginning of all successful endeavour. It is hardly possible to overvalue this conviction and assurance. Observation of the widest kind *is* a necessity. The grasp of every sort of knowledge is desirable. Learning and erudition are grand appliances: but neither science however profound, nor learning however accurate, nor erudition however deep; nor observation however wide can suffice for that inward spirit of intelligence which at once vitalizes, measures, and interprets all the facts and realities which come to the consciousness of man.

These other acquisitions have their uses; but I apprehend that the force and impress of men in this world come from the direct energy of their own native powers; and that all real success in life springs from that inward might which we exert upon society. They may have had learning; but this has been the aliment on which they have fed for the nourishment of inward powers; the agents they have used to strengthen living faculties. It is personal force which tells; it is the man himself who is felt in every real work which is undertaken in this world; not only in the spheres which are purely

intellectual; but also in those too which meet the sense; whether it is building a Church, or, erecting a fort; or, uprearing, solidly and enduringly a colossal dock. Men do indeed need the advantages of culture in all the vocations of life; but your master need is yourself; the consciousness, *not* over-consciousness of your own powers and capacity; the thorough apprehension that you are able to gauge the work before you; and that your forces are superior to the accidents which hang around them. And this quality of intellectual selfhood, is to be mingled with all your work, and should be its main characteristic.

It is this personal element which differences the abiding things from the merely factitious and ephemeral. When you examine the lives and works of the great men whose names shine upon the historic page this characteristic is observable. We may divide these names into two classes, *i. e.*, (*a*) the names of men not so much distinguished for learning, as for intellectual might; and then (*b*) a large class, brilliant, as well, for the richness and the vastness of their acquirements, and the glow of their refinement. Such men as Homer, Socrates, and Plato, stand most pre-eminent among the former. The age in which they lived shut them off from the almost boundless realm of letters which printing in our day yields even to excess. It is evident nevertheless that their names rank as high as any of the grand thinkers in more modern times. Everywhere in literature, among statesmen, philosophers, orators, scientific men and poets, we see their influence, im-

press, and power. Everywhere they are spoken of as authority; they tower above ordinary men, as kings.

And yet their one main characteristic is that strong personal element, which permeates everything they wrote. When we read, for instance, the Dialogues of Plato, or the History of Tacitus, or the grand Poems of Homer, we are struck with the freshness and power in them. We feel the force of great original might. It is somewhat as though some strong personal force was acting upon our inward nature, a force which we could not possibly resist, and which indeed we would be loath to escape, or, in any way to separate from us.

Then, next, when we turn to the very eminent men whose rich, original genius is everywhere made resplendent by the opulence of their learning, and studded with the pearls and diamonds of the grandest scholarship; when we look, I say, upon *their* brilliant pages; that which more especially shows the brilliancy of letters, shows still more that force of inward might to which I have been referring.

In reading, for instance, the works of great modern literatures, poets, scholars, critics, orators; such men as Dante, Milton, Southey, Coleridge or Ruskin, or, Burke; the largess of scholarly wealth, the prodigality of learning is as much a surprise as a delight. But far more surprising is the SPIRIT of such writers. Their works seem a revelation of their very soul-life. And indeed all the great and lasting works of men get their characteristic, not so much from learning; but from the element of individuality which permeates them.

Learning and culture are great factors; but personal power is *the* force which gives reputation and authority.

2. Another great auxiliary to the integrity of your intellectual being is DISCIPLINE. It is, moreover a corrective to all mere impulse or spontaneity. You will find it also a grand instrumentality to both self-mastery and all effectual endeavour.

"I keep under my body" says Saint Paul. By this, doubtless the Apostle meant, that as a helmsman stands at the wheel, and holds under his mastery, the bulky vessel beneath his feet, with all her prodigious freight and cargo;—turning her, with ease, whithersoever he wishes; so he kept his body, with its appetites and passions under command. The like authority is possible, and is a necessity over our intellectual faculties.

The true scholar should endeavour to get the same control of his mental endowments, which a well-organized and rightly-trained man has over his body. For our minds are instruments as well as our physical members. The intellect is not the man. Back of all our faculties, physical, mental and moral, resides one great commanding, central quality, man's personality; which regulates and uses all the powers of our nature, whether inward or outward, for its own ends.

"My mind to me a kingdom is,"

is the line of a well known poem, but the man himself is the sovereign in that kingdom. One great purpose of the training of educational institutions, is to give us this sway over our powers. And that training is the best which is at once so facial and effectual that it puts

us in possession of our several capacities. The process by which this is effected is termed—discipline.

This discipline may be regarded in two aspects. First, in the light of control and subjection to our will.

And doubtless you have observed men of ordinary capacity, as well as those endowed with extraordinary gifts, who held their faculties under their control; who possessed themselves, and were not possessed by any of their powers: On the other hand we have all seen, at times, even geniuses who were deficient in this attainment. The result in their respective cases has been as marked, as the broad contrast between their abilities. Your clever maladroit, undisciplined genius, most commonly proves a failure, albeit, richly freighted with endowments. On the other hand, your ordinary character, well trained and regulated, plods on with system, to superiority, perchance to eminence. The difference arises from the fact that the one man, largely gifted, lacked the mastery of his powers; the other, with but moderate forces, has learned to possess himself.

It is this mastery of our faculties which is one half of achievement in life. There can be no right-mindedness without it. No man, without it, save as a matter of mere luck, can look forward to success. It is in our mental struggles, as it is in our physical; everything depends upon the skillful, nay almost unconscious handling of the muscles and sinews.

I remember an incident that took place once in London. A young sprig of fashion from the West End, tall, slender, almost boyish in his build; was insulted

by a great burly coal-heaver,—a man over 6 feet in height; weighing more than 200 lbs. and carrying a fist as big as an ox's hoof. The young dandy put the reins of his horse into his servant's hands; jumped from his Gig, and pitched into the giant. Everyone thought the gentleman would have been killed. If the coal-heaver could have closed in with him, he would have eaten him up in a moment. But in as brief time as I have been telling the story, the gentleman had smashed the fellow's face to pieces, and left him sprawling, on the ground. I believe you young gentlemen call that sort of thing *science*.

The secret of his success lay in the force of an Aphorism of Dr. Arnold—"Discipline is superior to enthusiasm." You will find it, with a most interesting illustration, in his "Lectures on History;" a volume, which you will do well to possess yourselves of, and to read with care and diligence.

Now the practical bearing of my words may be taken, in this way:—Some of our faculties are naturally stronger than others. In some persons, imagination preponderates; in others, Reason or Judgment. Some have a mathematical tendency; and others again linguistic. Our natural proclivities incline to our taste and tendency, and lead to the cultivation of the more masterful powers. And this you will observe is itself a proneness to that spontaneity, which though easy and agreeable to inclination, makes us rather the creatures of propensity; instead of giving us self-control. Now I say that we should guard ourselves against the

abnormal, and absorbing self-concentration of any single faculty.

We should seek the training and education of our whole nature. That is not a true real system of education which is one-sided. I would therefore urge upon you that *that* mental training is defective which leaves entirely neglected certain distinct provinces of the intellect. Unfortunately this is not unseldom the case. Men with one idea; men mastered by special and peculiar theories; men swept away by prodigious acquisitions in one single line, but babes, in even some of the simpler elementary branches, are met with in all circles, and in all countries. There are more Dominie Sampsons in real life than were ever begotten in fiction.

Now while it is evident that there can be but few of the princes of learning, the men who with eagle glance sweep the whole horizon of letters and science, who with equal ease and facility, turn at will, and with masterful power, to any department of learning or erudition; yet we should remember that we all possess, in a measure, precisely the same faculties which the grandest geniuses have owned; that there is no redundancy and prodigality in the gifts of God to man; that the possession of powers always involves a commission to use them.

Such gifted men as I have referred to are the rarest. Such extraordinary capacity as they exhibited is exceptional. Even to attempt the dizzy heights where they climbed, and to tread the lofty plains where they

walked with composure, would be only to exhibit our folly, and to ensure our ruin.

And yet, in one respect, they *are* examples to us. Within certain limitations we may imitate them: for they show certain possibilities of the intellect which every man is bound to recognize; they discover to our view the wide range of human capacity; they evidence the amazing power of cultivation; they exemplify the duty of cultivating the whole group of faculties with which God has endowed us. While therefore you will recognize your inability to tread the highest planes of achievement; while you may elect to ascertain your own special aptitudes in the field of study; be careful to bend yourself to the cultivation, in some degree, of *every* power and every faculty. There is nothing superfluous in the make-up of our intellectual being. Every talent is by nature, a necessity to the completeness and integrity of your system. Neglect of any gift is sure to beget anomaly and dissonance in your mental organization. All disproportion is sure to produce weakness and awkwardness.

The harmonious development of your capacities is the surest means for the attainment of that inward magistracy and rule; which puts a man at his ease; serves him with a quiet self-sufficing assurance and enables him to tread the path of life with undoubted strength and capacity.

Some of you perchance have a greater line of mathematical studies, with a distaste to languages. Some prefer Mental Science. And some again have a thirst

for languages; and turn with aversion, from both classics and science. We have various and diverse aptitudes. These aptitudes of men are valuable and suggestive. They are sign boards of duty. They are indications that these are naturally our special callings, the right arm of accomplishment, in our respective cases.

But don't be mastered by them, cultivate the very study you dislike. Bend your powers to the attainments to which you feel yourselves averse. Bridle your more masterful faculties. Put a rein upon mere self-asserting qualities; and stimulate to active duty the tardy and reluctant members, which lurk sluggish and inert, in dark and sequestered unconsciousness. No matter if your talents be small and meager; it is a matter of first-rate importance, that you should have them all at your disposal. For the mind, to use St. Paul's most apt imagery "is not one member but many," and those members which seem to be more feeble, are necessary. And those members which we think to be less honourable, upon these we bestow more abundant honour; and our uncomely parts have more abundant comeliness. For our comely parts have no need.

So in our intellectual system. All our faculties are, in some way, valuable and essential. They are all helps to usefulness, health and vigour; the less prominent and powerful, as well as the most commanding; and therefore more regard and pains should be spent upon the faculties which are lame, inert and of slender texture.

So shall you secure freedom and superiority in the region of the understanding.

I commend one further facility and expedient to the attainment of the rectitude of your intellectual powers. You will find all through life that both tone and elevation of mind will be your constant acquisitions, by accustoming yourselves to aims and objects of the highest character. No matter what may be your sphere in life; keep before you the ultimate ends, in the domain of thought. Habituate your intellect to the primary truths which appertain to the mind; and you will find, that not only will the narrow and the trivial become foreign to your thought, but that strength will be your constant and increasing gain.

For it is, in intellectual concerns, as it is in the sphere of religion and spirituality, the ultimate and the highest is the most ennobling. The Christian man has indeed to attend to all the petty and minute concerns of every day life. Things of the most ordinary character are the daily duties which he has to meet. But observe how the Church seeks ever to have her children mastered by a divine idea; and enjoins upon them to carry that idea, and to intermingle it, with the commonest affairs of life. "*Sursum Corda*" has been the call of the church, to her children from the earliest centuries. And in that branch of it, in which it is my privilege to minister, these two simple words, in the vernacular, are repeated every day at thousands of her altars; calling upon the faithful, not indeed to turn a deaf ear to duty, "stern daughter of the voice of God:"—not indeed to step

aside in pride and self-importance from the state of life into which it has pleased God to call us; but to meet every obligation, and to answer every responsibility; but even, "as in our great Taskmaster's eye." And so I say to you, if you wish to become men of might and effectiveness,—"Lift up your minds." However humble any of us may be, however ordinary and common-place in mind, our nature is prefigured after the universal; all the cardinal facts of the universe are the common heritage of humanity; all the prime ideas which pertain to the Godhead and to humanity, all the ground ideas and principles which abide in the realms of mind and spirit! The inferiority and degradation of the masses of men lies mostly in the fact that they are content to be unduly pressed by the laws of their lower nature.

If we are content with the earthly and the carnal, if we are engrossed with the sensible and material, then we shall surely eschew the heavens above, and lose sight of the stars of glory. But yet there remains for us all; man, the soul of man; the progress of humanity; the destiny of the race; the great unsettled questions of the spirit; the grand moral entities; the yet untried possibilities of culture; and far above these the majesty and eternity of God. No matter who or what you are, these themes are the prerogative of no exclusive aristocracy of intellect. They belong to man! They are always, in one way or another, forcing themselves upon the attention of man. It is only by closing the ears of the soul, or, by listening too intently to the clamors of

sense, that we become oblivious of their utterances; and suffer thereby the greatest soul-loss. If we only endeavour to lift ourselves up to these grand themes, and abide by them, small men indeed we may be, by nature; yet we shall, nevertheless, enlarge the measure of our own souls; we shall get a light which never streamed from stars or sun; and a power shall come into our innermost being, fitting us for the grandest purposes of existence.

—"These rules regard;
These helps solicit; and a steadfast seat
Shall then be yours among the happy;
Few who dwell on earth, yet breathe Empyreal air,
Sons of the morning!"

I have ventured to present this special train of thought, because you are coloured young men; and, as such, allied to a people whose special need, for a long while, will be strength. All history shows that when a new people come on the stage of action and commence the career of manhood, there is, and for no short period either, a very large demand made on them for union, for combination, for effective force, for demonstrated manhood, for manifest and indubitable strength. The conditions under which they commence the race of life imply weakness; and consequently they must needs husband all their resources, and be covetous of all possible might. And, for the simple reason that they themselves have got to work out their own salvation, to raise themselves to that equality, far in the future, which your dreamers would fain persuade you is a present possibility and an existent reality.

Your work then in life, young gentlemen, is most serious, and most burdensome. You have got to organize a people who have been living nigh 200 years, under a system of the most destructive mental, moral, and physical disorganization the world has ever seen. You have got to train a people to solid, sober and persistent thought; a people who have been accustomed for generations, to every seductive sensual inducement which might banish thought, and dissipate all the sober processes of the intellect. You have got to deliver from the thraldom of the flesh a vast population, who, for centuries, have been given over to the domain of sense, and the instincts of animal passion.

If any of you suppose you can enter on such a work as if it were the jousts of a tournament; as though your activities were to be like the tilting of Carpet Knights; then you have made one of the most serious of all possible mistakes; and you need an instant and most radical reconstruction of your convictions.

I have one other reason for the topic which I have presented to your consideration. I see, especially in the large cities, in many and wide circles, a strong tendency to cultivation and refinement. I see much accumulation of property, and the rising of a new generation of educated and cultivated persons. The youth of the present day are very many years in advance of their fathers. One marked and dangerous peculiarity however constantly betrays itself: the stream of tendency among cultivated coloured Americans is too exclusively *aesthetical.* There is a universal inclination to that

which is pleasing, polished and adorning. Where there is cultivation, it is mainly in poetry, music, fiction, private theatricals, the Opera. There is much elegance and real taste in house decoration; and dress is everywhere, and in a true sense of the term, a Fine Art. The mind of our people seems to be a hot-bed of rich, precocious, gorgeous and withal genuine plants:—and, if I mistake not, I discover in it all, that permanent *tropical* element which characterizes all the peoples whose ancestral homes were in the southern latitudes; and who may be called "children of the sun." I find no fault with this tendency. I regard it one of the most natural outgrowths from the soil of our African nature. Believe me there is nothing more abiding, nothing more persistent than race, and race peculiarities.

No people can be regarded as wise who look upon these tendencies as weeds; and who will strive rudely to pluck them up, and destroy them.

Whatever is natural, is, in its due measure, healthy and elevating. The aesthetical tendency is a grand and opulent capital wherewith to commence the work of responsible life and duty.

It serves, up to a certain point, to deliver a people from the control of the gross and vulgar. It gives, very considerably, the fine aptitudes, for the supersensual. And without doubt this same tendency, has been a large element in all human progress and development.

> "These polished arts have civilized mankind,
> Softened the rude and calmed the boisterous mind."

At the same time, I must say, that this love of the beautiful among our people shows all the signs of being but a mere possession. It looks like tendency; and but little else. I see, nowhere, any counterbalance of the hardier studies, and more tasking scholarship, which serve to give vigor, hardihood and robustness to a race. I discover nowhere distinctive end or aim in it.

"The river windeth at its own sweet will."

It is, so far as I can see, mere, unrestrained spontaneity; and spontaneity, valuable as it is, requires the restraints and limitations; which can only be furnished by the imperial faculties of the moral and mental nature, the Conscience and Reason. Just as the Mississippi with its vast volume and its boundless riches, flows on toward the Ocean; diffusing fertility through many a long league, and through broad far-reaching Empires; and yet, from the Prairie lands to the Ocean, has to be watched and guarded and kept within bounds; now, to be banked up; and now, to be drained of redundant waters; and now to be guided into new channels; and all, least the prodigality of its flow should serve to sweep away the gift of its own riches or bring on devastation in the very centres where it has given opulence and glory!

Now, young gentlemen, if you are to be leaders, teachers and guides among your people, you must have strength. No people can be fed, no people built up on flowers. Aesthetics, while indeed they give outward adornment, and inward delicate sensibility, tend but

little, in the first place, to furnish that hardy muscle and strong fibre which men need in the stern battle of life; nor, next, do they beget that tenacity, that endurance, that positive and unwavering persistence, which is the special need of a new people, running a race which they have never before entered upon; and undertaking civilizing achievements, from which their powers and capacities have been separate for long centuries.

Every thing in this work is new; and believe me, as *severe* as it is new. The past is forever gone; and it has no teachings either for the present or the future. Nowhere in our *American* history can you light upon any instructive antecedents. What was supposed to be fit and suitable to our Race under a past regime, we know now was but chaff and sawdust! Since then the breeze of nature has stirred within their souls; and now, life in all its departments, domestic, civil, political, religious and educational has stimulated a prodigious appetite which will brook neither denial nor delay. Their mental voracity will surely make the most enormous demands upon you; and if you trifle away your time here, or are pleased with a mental gewgaw or a silly rattle, when you go out in life, you will sink to the dimensions of a dwarf, and you will fall helpless and imbecile, before even the broken lance of a true knight.

I congratulate you, Young Gentlemen of the "Garnet Lyceum," on the grand opportunities of this University; I commend you most earnestly to a prudent, punctual, and most earnest cultivation of your advantages; and I trust that when you enter upon the active duties of life

you may be found possessed of so great self-command and such large resources, that you may tell powerfully, in your day and generation, for the elevation of your race, for the progress of science and learning; and for the glory of God!

The Dignity of Labour; and Its Value to a New People.

An Address before the "Working Men's Club."
Philadelphia, Pa., 1881.

ADDRESS.

THERE are two ways of knowing things in this world. The *one* is to know them in a crude, blind, uninformed and mechanical manner, *i. e.*, by the senses merely, and the bodily powers; somewhat as an animal knows a thing. This kind of knowing is altogether outward, and pertains mainly to our physical nature. But the *other* mode of knowing is the apprehension of principles and essences; the seeing into the very life of things; and the seizing upon the highest uses and advantages which they may offer.

Now, in just these two ways we can understand the fact and the principles of labour. The beasts of burden that toil in the fields and carry heavy loads, *they* understand what labour is. Void of reason though they be, they have nevertheless understanding. When trained, they know their places before carts and vehicles; know the times of service; know the routines of work; know how to fit themselves to severest tasks; come to know painstaking and endurance in their tasks and toil. But they don't know the full value of their labour; they don't know the skill whereby they might participate in the rich gains which their sweat and toil yield to their owners.

But the skill and cunning of men have enabled them to fall upon devices, whereby they have been able to reduce vast numbers of their fellow men to well nigh the same state and condition of the beasts of the field, and to lead them, almost blindly, to the same dull, laborious and animal-like endurance of mere bodily toil. Multitudes of men, in every land, know labour, in precisely the way domestic animals do. They know the mere physical toil, and all the accessories to it; know the severest tasks; know the iron routines of service; know the soulless submission and the slavish drudgery; but alas they have never come to know the dignity of labour; never been permitted to share its golden values, and its lofty requitals. And in this we may see the difference between enlightened labour, on the one hand; and unskilled and unenlightened labour on the other. Skilled labour knows its own value and contends for it. It knows *two* things: it knows (*a*) what labour *is*, in its excellence and glory; *not* as mere service and dredging, but as a creative power amid the divers materials of earth, clay, minerals, wood and stone; and (*b*) it knows too the values of all labour; *i. e.*, the noble worth and real merit which belong to the plastic and formative use of the trained hand and the cunning intellect of man. Unskilled and ignorant labour is wanting in both these respects. For 1st, it does not know in its best sense what labour is. For, divorced from the nobler results of toil, it can not see; it is *unconscious* of the dignity of labour; and digs and delves mechanically from necessity, or, compulsion, or

from mere animal impulse. Untrained and unenlightened, the hand is awkward, and the eye is blind.

There is no mingling of the active brain with strained exertion. No reaching over of the mind to the grand results which flow, in golden streams, from the sweated pours of labour.

And 2d, the deficiency of untaught labour shows itself in its unconsciousness of values. The rude untutored labourer does not know himself; does not know his powers; does not know the value of his powers; does not know the worth of his pains and toil and sufferings in labour; does not know the weight of every sweat-drop that bursts from his pores, and rolls, like beads, from his moistened brow. The wild Indian in the West hunts, day by day, for a few skins of animals. He sells them to a Trader for a simple gewgaw, or a jug of rum; but the Trader brings them East, and sells them for a sum which would have been a fortune to the whole tribe of simple Indians.

What makes the difference? The red man ran, day after day, amid exposure, without food, without shelter; with constant strain and effort of limb; but did not know the value of his labour, and parted with the fruit of his toil—for nothing! The Trader turns it into solid gold, and in a few years is a wealthy Capitalist. Ignorant labour is service and drudgery, and yields but bare subsistence. It takes but the slightest cognizance of the higher faculties of men, and pertains almost entirely to the animal of our nature. But skilled and enlightened labour, starts from the centre. Its spring

is the intellect. It runs continually in the orbit of human thought and skill. And it yields all the productive realities which serve body, mind and spirit; and which tend to the development of a high humanity.

Now, if I do not make a very great mistake, the former is the characteristic of the black labour in this country for two and one half centuries. It has been labour with the following most evident peculiarities:—It has been rude, untutored, unenlightened. It has been to a large extent, unmingled with brains and intelligence. It has been plodding mechanical, and very largely merely animal. It has been unskilled. It has been labour alienated, from dignity and manhood. It has been labour divorced from the grand ends, and the large and golden values, which are the legitimate product of human toil! Just here the question arises,—"are these characteristics to be perpetuated in our line and blood,—in all our future?" Is the labour of the black man in the time to come, to be a menial, boorish serfdom, spent only for food, and a dilapidated hut; unassociated with intelligence; without the adornment of competency, of superiority, and of art. Or, on the other hand, is it to be a joyous, remunerative and a fruitful system of toil, allied to everything manly and elevating, and yielding the grand products of comfort, improvement, intelligence, and domestic refinement. Doubtless there are sanguine minds here who, carried away by the seeming show of things, are ready on the instant to cry out to me—"Yes, the future of our labour is to be glorious! The past is dead and can never be

revived! Slavery is doomed, and all its fruits are withered, and blasted forever!"

But my friends *I* can't speak so confidently as some of you upon this question. I am indeed hopeful; but I have my apprehensions. When I look at the present condition of the black race in this country, I see serious and formidable obstacles which array themselves in their way, preventing, so largely, the securing of land, and the acquisition of wealth; I am sorely troubled with misgivings, least the opposing forces may so far prevail as to keep their labour, for a long period to come, inferior, servile and unremunerative.

Two special dangers threaten the race with respect to labour. *One* of these is the danger of a labour system, semi-servile in its nature, and feudalistic in its working; binding the labourer to service, but allowing him the slenderest interest in the soil, and when possible shutting him off from the ownership of land.

The actual state of things, all through the south, justifies my fears. There is evidently a very wide conviction in the southern mind that the special function of the black man is to be a humble tiller of the soil; the mere functionary of the old landed proprietor. In making this statement I intend nothing offensive. I am speaking of the legitimate tendencies of human nature. Emancipation, you will remember was a terrible dislocation, it broke up everything suddenly and disastrously. It was like the upheaval of the great deep, by an earthquake. It tore up the foundations of systems which had had the rooting of two centuries and

more. It left chaos on every side. The whites of the south felt it, and still feel it. All dislocations are injurious, and leave wounds and sorrows behind. They injure material interests, and they grievously confuse the brain. Herein lies the peril for the future. The old landed proprietor, bewildered as by an earthquake, mindful only of the past, unable to settle in the grooves of the future, holds on to the soil; holds on to his old notions as to the fit tillers of the soil; holds on to his old convictions of the natural place and destiny of the black race, as *the* tillers of the soil.

Hence arises the disposition, as by an instinct, to hold on to the soil, and to keep the black race from possessing it. "The Negro has no right to be a proprietor. He was born for service and for toil. If he does not know his place as a hewer of wood and a drawer of water, he must be taught it."

Now these convictions are the most natural conceivable. They are not the exclusive characteristic of southern gentlemen. Men of power and property act so everywhere. You will find the same sentiment among land owners in England; among planters in the West Indies; among manufacturers in New England; among proprietors in the East Indies; will you believe it? Yea, among black emigrants in Liberia surrounded by crude and ignorant pagans. Everywhere on earth men like to hold on to power; like to use their inferiors as tools and instruments; plume and pride themselves as superior beings; look with contempt upon

the labouring classes, and strive by every possible means to use them to their own advantage.

Indeed, it is generally the selfish instinct of Capital to regard the labouring man as fit for use; regardless of his comfort, his rights, and his well being, as a man, a citizen and an immortal being.

> "For why? Because the good old rule
> Sufficeth them, the simple plan,
> That they should take who have the power
> And they should keep who can."

But not only have these opinions and this past system been injurious to the whites, but they have seriously affected *us*, as a people. They have injured us in two diverse and opposite ways. For, first they have served to settle in the minds of large numbers of our race the idea that servitude *is* the normal condition of the black man. Two centuries of service in this land has thoroughly driven this idea into the souls of thousands of our people; so that you can find numbers of black men and black women who really think that they themselves are inferior because they are black; that the race was born for inferiority; and that they reach the highest state of honour when they become the servants of white men. These convictions have injured our race nearly as much in an *opposite* direction. They have bred the notion in another larger class, that labour is degrading; that superior people ought not to work; that as soon as one gets up a little in the world, soiled or horny hands, are vulgar and debasing; that those

who can get a little learning, should give up hardy toil and aim after something higher!

Let me lay down here a few principles which may help us, as a people, to settle upon a solid basis this most important subject for the future. And, in this attempt, I wish to speak intelligently and with an eye to practicality.

First of all then, let me urge the primary importance of recognizing the duty and dignity of labour. Very many things have served to disturb such recognition. All the usages of society, all the habitudes of life, all the instructions of superiors, have tended to fasten upon us the idea of the degradation of labour. We have been brought up under a most artificial system, wherein on the one hand, all the glory and the beauty of life have been associated with ease, luxury and mastery; and where all the toil, the drudgery, the ignorance and the suffering, have been allied to the Negro and to servitude. What sort of a school was this, in which to learn the dignity of labour? Nay, rather was it not the very condition in which to convince the whole race that labour was the grandest curse of humanity? We cannot unlearn this conviction too speedily. For the very first step in a people's temporal prosperity is the material one of self-dependence, of personal support, through toil. Not until a people are able, by their own activities and skill, to raise themselves above want, and to meet the daily needs of home and family, can they take the next great step to the higher cultivation which comes by letters, refinement

and religion; and which lifts them up to civility and power. The kernel of this higher cultivation is labour. Go back in the history of mankind, trace the progress of human culture from its earliest buddings, to its fullest blossomings and fruitage; in either Egyptian, or Eastern, or Grecian, or Roman civilization; and the same identical facts, and allied to them, the same identical principles show themselves in all human history.

1st, for the facts: The *facts* are these, namely, that regular, systematic and plodding toil, in all the diversified fields of human action, anticipated and lay at the base of all national greatness, in all the great empires. Everywhere we come to the sight of labour, in the fields, in the rivers, in the aqueducts, on the roads, in the navies, in the architecture, in the domiciles, in the temples, of these great peoples.

And 2d, the principle which is interfused in all these human endeavours is this,—viz., that toil and material greatness, sustain the abiding relation of cause and effect. Underlying all this grandeur and this glory of nations lies the solid fact, of all the multitudinous activities of men, in all the divers trades and occupations of life. It was a magnificent result, to which every hardy worker was a contributor. All the splendour of Athens or of Rome; in temples or senate houses, or bridges, or columns, or aqueducts, or baths; in vast empire, or extended commerce; was a gift bestowed by the brawny arms, and the vigorous frames of hardy, humble labourers.

None of these things come without labour. It is the grand creator of all things superior in the world. Without its presence, barrenness, rudeness, sterility prevail. But when labour comes upon the scene, then the wilderness with its gigantic trees and its forests of stubble, vanish from sight; then the rocks fall to dust, and the hills are unseated from their beds; then the valleys are filled up, and wasteful rivers are turned from their courses; then the useless herbage of the soil is swept away, and fields of corn and wheat wave their golden tassels, and invite the scythe and sickle of the reaper; then the wild confused face of nature departs; and is changed by rule and genius, into regulated surfaces, and the seats of orderly towns and villages; then the fitful wasteful labour of barbarism is changed into the systematic toil of the mechanic and the artizan; then the rude and barbarous life of the savage becomes subverted; and the stimulated desires and the cultivated wants of society, bring in civilization; then the rude bark and the dangerous canoe are rejected; and noble vessels strike out into the ocean for trade and commerce; then grand cities spring up into existence, and art and science and generous culture, and noble universities elevate society, and bring nobleness to the breed of men.

All these my friends are the direct and legitimate results of labour. The very first step from savage life to grand civility, is the throwing off the disorganized, irregular toil of the uncivilized man; and turning sharply, into the ways of systematic, orderly, regulated labour.

You thus see friends that the very first thing is labour. It is not, observe, a sleight-of-hand, or cunning artifice; or skillful ingenuity whereby gain, or advantage, or sustenance can come to you or me. It is labour whereby we are to get daily bread, and all the other accessories of sustenance and living. And this labour is a personal demand and requirement, as a means reaching over to an end. Don't listen for a moment to the too popular but lying adage—"The world owes every man a living." Wherever a debt is contracted there is always an antecedent equivalent which goes before the indebtedness. If—*if* I say, if the world owes you a living, labour goes before and anticipates the indebtedness. Labour, I say then, again—Labour is the first thing.

Turn now to another limitation. It is labour I am speaking of, not *drudgery*. Man has got tired of drudgery. He is not tired of labour. Everywhere he is willing to work; but he is dissatisfied with mere animal toil, and the bare subsistence which the lowly workers of life, all over the globe, have for centuries, been getting. The demand for freedom in Russia; the grand emancipations in the West Indies and America; the turbulence of the working classes in every European state and kingdom; the labour upheavals in our own country, all serve to show that the days of human drudgery are coming to an end. The labour world is craving for more rest; more time to read and think; more time for comfort and enjoyment; more time for home and family, and the reading room and the church.

Its battle now in our day is against DRUDGERY; not always a wise battle; but, nevertheless, a battle, and a protest against mere bodily toil divorced from the best desires and the nobler aspirations of the living soul. It is not a demand for indolence. Man is, by his constitution, a toiler. Every limb, every faculty, within and without calls for labour. All the necessities, requirements, appetencies, aspirations, desires, instincts, of both body and soul, not only fit him for, but *make* him a labourer.

So here, I repeat myself, viz.—that the very first thing is labour. This is the root, this is the foundation of all natural superiority in the world. It is the fountain of all excellency, power and mastery. It is the kernel of all human greatness. Nothing of might and majesty ever spring up in this world, which did not owe its origin and completion to labour.

Labour then is the most honorable, the most glorious thing in human society, and he who knows it not; he who refuses participation in it, is a nobody; I care not if he owns millions. Every man in the world is bound to be productive, in some definite way, by *labour;* or else he is a dead man or a dog!

We see too, from this, what a vulgar, what an insensible, what a brainless thing it is, in anybody, to despise work; and to look down upon labourers. Let me repeat just here the strong and pointed language of Carlyle:—"Two men I honour, and no third. First the toil-worn craftsman that, with earth-made implements, laboriously conquers the earth and makes her man's!

Venerable to me is the hard hand, crooked, coarse; wherein notwithstanding, has cunning virtue indefeasibly royal, as of the sceptre of this planet. Venerable too is the rigid face, all weather-tanned, besoiled with its rude intelligence; for it is the face of a man living manlike. Oh but the more venerable for thy rudeness and even because we must pity, as well as love thee! Hardly entreated brother! For *us* was thy back bent, for *us* were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed; thou wert our conscript, on whom the lot fell; and fighting our battles wert so marred! For in thee too lay a God-created form, but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of labour; and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on; thou art in thy duty, be it out of it, who may; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread.

A *second* man I honour, and still more highly: Him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable; *not* daily bread, but the Bread of life. Is he not too in his duty; endeavouring towards harmony, revealing this by act or by word, through all his outward endeavours, be they high or low? Highest of all, when his outward and his inward endeavours are *one*, when we can name him Artist,—not earthly craftsman only, but inspired thinker; that with heaven-made implement conquers heaven for us! If the poor and humble toil for him in return, that he have light, have guidance, freedom, immortality. These two, in all their degree, I honour; all else

is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth.

Unspeakably touching is it however, when I find both dignities united; and he that must toil outwardly for the lowest of man's wants, is also toiling inwardly, for the highest. Sublimer in this world, I know nothing than a peasant Saint, could such anywhere be met with. Such a one will take you back to Nazareth itself! Thou wilt see the splendour of heaven spring forth from the humblest depths of earth, like a light shining in great darkness!" *

You see in these words of Carlyle how he extols, first of all, the toiler in the fields, the bread-winner by agricultural labour; and rightly so. For farming, *i. e.*, the tilling of earth was the first of all human work. And well it would be for us, as a people, if *we* cherished large solicitudes for the labours of the fields. It is at once one of the simplest, purest, health-giving, independent, and lucrative of all employments. In every land, the farming people, the yeomanry of a nation, produce the staunchest, bravest, most hardy and virtuous part of the population. No nobler sons, no chaster more excellent women can be found in our land, than those who come from the rural districts.

Just this has been, for 200 years, the main employment of our race in this land; and it is a cause of deep regret to me that, since emancipation, hundreds and thousands of our people, partly through abuse and fraud, and partly from an injudicious choice, have de-

* Sartor Resartus.

serted the labour of the land, to seek the temporary and uncertain employments of cities. How desirable it is that our brethren should seek once more the independence of country life and country toil! Would that scores and hundreds crowding the lanes and alleys and tenement houses of the cities, would return to the tillage of the soil! I say to young men—"Seek country homes. Get small farmsteads. Cultivate small fruits. Raise chickens. Strive to possess land!" Observe the wisdom of the new immigrant. He sees, on his arrival, the glare and glitter of New York. But he does not think that the metropolis is heaven, and that he can live nowhere else! No, he pushes his way into the country; clears the forest, and becomes a farmer; and in a few years amasses a comfortable future. And so I say to ambitious colored young men—Get out of the cities; leave the hotels; go to mother earth for sustenance, independence and wealth.

But I know that all men can't be farmers; and all men don't *want* to be farmers. Choose then *other* employments. Diversify your labours. When you *can*, engage in trade and barter and merchandise. It is difficult I know thus to break through the barriers of caste, to the height of such occupations; but try; and try; and try again; until you carve your way, to the higher avenues to wealth and superiority. Seek trades for your children. The difficulties in your way are formidable. Don't be satisfied with the exclusion of your sons and daughters from the workshops of mechanics. Strive; push; argue; protest; remonstrate;

demand; until importunity, shame and justice give you triumph; and multitudes of your sons ply the plane, the hammer, the saw and all the other implements of mechanism in every quarter of the land. Until then use all the occupations of service, which houses, hotels and restaurants offer, without hesitation, and with alacrity.

1. Since labour of any and all kinds, is in itself, such a prime and valuable thing, I beg to caution my brethren against that vulgar sentiment one meets in colored society, I mean the contempt of servant life. I call it a vulgar sentiment; for first, *all* labour is honourable; and next, the service of others is one of the grandest vocations to which *any* man can be called. All the great heroes, all the noble martyrs, in human history, served their generation, and died. The grandest illustration of this noble duty is the Lord Jesus Christ. He came to serve. He did serve! He suffered in serving; and in the service of man he died!

And the calling and the duties of servants will be perpetual. *Some* people, and at all times, will have to be servants; and I know no reason why *coloured* people should not be, as well as any other. In the United States I am aware there is a disposition to avoid servant life. Free-born white Americans think it beneath them to serve in the houses of the rich. And the same feeling is gradually spreading among our people.

But believe me it is an ignorant and contemptible feeling. For observe, we *all*, whether rich or poor, have to serve. First of all, our parents, are our ser-

vants, before we are born; immediately *at* our birth; many weary weeks and months and years, *after* we enter upon life. Then elder brothers and sisters are our servants. Then schoolmasters. Then hired persons. Then Policemen. Then Ministers, and Judges, and Governors, and Magistrates! See, how, all through life, men are the servants of others.

Hence, I say the vocation of a servant is one which is established by the Almighty; which pervades life; and is therefore a divine institution. But notice again, that the vocation of domestic servant has its generous and gracious advantages. It has its disadvantages I know; for it serves to soften; it produces luxurious tastes; it begets a liking for things rich and expensive; it indisposes for hard and severe toil; it is adapted to make people fastidious. But my sober conviction is that if people have well regulated minds, the advantages of servant life exceed the disadvantages. For first, it trains people to regular, systematic and orderly modes of living. In this consists the superiority of the rich that they must have order and system. This gives a training to those who serve them; and which they are likely to carry into their own homes, when *they* commence life.

2. Service cultivates neatness. This is another demand of the rich; and it aids domestics in renouncing untidiness and slovenliness.

3. It teaches people economy; for the wealthy and affluent are a deal more economical than the poor; and this is a great lesson to learn.

4. It teaches people obedience and humility. There can be no true servant-life without these two grand qualities; for they *are* grand qualities. No man, no matter who he be, can do the work of life well, unless he learns to obey and be humble. I say, *no man;* and I mean the Chief Magistrate of the nation, as well as the humblest servant boy here to-night. Humility and obedience are Christian graces; and it is our duty to learn them. But observe, I am not inculcating servility. A man who is a servant is bound to remember that he is a man, just as much as his master; and he ought not to allow that master to trench upon his manhood. But, within that limit, servant life is a grand educator of obedience and humility.

5. It gives us the opportunity of securing the purest English, and learning the very best manners. More than one foreign tourist in this country has remarked that the colored people of America were among the most polite people he met with. Many have spoken of the correct English we speak. Contact with affluent classes give us these advantages both of manners and speech.

6. The advantages of money making are worthy of consideration here; for if wages *are* moderate, the expenses of servants are light; and if they are prudent they can, in a few years, with the presents good servants are sure to get,—purchase a small homestead for themselves; and—

7. And lastly servants have the grand privilege of doing good, and of blessing the life of others. I am not

speaking of hirelings; I am speaking of servants who do their duty, with diligence, from principle, and with affection. What a noble privilege is it not, with such feelings, to serve both the old and the young—aged people, little children, babes and the sick. And hence I say—*if* you have the gifts of service, the willing mind, the gentle hand, the soft voice, the tender heart, follow the calling of a servant; and show yourselves friends to your employers, in your honorable calling! The humble spheres of labour then must still be recognized. The humbler spheres of labour still abide; and we, as a people, are to participate in them, just the same as all other people, in the several nationalities.

But while indeed recognizing the full legitimacy of service, I must here present the due meets and bounds of this recognition. I am willing that *some* colored people who *desire it*, should be servants; but I protest against making this the condition of the whole people; for it is not every man who wants to be a servant. I maintain that we must have the same division of labor among *us* that the English the French and the German and the Irish have. If the colored people of this country only are to be servants, then you make the colored people a CASTE in this country; and consign, not only them in one generation, to servile employment, but their children, and their children's children, perpetually. In India, Brahmins and Soodras and Casters, are fixed and separated, in definite spheres; and tied down to distinctive employments *forever*. What the father was, so the son must be, and the

grandson after him. The blood of a family can never be turned to duties different from their ancestors. The particular caste must run in one simple groove forever! Now I say that no class of men have the right to cramp the intellect of any set of men by such arbitrary distinctions. If men, in the humbler spheres of life, are gifted with a genius superior to their parents, no artificial arrrangements of society should be allowed to consign them to lowly occupations. All men have the natural right to rise to any position to which talent and energy may fit them. The coloured people of this country must assert this natural right. If they have fitness for the loftier spheres of activity; then perish every barrier which would

"Cloud young genius brightening into day."

What right has society, in this country, to say that no black man shall be an engineer, an architect, a manufacturer, an artist, or a Senator? If God has given him the capacity for any such craft or position; whence comes the authority to keep him in a servant's place and condition, merely on account of race? I say therefore that while indeed willing to serve in humble duties, we must resist the attempt to make us a caste of servants in the land. And the only way to effect this is by careful and systematic endeavors to secure a proper division of labour among us. By concert, by general understanding, by wise forecast, by systematic action we must strive to introduce among the rising generation, every sort of trade and business which other men engage in.

Can you tell me a single craft or calling in which white men are occupied, to which black men are utterly unfitted? Is there anything *they* do, which we can't do?

I have been referring this evening more especially to physical toil. I have said nothing concerning professional life, and the intellectual labours allied thereto; and simply for the reason that I fear there is too often extravagance among young men, in this regard. Work, I fear, is getting to be ungenteel in some classes among us; and so it comes to pass that many a good Barber, Caterer or Mechanic, is turned into a booby Doctor, or, a briefless Lawyer.

How much better if they had spent the time lost on law books in endeavoring to build up a business, or in farming; in successful catering, or the occupation of a trade. Clever physicians we have. Keen and successful lawyers honour our race at the Bar. May their numbers be multiplied. We need a large school of such clever and efficient men. But you and I know instances not a few, where young men would have done a deal better by abiding in the callings of their parents; working with their hands; and throwing as much talent and respectability as possible in the old family craft, humble though it be.

If I could catch the ears of scores of such young men, whose vain ambition tires me, I would say—"Young men don't despise the humble positions of your parents. *All* the crafts of men are honourable. Dignify the toil of your family by your fine personal qualities. Raise their occupations, by genius and talent,

to honour and competency. All work is honourable. Only throw brains, skill, energy and economy into your work; and it will lead you on to success, to comfort, and perchance to wealth. Don't be too anxious for soft places. "Endure hardness as a true man."

May I join to this another suggestion: that is, that no man, no class of men, leap into superiority. Society never, anywhere, leaps into progress, greatness or power. The black race in this land cannot leap into might and majesty. It is to reach the higher planes in just the same way all other peoples have, in all the past of human history. The same conditions apply to us as to them. And these conditions are, first, humble labour; then, a gradual uprise; and then dogged and persistent effort, unfailing hope, living and undying aspiration, and pluck and audacious ambition, which brooks no limitations in the spheres of enterprise! In this process take the first step of the ladder! Never mind how lowly duty may be. God has ordained that duty in the arrangements of society! Take it! Off with your coat. Bare your arms. Make a manly grasp of duty; do that duty, well and thoroughly, as a man; so that men on earth, and angels above you may see that it is work finished and complete!

And then, when that work is thoroughly done and the way is opened;—and *you* must keep your eyes open to see the time and opportunity,—step out of that work, upon the next round of the ladder; content there to abide:—but watchful for a higher vocation and a nobler field:—always alert to open your way, by manly

resolution to a loftier vocation. And so go on, from one round of the ladder to another, and another;—if God so wills and helps. And there is no danger about your progress and success; if you are patient, industrious, vigilant and aspiring.

"My Father worketh hitherto and I work."

This is one of the most marvelous sayings which fell from the lips of the "Son of man!" I have studied it, year by year, through long periods of my life; but never yet been able to get the plummet line whereby to fathom and to sound its mighty depths of meaning. But a few things lie upon its surface.

The first of these is that while the primary significance of these words pertains to God's vast spiritual economy, it includes, likewise, the broad physical and material universe and the prodigious fabrics which He has produced therein. And second, it implies that work is one of the inherent necessities of all intelligent beings. To work is a law of existence with God, with Angels, and with men: and then, third, as we see that all the productions of the Divine hand, through all the realms of nature.

"Up from the creeping plant to sovereign man,"

—all show, in all things evidence of law, system, organization, so we may learn that the work of man is the noblest and most majestic which is characterized by intelligence, and which manifests skill. In the work then of life let us eschew the ephemeral; let us rise up as a people to the apprehension of the organic laws which

pertain to all human endeavour; and so grasp the permanent and abiding forces of nature and society:—and through them press on to power, to majesty, to wealth, and to social and political prerogatives which, ere long, will be the common inheritance of both our manhood and our intelligence!

Emigration,
an Aid to the Evangelization of Africa

A Sermon to Barbadian Emigrants, at Trinity Church, Monrovia, Liberia, West Africa, May 14th, 1863.

SERMON.

DEUTERONOMY XXVI. 1—11.

AND it shall be, when thou art come in unto the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee for an inheritance, and possessest it, and dwellest therein; that thou shalt take of the first of all the fruit of the earth, which thou shalt bring of thy land that the Lord thy God giveth thee, and shalt put it in a basket, and shalt go unto the place which the Lord thy God shall choose to place his name there. And thou shalt go unto the priest that shall be in those days, and say unto him, I profess this day unto the Lord thy God, that I am come unto the country which the Lord sware unto our fathers for to give us. And the priest shall take the basket out of thine hand, and set it down before the altar of the Lord thy God. And thou shalt speak and say before the Lord thy God, A Syrian ready to perish was my father, and he went down into Egypt, and sojourned there with a few, and became there a nation, great, mighty, and populous: And the Egyptians evil-entreated us, and afflicted us, and laid upon us hard bondage: And when we cried unto the Lord God of our fathers, the Lord heard our voice, and looked on our affliction, and our labor, and our oppression: And the Lord brought us forth out of Egypt with a mighty hand, and with an outstretched arm, and with great terribleness, and with signs, and with wonders: And he hath brought us into this place, and hath given us this land, even a land that floweth with milk and honey And now, behold, I have brought the first fruits of the land, which thou, O Lord, hast given me. And thou shalt set it before the Lord thy God and worship before the Lord thy God: And thou shalt rejoice in every good thing which the Lord thy God hath given unto thee, and unto thine house, thou, and the Levite, and the stranger that is among you.

THESE words are a part of that summing up of the Exodus, made by Moses to the Israelites, as *he* was on the eve of his departure, and they well nigh the close of their journey through the wilderness. The whole process of their colonization was now about to close; the land of promise from the top of Pisgah, was suffered to greet his eyes; allotments of land, as the first

lesson this evening showed us,* had been given to *three* of the tribes, and full preparations made for a new chieftain to lead them across Jordan into the promised inheritance of the Lord. The Prophet avails himself of this pause in their history, to relate unto them all the marked peculiarities of their history and migration; and to point out to them God's agency therein, and His intents and purposes.

They had been nigh four hundred years in servitude in Egypt. Their fathers, during all their sojourn in that land, had suffered the keenest miseries and afflictions. But God had never suffered their bondage to be, entirely, at any time, unmixed and absolute evil. "In all their affliction he was afflicted, and the Angel of his presence saved them: in his love and in his pity, he redeemed them." † Large providential favors were mingled with their sore trials; in all their tribulations, they were still God's people; much temporal prosperity, yea, even miraculous increase had been given them; the spectacle of high civilization was continually set before their eyes. Thus, in various ways, they were going through a system of mental and moral training. God was preparing them then for another land, and far distant duties. Generations passed away; and many a soul sank, and many a spirit fainted, and many a despairing man laid down and died; but the work went on. By and by, when God was ready for his own large ends and purposes, then He commenced the processes and the policies for that noble work,

* Joshua i. † Isaiah lxiii. 9.

which tells, even in our day, in every Christian church and household in the world. The two special expedients to that end were, First, colonization, at God's bidding, from Egypt; and Secondly, a re-settlement in the land of Canaan, *under the immediate direction of the Almighty.*

Doubtless it was a great trial to the children of Israel to leave that land, which time had now succeeded in making their home. How great a trial it was may be seen in their reluctance at the first, to follow the leader whom God had given them; and in their frequent sighings in the wilderness for their old home. "We remember," said they, "the fish which we did eat in Egypt freely; the cucumbers, and the melons, and the leeks, and the onions, and the garlick; but now our soul is dried away; there is nothing at all beside this manna, before our eyes."*

But the hand of God was upon them; and when His hand is upon a people, it is destiny, and they cannot resist it. His hand was upon them. His hand guided them through all that "terrible" journey through the wilderness, which never passed away from their memories. For he had a great work for them to do; and this process of migration was the passage, through which they were to enter upon and to do that work.

This subject of colonization then is a *pregnant one, and a sacred.* We find it here in our Bibles, associated with some of the most important of God's plans and purposes. We find it here in the upturned faces of

*Numbers xi. 45.

many men, women, and children; just touching our shores, singing the "songs of Zion," joining in olden Litanies, for the first time, "in a strange land," in this house of God. On this occasion, therefore, it will not seem unmeet that I call your attention to the *subject of colonization, especially in its relation to God's great work of evangelization.*

I am afraid I shall be somewhat lengthy; for it was only yesterday noon, I was requested to address you; and I have had but one single day for preparation. And as I have written in very great haste I am sure I shall hardly be equal to the subject; but I trust that under the circumstances, you will kindly bear with my imperfections.

I. The first point to which I beg to call your attention is the fact that emigration and colonization have ever been among the commonest movements of mankind. Nothing is more manifest in history than the wanderings of families and clans and tribes from one locality to another, creating new homes, and forming new nationalities. All along the tracks of time we see traces of such movements on every soil of earth. Indeed the fact of emigration is almost coeval with humanity itself; for it presents itself among the earliest of human records. It seems to have been a spontaneous, instinctive tendency of human nature; faint traces of such dispersions being discoverable, even before the days of Noah, among the descendants of Adam.* Then, immediately after the flood, so soon as family life began

*Genesis vi. 1-5.

again to show itself, we read the significant words, "These are the three sons of Noah, and of them the whole earth was overspread." * And the same idea is more explicitly set forth in the chapter following, where the like genealogy of Noah's family is given, and where we are told "that by these were the nations divided in the earth after the flood." †

This, then, we may take as a germ of the whole history of colonization. Here we stand at a great fountain-head of that broad stream of emigration which has filled all lands, and peopled multitudinous isles and continents. After the deluge, burst three distinct groups of race and family, from the sons of Noah, each the common parent of divers and renowned peoples, whose names and deeds have filled the pages of history.

Then we have those great events of dispersion which scattered abroad the Tartars through Asia; the movements, which, in remote history, peopled the isles of the Pacific; the migrations which spread abroad the Malay family through portions of both Africa and America; the navigations which sent the Phœnicians along the coasts of both Africa and Europe; and those other great colonizing upheavals which have sent the Celtic race from Asia through all Europe.

In more modern periods we ourselves have seen the Northern nations of Europe, streaming out from their crowded homes to their own antipodes; and these again reproducing the forms of their olden nationalities,

* Ibid. ix. 19. † Ibid. x. 32.

religion, and domestic life, amid the wildernesses of new worlds.

They have gone out from their ancestral homes, in commercial ventures, in incipient colonies, in corporations, in missions; and have raised up on the shores of America, of New Holland, and even of Africa and Asia, States, and Commonwealths, and Empires, already rivalling their father lands in population, in the energy of laws, in the influence of letters, in the vitalizing power of religion.

And thus you may see that emigration is a marked feature of the world's history; and that the transplantation of fragments of the children of Africa to this Western Coast, is not an exceptional fact; is not an isolated event. Colonization is history; prompting whole races of men, and determining the destiny of nations and continents.

II. But in the second place I remark, that these migrations of men have been *providential* events, ordered and regulated by the Divine will. Emigration, I mean to say, is not a casual or fortuitous thing. Both in its facts, and in all the principles and ideas connected with it, we may discover evidences of a large and comprehensive plan, which excludes all ideas of the accidental or adventitious.

There is no such thing as chance. However convenient the term may be, as descriptive of certain *seeming* occurrences, the idea, in strictness of meaning, can have no real existence.

All human events have their place in that grand moral economy of God, in which He himself is an ever-present, ever-active agent; they are all elements and instruments in His hand, for the accomplishment of the august objects of His will. Doubtless they are ofttimes seemingly insignificant to us; ofttimes mysterious; but the eye of God sees their fitness to the ends He has in view, and directs them to their proper issues. Owing to our finite vision, we are often long in tracing out these ends and issues. Sometimes we utterly fail the discovery of them. But this is one of the mental tasks the Almighty has set before us, and which constantly comes before us, in life and history, to scrutinize and solve. Thus, the simplest student of history can run back in a moment, in memory, to numerous events which were mysterious and inscrutable in their winding evolvements; but which, in result have unfolded to sight most distinct evidences of divine intent and sacred purpose. And even thus is it with all human story; whether dark and disastrous; whether clear, bright, and propitious. The will of God overrules all the deeds, the counsels, and the designs of men, and tracks them from their unseen germs, invisible to sight, in the dark, secret, counsels of the human mind, to those manifest and notable deeds which rank among historic facts. If in design and issue they are good, then they come from God, whoever may be the agents by whom He works His will. Not that men are ever mere machines, even in God's hands; but when righteous deeds are wrought, God either gives the large suggestion, or adjusts the fit

position, or directs the concurring events, or orders the happy providence; so that while men act on their own personal responsibility, they nevertheless act either consciously or unconsciously as the agents of God.

So, on the other hand, if those deeds are evil, His controlling hand, although unseen, distracts their evil counsels, and directs them to the ends He purposes.

So indeed has it been in all the world's history of colonization. The great, vital, permeating power, propelling, guiding, checking, ordering it, has been the Spirit of God, resting upon, entering into the hearts of men, awing and governing them, albeit ofttimes unknown to themselves; even as we read in the Divine Word that "the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."

I know indeed that there is a piety, (so called,) which divorces the Almighty from the secularities of earth, and which would fain convince us that the God of the Bible has nothing to do with the profane histories of men; which would, of necessity, leave the moral evils of the world to the disposal of some other great being besides our God.

But what is this, I ask, but a profane and damning Manicheanism, which sets a god of evil upon the throne of the universe, right beside the One, Everlasting God, whom we own and reverence; dividing with Him the empire of creation, and with Him determining its moral destinies?

We allow no such partnership in the moral government of God. We yield to no such heresies. We give

place to no such theories. They are abhorrent to our reason, to our creeds, to our teachings, to our religion. Dark and intricate as are many of the problems of life and history, we have learned to leave their solution to the providence of that one, sovereign, over-ruling Being, who "governeth all things in heaven and earth," and "ordereth the course of this world by His own governance."

We see everywhere God's hand in history. We feel that its animating spirit is the breath of God. In all the movements of society, or the colonization of peoples, we see the clear, distinct, "finger of God;" ordering, controlling, directing the footsteps of men, of families, and of races. We apply this principle as well to those dark and disastrous histories, which, when we read them, pain our hearts, as to those grand and gracious ones, which stir our liveliest sensibilities. For while indeed God is not, and cannot be, "the author of evil," still He is Governor of the wicked, and exercises a masterful authority over their works and ways. And this is a great principle in God's moral government. He never allows evil to run, unchecked, its own wild and uncontrolled career, and to have its own way. God always checks and thwarts sin in its workings, and in its intended mischief. Wherever He sees wrong, He steps in and interferes, to turn it some way into good; even as when Adam sinned, He began at once a scheme to counteract the malignant influence of Satan.

In what other way, I ask, will you account for those marked incidents in human history, where, from seem-

ing disastrous causes, have flowed out most signal and saving results? Look, for instance, at the early history of the Israelites. See the way in which God brought them into Egypt. Note their four centuries of servitude there; and then, at length, their triumphal exodus therefrom under Moses. And now can *you*, or *you*, or any other man, blind your eyes to the fact, that all the magnitude of this story grew out of the providential events connected with the sale of Joseph by his wicked brethren? And then, if you place this large fact beside its seeming insignificant causes, how can you do otherwise than did Joseph himself, that is, run up from the painful details of his sufferings to the sublime philosophy which he announces to them:—"It was not *you* which sent me hither but God!" * And what does this suggest but the immediate remembrance of that signal parallel of history, so painful and so personal to ourselves, viz: the forced and cruel migration of our race from this continent, and the wondrous providence of God, by which the sons of Africa, by hundreds and by thousands, trained, civilized, and enlightened, are coming hither again; bringing large gifts, for Christ and his Church, and their heathen kin!

I know indeed that other, darker thoughts, are the more natural ones to our fallen nature. I know how much more prone we are to dwell upon our griefs and injuries, than the merciful providences which are intertwined therewith. And I must perforce yield some-

*Genesis xlv; 8.

what, to-day, to the melancholy musings which contemplate, with anguish, ancestral wrongs.

Think, indeed, if you please; think, as you cannot but think, when you stand upon this soil, and look abroad upon that ocean, once so disastrous to our poor forefathers;—think of that long, long, night of agony and desolation which covered Africa, as with a pall, generations upon generations! Think of that fearful hurricane of disaster and death, which, for nigh three hundred years, has swept over the towns and villages and hamlets of this Western Coast, even to the far interior, carrying agony to multitudinous breasts of parents and helpless children! Think of that bloody and murderous colonization, which, in the holds of numberless "pestiferous barks," bore millions of men and women and babes into a forced exile, to foreign strands! Think of all the murder, and carnage, and revenge, and suicide, and slaughter, on *this* continent and the *other*, which flowed from all this dark history, as a black river of death! Think of that glorious sea, made to image the majesty of its Maker; despoiled of its beauty, dyed with human gore, blackened with human crime, robbed of its harmony, and made to send up, through long centuries, one ceaseless wail of despair and woe to a just and holy God! Think of all the painful tasks, the forced labor, the want, the deprivation, the lashings and scourgings, the premature deaths; continued from generation to generation, on many and many a plantation; transmitted as the only inheritance of poor helpless humanity, to children's children!

Think of all these things, which are indeed but partial pictures of many a sad tale from the lips of your fathers and mine; their own sad experience, or that of their sires; and yet when you have told all this dread story, I would turn with you to another and a fairer page. Amid all the morbidity of these cancering thoughts, my mind, I must confess, would fain run out to the adjustments and compensations which a just and holy God has intermingled with His dark and mysterious dispensations. And a brief reference to this feature of divine Providence will justify, I think, such peculiarity of thought.

For, first of all, our forefathers, in remote generations, "when they knew God, glorified him not as God," and "did not like to retain Him in their knowledge;" and from age to age their sons, *our* ancestors, wandered off further and further from the true God, and kept heaping abominations upon abominations through long centuries, until the divine patience was exhausted, and God withdrew from our sires and their habitations, and extinguished the "forbearance and long-suffering" of ages; which is the direst wrath!

And then it was that the Almighty permitted the most cruel of all marauders to devastate this coast, and to carry off its people into foreign slavery. And most terrible was all this retribution upon Africa and her sons.

Here it rained anguish and woe for centuries. "And the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace." * And the exiled children of Africa, in distant

* Genesis xix. 28

lands, were made "an astonishment, and an hissing, and perpetual desolations."* But mercy was mingled with all this wrath. Their lot was caste in the lands of men where the cross shone from their temple-spires, and the Bible was read at their altars. Terrible as was the ordeal of slavery, yet God restrained the wrath of their oppressors; not seldom did he turn the hearts of Christian masters and mistresses to them and their children; catechisings were commenced on many a plantation; schools, in course of time, began to multiply; a missionary, now and then, was sent to the colonies; right beside scourgings, and lacerations, and lawless legal murders, teaching and training, preaching and conversions, anti-slavery questionings, and emancipations were carried on; until now, at the close of nigh three centuries, millions of the children of Africa, on the isles and continent of America, have been turned from the paganism of their fathers; "the people that sat in darkness have seen a great light;" God has redeemed this injured people, and fearfully scourged their oppressors; tens of thousands of them, in all the lands of their thraldom, have received the enlightenment which comes from books and seminaries, from the Bible and churches; and now, as the end of all this chapter of providence, God is bringing scores and hundreds of them back to this continent, as colonists and merchants; as missionaries and catechists and teachers; and with them "casts the pearl of the gospel,"† upon these heathen shores!

*Jeremiah xxv. 9.

† This expression is borrowed from Marvell's [the Puritan's] "Song of the Emigrants in Bermuda." It is interesting to see that the Poet associates missionary duty with colonization adventure:—

"He cast . . . .
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast;
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound His name.
O let our voice His praise exalt
Till it arrive at Heaven's vault,
Which then perhaps rebounding may
Echo beyond the Mexique bay!"

And now, when I look at the noble work which God has manifestly set before us and our children in this land, and think, especially, of the marvelous way by which God has brought us to it; I feel as if I could laugh to scorn all the long line of malignant slave-traders who have defiled and devastated this wretched coast of Africa, and fling in their teeth the gracious retort of Joseph: "As for you, ye thought evil against us, but God meant it unto good, to save much people alive." * For *that*, I maintain, that is, "to save much people alive," *that* is the great mission of our race to this coast: to turn this heathen population "from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them who are sanctified by faith."†

III. And this leads me to consider the lesson which, evidently, springs from the train of remark I have set

*The largest, the most distinct illustration of this fact is the case of "recaptured" Africans at Sierra Leone. From this body of redeemed men have sprung *two* of the most marked movements for the redemption of Africa, in modern times. 1. The emigration of Christian Yorubans, to the Egba country; which laid the foundation of the Abeokutan mission. 2. The mission of my friend, Bishop Crowther—himself a native Yoruban—to the banks of the Niger.

†Acts, xxvi. 17.

before you to-day. The lesson is that of duty and spiritual obligation to Africa, through us, her exiled sons, returning to the bosom of our mother.

The day of preparation for our race is well nigh ended; the day of duty and responsibility on *our* part, to suffering, benighted, Africa, is at hand. In much sorrow, pain, and deepest anguish, God has been preparing the race, in foreign lands, for a great work of grace on this continent. The hand of God is on the black man, in all the lands of his distant sojourn, for the good of Africa.

This continent is to be reclaimed for Christ. The faith of Jesus is to supercede all the abounding desolations of heathenism. And the church of Christ is to enter in, in His name, and to subdue, by the Spirit, its crowded populations to His yoke, and to claim the whole continent for her Lord.

In this work the colored populations of America are largely to participate. They, whether living on the mainland, in the States; or residing as inhabitants of the Antilles; or sojourning in the Republics of the South; or dwelling in the Brazilian Empire; are to be active agents of God for the salvation of Africa. A REMNANT of all these peoples, thus widely scattered; for it is by "remnants," "the called," the "chosen," the "elect," that God works the marvels of his providence, as well as of His grace; a remnant of these peoples, prompted either by the immediate Spirit of God, or moved by collateral influences, are to be transplanted from their distant homes, amid this heathen

population, with domestic habits, civilized customs, and Christian institutions. *

A portion of them have already been brought into compliance with these manifest providential arrangements. By a most singular and favoring providence, thousands of American emigrants have crossed the wide ocean, and taken up their residence in this Republic. Here we are touching and influencing, in divers ways, thousands of heathen natives. *Our mission is evidently to organize the native labor all around us; to introduce regulating and controlling law among them; to gather their children into schools, in order to train their intellects; to make these people civilized and Christian people; and to incorporate them into our Republic as citizens, and into the Church of God as brethren!*

Some little of this great work we have already done among our native tribes; but 14,000 Christians are but a handful of people among a half million of heathen. The work is too vast and weighty for the paucity of our numbers. Hence we have become painfully impressed with the necessity of large additions to our civilized, Christian population. We need more capable men and women in the land. It is not that we lack labor; for we have tens of thousands of natives, all through the country; and all that is needed to secure that labor, is skillful treaties, judicious alliances, just remuneration,

* Men of African descent, from Jamaica, Antigua, Barbadoes, St. Thomas, Demerara, and from more than half of the States of America, are now laboring on the West Coast of Africa, as missionaries and teachers; at Pongas, Sierra Leone, in Liberia, at Cape Coast, at Lagos, and at the Cameroons. It is also worthy of notice that nigh 2,000 "emancipados" have returned during late years, from Brazil to Lagos.

and humane treatment, to supply any demand we can make upon kings and headmen in the interior. *Our need is that of civilized Christian black men to join us in the great work Providence has set before us as duty in this land.*

Hence the Legislature of Liberia, prompted by the late President Benson, in the year 1861, commissioned three citizens of this Republic, * to invite emigration, on the part of our own brethren in the United States of America, and in the West Indies. More recently the present chief magistrate of our Republic, Hon. D. B. Warner, issued a proclamation, inviting especially, the colored population dwelling in the West India islands to emigrate to this Republic. His proclamation accorded entirely with the desires of hundreds in those islands, especially in the island of Barbadoes; and at a very early day news reached this country of the determination of our Barbadian friends to come over, and join us in our work. But great difficulties intervened; more than one delay occurred; by and by the friends of African colonization in the United States came to the rescue; a large appropriation of money was made by the "American colonization society," and the whole project of the emigration of these brethren was generously and graciously assumed by this Society. The difficulties being thus removed, information was communicated to this country that we might confidently look for an emigration this year from the island of Barbadoes.

* The commission appointed was Rev. Alex. Crummell, Rev. E. W. Blyden, and J. D. Johnson, Esq.

And they have come. They have come from a home of civilization and refinement, but where a close-crowded population, the painful remembrances of past servitude, and a yet existent spirit of caste, robbed them of many of the feelings of home, and long suggested to them ideas of voluntary exile. They have come, rejecting the offers of other and wealthier colonies, electing from choice, and interest, a heritage amid the negro race, in the land of their fathers. They have come, tired of an alien rule, wearied, as we were, with the position of strangers in their native land, to become citizens in a negro nationality and the creators of a free Republic amid despotic heathenism.

They have come with their hoes and their spades, with their scythes and their axes, to humble the forests of Africa, and to subdue the soil to the purposes of civilized culture. They have come with their "young and with their old, with their sons and with their daughters," come across the wide ocean, to set up their standards, and to make new homes in this Western Africa. They have come with their Bibles and Prayer-books, with their Christian creeds and their family altars, to reproduce the faith and the forms of Christianity, amid the idolatries of their father-land.

Children of the Antilles! Sons of "Little England," beautiful Barbadoes! We welcome you to this the land of your forefathers. We welcome you to this heritage of freedom and civil prerogative! We welcome you to a full participation with us in governmental rights and national responsibility! We welcome you to a common

burden of duty and obligation in this infant state; yet we believe, to become, in our children, a nation that will excite the admiration of the world! We welcome you to all the obligations of the Church of God, placed in the midst of the heathen, and henceforth made responsible for their training and salvation!

You saw yourselves how warm and generous was the greeting of the Emigrant Agent who first met you on your arrival. And since then you have had the hand-grasp of brotherhood from our chief magistrate, the President, who hailed you from afar, and saluted you even before you left your former homes for this. In this salutation all people of standing and respectability in this community, all classes of our population join, and hail you, at once, as comrades and fellow-citizens.

You see with your own eyes the unpretending condition of our Republic. We are no ancient State, no advanced and aged government, with a burdened treasury and overflowing coffers. Our Government is the latest born of time, and we stand to-day, the least among the nations. Liberia is a young country, laying, as I dare to affirm, good foundations, but with much pain, great trials, consuming anxieties, and with the price of great tribulation, and much mortality.

You will not look therefore for that large governmental patronage which ancient kingdoms and wealthy republics are able to give new emigrants to their shores or colonies.

But, unofficial as I am, in all my relations, I feel that I may venture the declaration, that all that skill, and

forecast, and perseverance, and brotherly regard, and the prompted sympathies of Christian love *can* do, to make your way, in this new, rough land, easy and comfortable and satisfactory, will be done by the authorities to whom you have already paid your respects, and who are interested in your welfare.

Already you have been assured of the allotments which are to become your family possessions for all the future of yourselves and children. On those rich and fertile lands you will soon erect your habitations and commence your toil. There you will work your farms, and commence those laborious preparations which, with but half of the spent labor of your past lives, if it be systematic and persistent, will soon lay the foundations of broad and solid wealth. But brethren, vital and important as are these family and economical interests, they are but subsidiary to that one great, master interest and cause, which lies at the base of all this emigration, both yours and ours, to this our father-land, viz.: The evangelization of *this* section of the continent.

We have been sent hither in God's providence, civilizers and evangelizers of these our heathen kinsmen around us. We are placed here, without doubt, the pioneers of the Christian Church, in all this special region. For this we all have been trained and schooled in the lands, respectively, of our trial and suffering; we in the United States; you in Barbadoes; in the one blessed Church "in whose bowels we were all bred, at whose breast we received nourishment" from our youth to manhood. We all, with our families, are the agents

and ministers of this Church, in this land, for the propagation of the faith.

Other work indeed, we have here; but it is only collateral to this. Trade, agriculture, commerce, art, letters, government, are other great features of our mission here, and ruinous will it be for us to despise or to neglect them; but they are only auxiliary to that one great, master service, which God has imposed upon us and you, viz., to glorify God's name, and to plant His Church amid this heathen population!

You are going out from this spot, in a day or two, to the uncleared lands, on the border line between our civilized communities and the heathen. Carry with you there all the elements of the faith, all the marks of your Church in their fullness and integrity. Lift high in your families and communities, the standard of the cross. Suffer not, by even one jot or one tittle, the least diminution in your townships of your Christian principles and your Christian habits. Erect at once, the family altar; and let the incense of prayer and praise ascend, morning and evening, from your assembled households.

Be tender and pitiful and earnest to the heathen around you for their souls' sake, and for Christ; but resist, steadfastly, especially for your children's sake, their vicious habits, and their corrupting influences.*

Cling to all the simple teachings of your catechism, especially to that one, strong, forceful precept, "to do your duty in that state of life unto which it shall please

*See Lev. xvii. 3, Jer. x. 2—8.

God to call you." Hold on, with tenacity, to all the doctrines and the truths contained in that "form of sound words," by which you have been trained, and taught to worship. Above all, make the Word of God "the man of your counsel;" keep open Bibles in your houses; and not only read them yourselves, but teach your children, and your heathen servants, should you have any, to read them daily, for guidance in *all* things, as well secular as divine.

Go forth then, Christian pilgrims, with all the deep resolve of serious men, and in the fear of God. Let the sentiments and motives which come from heaven prompt you in all your actions. Ye have done right well in coming up here to Holy Communion this morning; in offering your "first fruits" on "coming into the land which the Lord your God has given you." Abide in the spirit of this beginning. Remember, I beseech you, the warnings and the monitions of the second Lesson for this evening.* Carry them with you to your new homes in the wilderness. Preserve the spirit of them in your hearts and households; and then God will be with you. He will help you, and your children, and the generations which may succeed you. And so a blessing shall go out from you through all the land; and as your settlements spread out into the interior, every town, every family, shall become the centre of a wide circumference of godly influence. Yea, every footfall, as your population advances, shall tell powerfully for Christ. And thus the widening circles of Christian influence, from us, and from all the other centres of gospel

*I Cor. x. 5.

truth on this coast, shall, in early centuries, embrace this entire heathen population, until the whole continent is reclaimed, and rises up regenerated, to sing the praises of the Lamb!

And even thus will it be. Yes! land of our forefathers; land of woe and agony; land of pains and suffering and anguish! Thy exiled children think of thee! Their hearts, filled with sympathy and desire, run toward thee! Already have they come to thy shores; already hast thou heard the voice of some of thy returned children, along the mountain sides, and in thy valleys; preaching the glad tidings! But this is but a dim forecasting of that large stream of blessedness, which thy children in distant lands are preparing for thee! For the day is at hand! The sons of Africa will soon arise, and come in crowds, priests and catechists and teachers, to thy shores; their feet beautiful—"bringing good tidings," "publishing salvation." Soon they will spread themselves abroad through all thy quarters. Schools and churches, and Christian colleges will spring up throughout thy borders. The Spirit of the Lord God, according to His promise, will be poured out upon millions of thy sons. "Christ shall see of the travail of his soul and shall be satisfied." The Lord God shall hasten the number of His elect; and the tide of salvation, sweeping along, in one broad, mighty current, shall bear along the mighty masses of thy people to salvation and to glory; and then "Ethiopia," from the Mediterranean to the Cape, from the Atlantic Ocean to the Indian, "shall soon stretch forth her hands unto God."

The Regeneration of Africa.

A Discourse before the Pennsylvania Colonization Society; Church of the Epiphany, Philadelphia, Pa., October, 1865.

DISCOURSE.

"Go, ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptising them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Matt. xxviii, 10.

THESE words form the basis of all the missionary zeal which characterizes the Christian era. They are the ground-work of all those labors, sufferings and sacrifices which have made the Christian religion the foremost of all faiths, and the Christian Church the most powerful of all agencies.

In obedience to this command of our Lord, the apostles lay themselves out at once, in most painful endeavors. The borders of the church are widened. The new faith straightway asserts its authority in every part of the Holy Land; soon it runs up into Asia Minor. The Apostle Paul, at an early period, carries the banner of the Cross into Greece; and Europe, for the first time, is brought under its influence. It runs with irresistible power along the banks of the Mediterranean to the farthest regions of the West—to the Provinces of Spain. It permeates all the dominions of Rome: and then when lodged as the most vital principle in this the grandest of ancient nations, it marches thence in power,

making conquest after conquest, until at length it destroys all the paganisms of Europe, and gains supremacy in all its nations, from Britain to the Ural mountains.

In the fifteenth century Columbus discovered this Western continent; and Christianity crosses the seas, erects the standard of the Cross on the shores of the New World, and eventually secures supremacy in every quarter.

Just previous to the commencement of this century, the Christian Church, in Europe and in America, bent her energies for the conquest for Christ of the Pacific Isles. Grand results have been vouchsafed her evangelical endeavors. Idolatry, in some islands, has been entirely destroyed. Nations there have been born in a day; and such is the influence of Christianity that the destruction of paganism is a certain event, and at no distant day. Thus, then, has the religion of Jesus, visited with saving power, Europe, America, large sections of Asia, and the isles of the sea. But one great, melancholy contrast presents itself; two thousand years have passed away, and yet Africa, with her hundreds of millions of souls is still heathen! The abominations of paganism still prevail through all her vast domains!

But, notwithstanding this melancholy fact Ethiopia is yet to "stretch forth her hands unto God." Our Lord's command to "Go into all the world and preach his Gospel," is as well a prophecy as a mandate. When he enjoins this duty, the command expresses His will that

His Church *shall* yet "Go into ALL the world," and preach the "glad tidings."

And now the question arises—"HOW SHALL THE REGENERATION OF AFRICA BE EFFECTED?"

1. I answer, first of all, that Africa cannot be redeemed by her own unaided energy and agency. If left thus to herself for regeneration, her pagan populations can never become spiritually enlightened. You cannot find one single instance where a rude, heathen people, have raised themselves by their own spontaneous energy from a state of paganism to one of spiritual superiority. In every instance that we know of, where men have been morally elevated, they have always had the missions, from superior people, of either letters or grace, as the origination of such elevation.

2. Again, I remark that the redemption of Africa cannot be effected through the influence of trade and commerce. That commerce is a beneficent auxiliary for African progress, may readily be granted; but we have no evidence of its regenerating power. So far as Africa is concerned, we know somewhat the nature of its influence. Commerce with Africa commenced prior to the discovery of America. The Portuguese traders voyaged along its coast as far as Guinea, fully sixty years previous to the adventures of Columbus.* And now three centuries of West African commerce have passed away; and where are the saving results which have proceeded from it? Where are the signs of its quickening influence? Where the proofs of its saving

*WESTERN AFRICA. By Rev. I. L. Wilson, Ch. iii.

energy? Why, the history of West African commerce is a history of rapine, murder, and wide-spread devastation, all along the coast to the far interior! The trader has, indeed, been there; but, alas, he has left behind him but exaggerated barbarism and a deeper depth of moral ruin!

3. I add still further, that the redemption of Africa cannot be brought about through the one single agency of foreign missionaries. Without their presence and primal agency, the Gospel is not likely to enter any land. They must, from necessity, first carry missions and letters to Africa; first plant the germs of churches all along that coast. The superior and more enlightened peoples are always the founders of a new faith, or the pioneers of a fresh civilization, in rude and pagan countries. But though the first beginnings, and the quickening start come from them, the *permanent* work is always completed by indigenous agencies.

Thus must it be in West Africa. All history proves this. Nothing can be more suggestive, and certainly nothing can be more distressful, than the history of European effort to plant the faith on the West Coast of Africa.

The Roman Catholics commenced their efforts in the fifteenth century. For near two hundred years, they had the kingdom of Congo almost entirely under their power; and yet they effected nothing! * They lacked the native agency. Just so it was with the efforts of the Moravians in the last century; of the Scotch Pres-

* Grant's Bampton Lectures, p. 155.

byterians; of the Church of England. Their missions were swept away as by a pestilence; the fields of their labor left unoccupied! and their stations had to be given up.*

The great principle which lies at the basis of all successful propagation of the Gospel is this, namely, the employment of all indigenous agency. Christianity never secures *thorough* entrance and complete authority in any land, save by the use of men and minds somewhat native to the soil. And from the very start of the Christian faith this idea has always been illustrated in the general facts of its conquest.

In the work of Jewish evangelization our Lord himself employed the agency of Jews. For the evangelization of Greeks, he employed, indeed, Jews, but Jews who had become *hellenized.* At an early period the Romans were to be brought under the influence of Christianity; and although the faith was introduced among them by an agency which was exotic, yet Romans themselves stamped the impress of the faith upon the Empire, and strangled nigh to death, in less than three centuries, its fierce and vulpine paganism. So, in like manner, it became rooted in the soil of Britain. So, likewise, at a later period, in Russia and Scandinavia. Hardly a generation passed away, in either of these cases, ere the zealous and adventurous pioneers of the new system resigned their work, and handed over their prerogatives to the hardy and convicted sons of the soil.

*Colonization and Missions. By Rev. Joseph Tracy, D. D.

It seems clear, then, that for the evangelization of *any* country, the main instrumentality to be set to work is that of men of like sentiments, feelings, blood and ancestry, with the people whose evangelization is desired. The faith, so to speak, must needs become incorporated with a people's mental, moral, and even physical constitution—vitalize their being, and run along the channels of their blood.

Now this principle applies, in common with all other lands, to Africa. It is, under God, the condition of the success of the Cross throughout that vast continent.

All this, however, is but theory. The facts which more especially prove it, are the successful missions of the English in West Africa, both Episcopal and Wesleyan. Nothing can be more glorious than the heroic, almost god-like self-sacrifice of their missionaries, for nigh forty years, to introduce Christianity among the natives; nothing, on the other hand, more discouraging than the small results which at first followed their efforts. But by-and-by, one native and then another, and another was raised up, fitted and prepared to be preachers of the Gospel. The Christian faith had become engrafted upon the native stock. It swelled with the inspirations of their breath; it coursed along the channels of their veins. Then the truth began to spread; it had lodged itself in a new race and began to assert its authority in a new land. The new soil was genial; and the Divine principle, although transplanted, put forth all its original vitality. As when a new plant or seed is brought from some distant country

to a new land, akin in soil and climate to its parent bed, it shoots up and spreads abroad with all its former vigor and luxuriance; so Christianity, so soon as it became indigenous to Africa, commenced a successful career; and now mission stations are to be found two thousand miles along the coast; catechists, by scores are employed; ministers are preaching the Gospel on the coast and in the interior. Missions conducted by native clergymen, are being carried into the strongholds of ancient, sanguinary kingdoms; and are advancing, with authority and power, up the great Niger, towards the very heart of the continent.

And in all this we see illustrated the great principle that, for the propagation of the faith, the main lever and agency must needs be indigenous. The faith, at first, is an exotic, in all new lands; but, in order to make its roots strike deep into the new soil, men, native in blood, lineage, feelings, and sentiments, must needs be raised up and put to active effort.

Now, the Almighty, in a most marvelous manner, has been providing just this agency, with almost every indigenous quality, for the propagation of the faith on the continent of Africa. Millions of the Negro race have been stolen from the land of their fathers. They have been the serfs, for centuries, on the plantations and in households, in the West Indies and the United States, of civilized and Christian people. By contact with Anglo-Saxon culture and religion, they have, themselves, been somewhat permeated and vitalized by the civilization and the Christian principles of their

superiors. Numbers of them have become emigrants, settlers, denizens of a free Republic, and of thriving colonies of the British on the West Coast of Africa; and numbers more of them ever and anon emigrate from the lands of their past thraldom back, not unfrequently, to the very spots whence their parents were first stolen. And these emigrants almost invariably profess the faith of Jesus. They are *Christian* emigrants, journeying across the wide ocean, with Bibles, and Prayer Books, and Tracts, and Sermons, and family altars, seeking a new home amid the heathen population of Africa.

Now, I say, that when you send out such companies of people, you send Christianity to Africa; and I would fain emphasize this remark, and invite attention to it.

If you send a missionary to Africa, you send, indeed, a good, holy, faithful minister; but he is but an individual; he may, or he may not, plant Christianity in the field. The probability is that he will not; for the greatest of saints can only represent a partial Christianity. Hence the likelihood, the almost certainty is, that his work will have to be followed up by others. When, therefore, you send a single individual, as a missionary, you do not necessarily send Christianity to Africa; albeit you send a devoted Christian.

On the other hand, when you send out a *company of Christian emigrants*, you send a *church*. Planted on the coast of Africa, its rootlets burst forth on one side and another like the "little daughters" of the plantain in a tropical soil.

But facts are more powerful, more convincing than mere theories. I will, therefore, attempt briefly to illustrate this principle by facts:

1. The Presbyterians have a school in Pennsylvania called the "ASHMUN INSTITUTE," for the training of colored men for missionary duty in Africa. A few years ago, three of these students left the United States with their families, as emigrants to Liberia. Now, when the Presbyterians sent forth this little company of Christians, they sent out organized Christianity to heathen Africa. In each of those little bands, there was "the church in the house," with the Bible and the preacher, and baptized children; the germs of a new outgrowth of Christianity in the future. Civilization, moreover, was allied to all their life, work and habits, in their new homes.

And these men, settled at Liberia, take root there; increase is given to their families there as well as here. Native heathen also come into their families, work for them in their gardens, in their work-shops, and on their farms; are touched by their civilized habits, and moved by their family prayers and Sunday teachings. As their children grow up, they, in their turn, become the centres, to other heathen, of new and wider influences, both civilizing and Christian. Native converts become incorporated with them in the household of faith. By-and-by these native converts raise up Christian children; who, in some cases, are married to persons of the emigrant stock; and thus the native and the emigrant blood, at times, *both* Christianized, flow, mingled

together, through the veins of a new race, thoroughly indigenous and native.

Now, just *such* power, strength, and permanent influence cannot go forth from your foreign missionary; because he is an exotic. Beneath the burning sun of Africa he withers and pines away, and alas, too often dies, a glorious martyr for Christianity! And when he departs to paradise, his wife and children return to Europe or America, weak, enfeebled, bereaved; but they rarely have permanent influence in Africa!

The black Christian emigrant, on the other hand, is indigenous, in blood, constitution, and adaptability. Two centuries of absence from the continent of Africa, has not destroyed his physical adaptation to the land of his ancestors. There is a tropical fitness, which inheres in our constitution, whereby we are enabled, when we leave this country, to sit down under an African sun; and soon, and with comparative ease, feel ourselves at home, and move about in the land as though we had always lived there. Children, too, are born to us in our adopted country, who have as much strength and vitality as native children; and soon we find ourselves establishing families right beside those of our heathen kinsfolk.

Now you can easily see what a powerful influence that denomination of Christians—the Presbyterians—can wield by such an agency as I have described, to bless and save Africa. They send thither living, concrete, organic, indigenous Christianity in the young men and their families, trained at their Institute; send

it there to abide; to be reproduced in their children; to be spread out in their families; and not to be an evanescent and fugitive thing, without root in the soil, and void of bud, and fruit, and flower; nor yet a tender exotic, needing a hot-house carefulness and nurture; but a thing of life and robustness, mindless of sun and dews, and storms and tempests, fitted to every circumstance of life and nature!

Such is the great power which the Almighty has given our Presbyterian brethren for planting Christianity in Africa.

2. But here is another illustration of the same power, which, just at this time, is given the Baptists of this country, for the same blessed work for Christianity and Africa. Only two months ago, one hundred and fifty colored Baptists in Virginia applied for passage to Liberia for themselves and children. No inducements were held out to them; no persuasions used among them. It was a spontaneous movement of their own. I may add, here, that I am told by a student in the Episcopal "Divinity School," in this city, that he had seen in Virginia colored Baptist ministers, men moved, we may believe, by the Spirit of God, who were seeking opportunities to get to Africa to preach the Gospel. These ministers, these emigrants, wish to go to Africa to *remain* there. They are seeking a home for themselves and their children in that, the land of their sires. They desire to go back to their fatherland, and to root themselves and their offspring in the ancestral soil, and to send down their blood and lineage, amid the scenes

and the rights which were familiar to their unfortunate ancestors.

3. And now tell me what nobler plan could the great Baptist denomination fall upon, than just this providential movement, to effect that which is dear to their hearts, and to the hearts of all Christians—the redemption of Africa! And what a living thing would not their work be, if, perchance, they could plant some half dozen compact, intelligent, enterprising villages of such Christian people, amid the heathen populations of West Africa!

4. But now, even at the risk of wearying you, I will advert briefly to one more most distinct and providential illustration of this principle. There is the island of Barbadoes, a British colony; it contains a black population of 130,000 people. For years these people have had organizations among themselves, intending emigration to West Africa. Two years ago the President of Liberia extended an official invitation to the sons of Africa in the West Indies to come over to Liberia, and aid us in the great work of Christianity and civilization which God has imposed upon us. And the response from these our brethren was immediate. Just a week before I sailed from Liberia, the brig "Corn," from Barbadoes, arrived in the "Roads of Monrovia" with 346 emigrants. The most of these persons were Episcopalians; well-trained handicraftsmen, skillful sugar-makers, intelligent, spirited, well-educated persons. Not merely hundreds, but *thousands* more of their kinsfolk and fellow-islanders, in Barbadoes, stand ready, nay,

anxious, to colonize themselves in the Republic of Africa.

Whose work is this? Who has prompted this movement of Christian black men from Barbadoes, back to the land of their ancestors; laden with gifts, and talents; sanctified, as numbers of them are, by the spirit of grace? Who, but the Spirit of God is moving these Christian "remnants" of black society—this seed of civilization—from the West Indies and America, to the coast of Africa. Who but God himself has called and elected this germ of Christianity to a great work of duty in the land of their fathers? And what more facile and effectual means could the Episcopalians of this country use than this, that is to seize upon this movement to plant their own phase of Christianity in villages and towns along the coast, and in the interior of Africa?

Does any man doubt this assertion of distinctive providence? Come, then, with me for a moment to the West Coast of Africa—take your position, say at Sierra Leone; run your eye along the whole line of the coast, from Gambia to the Cameroons, and watch that steady, quiet, uninterrupted emigration of cultivated colored men, who are coming over from Jamaica, Antigua, Barbadoes, St. Kitts, St. Thomas and Demarara; many of them men who have "ate their terms" at the Inns of London; some graduates of Edinburg, St. Augustine's, Canterbury, Codrington College, and other great schools —coming over to the West Coast of Africa, and becoming merchants, planters, postmasters, government officials, lawyers, doctors, judges, and blessed be God,

catechists and clergymen, at British settlements in Western Africa! Then go down two hundred miles to the Republic of Liberia, and see there 14,000 black emigrants from more than half of the States of America; and see there, too, how that God, after carrying on His work of preparation in the black race in America in dark, mysterious and distressful ways, has at length brought out a "remnant of them and placed them in a free Republic, to achieve high nationality, to advance civilization and to subserve the highest interests of the Cross and the Church!

I have rested this matter, this evening, almost, if not quite, entirely, upon the one single point, that is, THE EVANGELIZATION OF AFRICA. I can present and urge it upon no lower, no inferior consideration. I recognize the need of Trade, Agriculture, Commerce, Art, Letters and Government, as the collateral and indispensable aids to the complete restoration of my fatherland. That man must be blind who does not see *that.* But they are but *collateral* and auxiliary; not the end, and aim, and object of that divine will and providence which the Almighty has been working out by the means of institutions and governments, by afflictions and sufferings, and even oppressions, during the course of centuries.

God moves along amid all these appliances, and carries them along with Him, in His sweeping march; but merely as instruments to that sublime purpose which presides over all things in heaven and earth—His own glory! And I see it here, in this dark and dreadful

history of my race—that history which has frenzied many a soul, and made many a man an infidel, because they could not see "God's hand" upon the black man; at *first* retributive—and *now* restorative; but *by and by* honoring and glorifying! And I regard it a wonderful providence that God has victoriously triumphed and brought this wronged and insulted black race, both here and in the Antilles, into a state of partial fitness for a great destiny; as well in the lands of their birth, as *there*, across the ocean, whither hundreds of them are now emigrating.

It is all God's work; and to Him be the glory! While for two hundred and forty years the brutal hand of violence has been at the black man's throat, *God* has been neither blind nor quiet. He has seen it all—He has been moving, too, amid it all, latent and restrained in power; although atrocious and repulsive as it has ever been to Him. To use the words of another—"The ways of God are not confined within narrow limits; He hurries not himself to display to-day the consequences of the principle that He yesterday laid down; he will draw it out in the lapse of ages, when the hour is come."* Yes, the Omnipotent has ever been present amid all the agonizing details of African history this two centuries and a half past! His eye has been set upon this gross wickedness; and His *hand*, too, has been moving, with those potent, plastic, masterful fingers of His moving amid all the gross corruption and the persistent tendencies of this monstrous crime of human

* Guizot's "General History of Civilization," Lecture 1st.

bondage; thwarting its fell purpose; warding off its deadly blows; covering the heads of its crushed victims; changing the damning intents of its willful agents; neutralizing its accursed influences; pouring in light amid its Egyptian darkness; breathing His blessed Spirit in the midst of its poisonous vapors; in the very region of death granting ministrations of life, from earth, sea, skies, and green fields, from the human heart, and from His own glorious face; until this poor people, as by a mighty resurrection, have come forth from this dark charnel-house to fulfill a grand destiny, and to accomplish a great history!

And as God has thus clearly, plainly, distinctly set before us His great plans and purposes, I bow with submission and joyful acquiescence to His most manifest will, and would fain hold it up for recognition. The whole of this movement to Africa is evidently designed for the regeneration of that continent. Rightfully it belongs to Christianity: its possession by the devil is an usurped possession. The agency of Christian black men, emigrants and missionaries, is to bring it back to its Divine owner, as a precious jewel in His diadem.

Other reasons, perchance, may be given for emigration to Africa; but I doubt much whether they can stand. Some which have been urged have already fallen, never to rise again. It has been pressed as a remedy for the evils of slavery; but slavery in this country has passed away without this as its cure. It has been urged on the ground of the supposed inevitable conflict of two races, living in juxtaposition; but the black race, four-

teen millions in number, is, without doubt, a permanent element in all the lands of their past thraldom forever; in Brazil, America, the West Indies. And so this reason for emigration falls.

Such ideas seem to me too narrow for the large mind of our God, that is, as the basis of one of His most majestic schemes; and so are they too, for the great minds who have been long carrying on this grand enterprise for the good of Africa; and who, through cultivated society and regulated nationality, would help to reclaim and elevate a whole continent! And, indeed, the deportation of the whole Negro race, in this land, is not a necessity, nor a requirement, considered with respect to the end just referred to. God does not work out His great ends in this manner. It is by "*remnants*" that He achieves the marvels of His providence and His grace. It is "the called," "the elect," "the chosen," few, indeed, they may be, whom He selects and puts in fit places, and sets to their proper work, for His own glory. So, in His providence, He scattered abroad the Jews; placed remnants of them in "Parthia, and Media, and Elam, in Messopotamia, in Cappadocia, in Pontus and Asia, in Phyrgia and Pamphylia, in Egypt, Lybia and Rome, in Crete and Arabia; * and they lived in those distant places, and became, as it were, indigenous in them. And so, when on the day of Pentecost, the Holy Spirit came down upon them, they were fitted, both spiritually and nationally, to plant God's church

* Acts ii. 9—11. This topic is most fully and clearly stated in the Life and Epistles of St. Paul, by Conybeare & Howson, (vol. I, chapter I,) in remarks on "Preparation in the Empire for Christianity," and the "Dispersion of the Jews in Asia, Africa," &c.

at their several homes; in the very midst of the pagans by whom they were surrounded: one with those pagan people, in language, and habits, and national traits and customs.

Just so, that is, by fragments, "remnants" of English society, in the seventeenth century, this western world was peopled. Mr. Palfrey tells us that the emigrants from the old country to New England, during the first hundred years of its settlement, did not exceed twenty-one thousand persons and from them, mainly, has sprung that powerful New England influence which helps so powerfully to determine American interests. Just so, in the present day, "remnants" of Northern society, from New England and New York, venture out upon the trackless wilds of the distant west, and spread new society abroad to the shores of the Pacific. And just so, when a high culture shall have elevated and refined the black race in this country; and when the faith of Christ, combining therewith, shall have moved all the finer, deeper, more delicate springs of action within them, will numbers, nay multitudes of them, rush forward, inspired by the Spirit of God, to carry the Gospel to Africa and to bring that continent in subjection to our Lord Jesus Christ!

Recognize these facts and principles, and this enterprise becomes a grand Christian project, in which good men, and angels, and God may work together for the Divine glory and the salvation of Africa. On this godly basis you can go to the Christian black men of this country, already rising to a sense of manhood and sacred

responsibility, and address them in some such words as these:—"Brethren, there lies Africa in wretchedness and misery. *She* is the withered arm of humanity! *She* needs the vitalizing power of the faith! *She* must be brought to life, through the influence of the Gospel! By blood and race, by grace and sympathy, you are well fitted for this noble duty. Here, brethren, here, in this work of missions, it seems to be the Divine will that "for your shame you shall have double.* In the evangelization of your own kindred in Africa, God seems about to bestow upon you an honor and dignity which shall wondrously contrast with all your past trials and indignities; yea, make them almost oblivious. Here, in this exalted duty, ye children of Africa, is to culminate the dark and mysterious history of your race for more than two centuries!" Just this, in effect, was the language of the Presbyterians to the freedmen of Jamaica, at the time of their emancipation; and they started up, in obedience to the call, and went out, with their wives and children, as missionaries to the Cameroons, to Fernando-Po, and to the Calabar; and some of them are still laboring on the West Coast among their heathen kinsmen.

Just such was the language of the Bishop of Barbadoes to the black population of that island; and black missionaries, clergymen and laymen, have gone to the West Coast and established the Pongas mission.

So, in like manner, *here*, when prejudice departs from this country; and the black man rises to the full dignity

* Isaiah lxvi. 7.

of his manhood; and his paler brother appreciates him as a man, a fellow-citizen, and a brother; just so, I say, will Christian men of all names in this land, see his remarkable fitness for this last great work of God and man—the redemption of a continent!

Then, when men's souls can no longer tolerate the abominations of African paganism; when their hearts are sickened at the dishonor done to Christ by the gross heathenism of a whole continent, then the white man will acknowledge the value and the worth of the black man, in God's economy, as a noble instrument for the highest services; the black man himself will feel the tenderest sensibility for the land of his fathers. From your schools and churches scores of African teachers, and ministers, and Christian mechanics will offer themselves for the work of God in Africa. The glory of Christ, and *not* the expulsion of the Negro, will prompt the noblest charities; prospective villages, well furnished and equipped, will start up from the midst of your then cultivated freedmen. Men, chosen of God, will come forward and band themselves together to go and possess Africa for Christ. In goodly companies will they speed their way across the ocean to evangelize a continent. So great, ere long, will be the spontaneous zeal and earnest pressure, that the ordinary facilities for emigration will fail, and voluntary ardor will prove the only means of meeting a great necessity, and of answering a high duty. And then, in a sense far deeper and more real than ever *he* thought of when he uttered them, will the words of Henry Clay be realized—"That every

ship-load of emigrants from this country will be a ship-load of missionaries, carrying the Gospel to Africa!"

And even now, the time, it seems to me, has come; "the day is at hand;" and all the great obstacles to the redemption of Africa are well nigh removed; the wide door of saving opportunity is opened; and now good men everywhere should seize the "staff of accomplishment," and enter in at once, and claim that continent for their Lord.

ADDRESS

AT THE LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE OF THE NEW ST. THOMAS CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

May 14th, 1890.

ADDRESS.

THE ceremony in which we have taken part this evening seems to me of more than ordinary importance because of its historical associations. St. Thomas' Church was founded in 1794, in the episcopate of the venerable Bishop White. It was the first Church of our Faith that was ever planted among people of negro blood on this continent. Its first pastor was himself a Negro, and the very *first* Negro admitted to the ministry of our Church in America. It is also a remarkable fact that he was likewise the *second* Negro who, since the discovery of Columbus, had had opened to him a passage to the ministry of the Anglican Church.

In the year 1765 a Negro candidate, a native of the Gold Coast, West Africa, was ordained by the Bishop of Exeter; and he was the *first* Negro in modern times admitted to the priesthood of this Church. Absalom Jones, the first rector of St. Thomas' Church, was the second. St. Thomas' Church, however, was the first African Episcopal Church set up on this continent. Unless I make a great mistake, there is something instructive, something worthy of notice, something pathetic in the reminiscence.

The period when these occurrences took place was at the very first passage of the Negro, in this land, from bondage to freedom. He had been held for more than a century as a chattel, with hardly a word of dissent from any quarter against servitude as his fit and normal condition. But just at this time there was a simultaneous movement in the sentiment of the one race, and in the manly aspiration and spontaneous manhood of the other, which may be regarded as extraordinary. It was like the meeting of two tides. It was like the concurrence of the hour and the man. The black men of this vicinity all of a sudden sprang to a consciousness of manhood and responsibility; and organized themselves into a society of "Free Africans," for the vindication of their rights, for the purpose of a high morality, and for freedom in the worship of Almighty God. When one considers that these men had scarcely become loosed from chains and fetters; that a large majority of them were ignorant of the simplest rudiments of education; that their movement was the outcome of their untutored purpose and ambitions, it may well be regarded as remarkable.

Equally remarkable is the other fact that, precisely at this time, Philadelphia philanthropists of that day, chiefly members of the Society of Friends, and not a few Churchmen, began murmurings of discontent against the degradation of the Negro, and to demand his education and his civil and religious freedom.

The two streams ran in one channel. The movement of the "Society of Free Africans" developed on

their part into the organization of St. Thomas' Church, and the purchase of the old site from which you are now emigrating; and the church was built by your fathers thereon. It was all their own work and their wondrous energy, and the praise which belongs thereto should never be forgotten.

It was at this time generous Churchmen of that day —Bishop White, the Rev. Dr. Abercrombie, and not a few laymen—came to this humble people with the best gifts of the Gospel and the Church. They came and said to them, in effect: "Here is this Anglican Church, with its ministry, the Bible, the Prayer Book and its Liturgical Service. It is the very best gift we feel that we can offer you. In our opinion the Christian world has nothing comparable with this system. Just as we use it we give it to you. We offer you no mutilated Offices. We present you no shreds and patches of our Service. Such as our fathers, for long generations have had, we give unto you. We think that as it has nurtured, strengthened and elevated our race, so it will lift up, sanctify and save you."

In all this we have a great fact based upon great principles:

(*a*) There is something of magnitude in the fact that more than one hundred years ago, in the thriving days of slavery, the Churchmen of this city could rise above themselves and common opinion, and put themselves so thoroughly in accord with a despised and rejected people, and covert for them the very best gifts of the Anglican Church. It shows great magnanimity that,

despite the prejudices of the time, they should graciously elect a simple and unlettered man of this race; freight him with the prerogatives and the elevation of the priesthood; and then put him in a place of duty and responsibility among his people.

(*b*) But great as is the *fact*, still greater are the *principles* which gave birth to that fact. It is *first* the principle of brotherhood. It was an age when both the Slave trade and Slavery were dominating American society; but even then neither of these pernicious systems could extinguish the great idea of the oneness of humanity and the common manhood of the black race. The recognition of these great principles led to anxiousness for the spiritual blessedness of a neglected people.

(*c*) The spring of this idea of brotherhood was the deeper principle of Christian love. It was, from all that I have read and gathered concerning these transactions, the love of God and the love of souls for whom Christ died that led to the largeness of their Christian anxiousness and their generous gifts. It was from this Divine principle, acting on the hearts of those noble-minded Churchmen, that St. Thomas' Church sprang into existence. And this was the spring from which has ever since flowed that stream of beneficence to the black race in this neighborhood which characterizes Philadelphia. Nowhere else in this nation has there ever been done so much for this race as in this city. Here churches, schools, almshouses, homes for the aged, asylums for the crippled, with endowments, have been created, for well nigh a century. Not a year passes—

sometimes month by month, but what legacies are left of hundreds and thousands of dollars for the temporal and spiritual benefit of the colored people of Philadelphia.

From the facts to which I have referred there spring, my brethren of St. Thomas' Church, great responsibilities. And next to the idea of God the idea of responsibility seems to me the grandest and most elevating. It always brings to right-minded men the superior convictions which are allied to moral obligation. It imposes the burdens of Duty; and, next to the angels of heaven, no other creatures of God are capable of such trusts save beings of our kind and our nature.

This idea of responsibility stretches out, in its reach, to the Almighty, on the one hand, and to our fellowmen on the other. It brings to us the consciousness of trusteeship and the office of stewards. The function in which we have taken part this evening is a declaration of your responsibility to both God and man. It is not simply a ceremony. It is a living and real thing. It is a confession of stewardship. We have received from Almighty God certain gifts of His providence and grace; and we set forth the fact of an acknowledged trusteeship therein.

We lay this corner-stone, then, as a token and a pledge that what we have received we will, under Divine grace and guidance, transmit to our successors and descendants. The responsibility in this matter is of threefold order, frequently set forth in our formularies, *i. e.*, of Doctrine, Discipline and Worship:

(1) We declare to-day that we hold, and intend to hold, constantly and steadfastly the *Faith* once for all delivered to the saints. This is a pledge for ourselves, personally and individually, God helping us. At the same time we do not regard ourselves as though we were separate atoms of sand or grains of wheat. We have distinctly in view that law of organic unity, which looks before and after, and which binds, as well, a Church as it does a family or a nation; in the future as in the past. So we propose to hold the Faith as an abiding trust for ourselves and our followers, by the grace of God. That Faith is the great doctrine of grace summarized in the Creeds, elaborated in Articles, Services and Offices. It is declared more explicitly in the great fundamental truths of the *Incarnation* of the Son of God; in His one person the message and the messenger, in our flesh, of God's wondrous solicitude for the rescue of a lost world; the *Atonement* of Jesus Christ by the gift of His own life-blood, for the return of overflowing life to a world dead in trespasses and sins; the *Resurrection* of the Lord of life from the dead —a sign and a proof of the majesty and power of Jesus in the domain of the spirit-world, and of the victory over death, which, as the head of humanity He gives to man; the *Gift of the Holy Spirit*, as the abiding presence of the great God of heaven, in the hearts and homes and societies of men; sanctifying them to the grandest purposes of this lower life, and to advance, by grace, to the fitness for the life that is everlasting. This Faith we have been privileged to receive, and this Faith

it is our duty to *hold*. But what is it "to hold"? Is it the passive subsidence of certain ideas in a sleepy brain? Or, on the other hand, is it the placid abidance of truth in torpid souls?

To hold the Faith of Christ, my dear brethren, is that operative assent of the spirit of man which stimulates the faithful to the living service of the Lord of life. It is that genuine deposit of the truth of Christ into the deepest personal convictions of the soul which quickens it into life; the fusing of these personal convictions with the glowing intensities of our personal being, both inward and outward; and then the outflow of these convictions and intensities in the zealous acts of propagation, whereby the truth of Christ shall reach the souls of men, as well in distant quarters as in our families and neighborhoods. To hold the Faith of Christ is a reproductive and regenerating faculty—not a dead thing,—producing the fruits of righteousness to the praise and glory of God's grace.

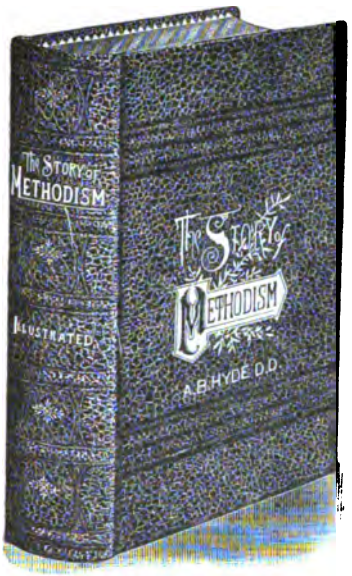
(2) Such a reception of the faith in Christ carries with it and demands godly *Discipline*. In this, too, we are trustees of God. It is a large word; and it covers a very wide area; and circles the whole orbit of moral existence; and brings a regulative principle and power into all the details of human habit and human custom. If it were a mere technical word, relating simply to rites and ceremony and observances, it could hardly touch the inner springs of our nature. But Discipline is a large element in the very life of true believers, a grand condition of their personal power and influence, and a

necessary agency for the progress and triumph of the Gospel. In an age when liberty is not seldom taken to mean license, we are able to take the yoke of Jesus upon ourselves as a token of our loyalty to truth and order; and to bear its sacred burden, not simply as a means of restraint, but as a grand agency to that glorious liberty of the sons of God which comes, to both angels and men, by subjection to law. It is a priceless boon to us, my brethren. In our ancestors and their history we were taught, unwillingly and crushingly, the Discipline of Slavery and Caste. It is our privilege now, with the franchises of the State, and with the high teachings of God's Church, to learn for ourselves and our children, the noble Discipline of freedom. The conviction of stewardship and responsibility in *this* trust will fit us to carry healthful influences into every condition of life, and to aid in holding and strengthening all the stable structures of society.

(3) We shall have the largest help in this stewardship of the Faith and Discipline of the Church by a constant remembrance of the duty of *Worship*. In this feature of our trust we get strength—strength for all duties, all responsibilities, all obligations. By acts of Worship, moreover, we constantly remind a thoughtless world of the reality of the invisible world; of the presence of Divine and heavenly things amid temporal concerns and earthly relations; and, above all of the reign and sovereignty of Jesus Christ in the societies, the businesses, and the trades of men.

After well nigh one hundred years the good people of St. Thomas' Church are about beginning a new life. They turn, at this juncture, from old conditions and circumstances into another, and I trust, a higher groove of existence. If they turn into this new state with a sense of satisfaction, with feelings of mere self-gratulation and delight—with this and nothing more—then you may be certain that imbecility will be the history of your future, and emptiness your fortune and your fate. But if on the other hand, you bring to your new surroundings and position the deep conviction of trusteeship and responsibility, then there can be no measurement of your gracious and exalted life; no calculation of your holy influence; no limitation of your beneficent and saving power. The reproductive and saving power of the Holy Spirit will then surely be the indwelling operative force in all your service and your Church life; enabling you to do great things for the glory of the Master and the souls of men. The lanes and the alleys of this section will be quickened, in numerous degraded families, into spiritual life and power. The sick and diseased in degraded courts and in dark and stifled garrets, will be cheered and re-animated by the succors and assistances of your faithful and devoted messengers of mercy. Boys and girls, now lapsing into heathenism through the neglect of vicious parents, will be brought to fill your Sunday-schools. Your broad aisles and your open pews will be crowded with anxious seekers of the salvation of Christ. There will be such an overflow of life and

spiritual zeal that this Church will touch other quarters of this great city with your re-duplicated Church life. Nay, more than this, through the sense of responsibility and trusteeship, you will, I hope, become a living power, far beyond the borders of Philadelphia life; even to many a humble Chapel among our brethren in the South, and to the missions of the Church on the coast of Africa.



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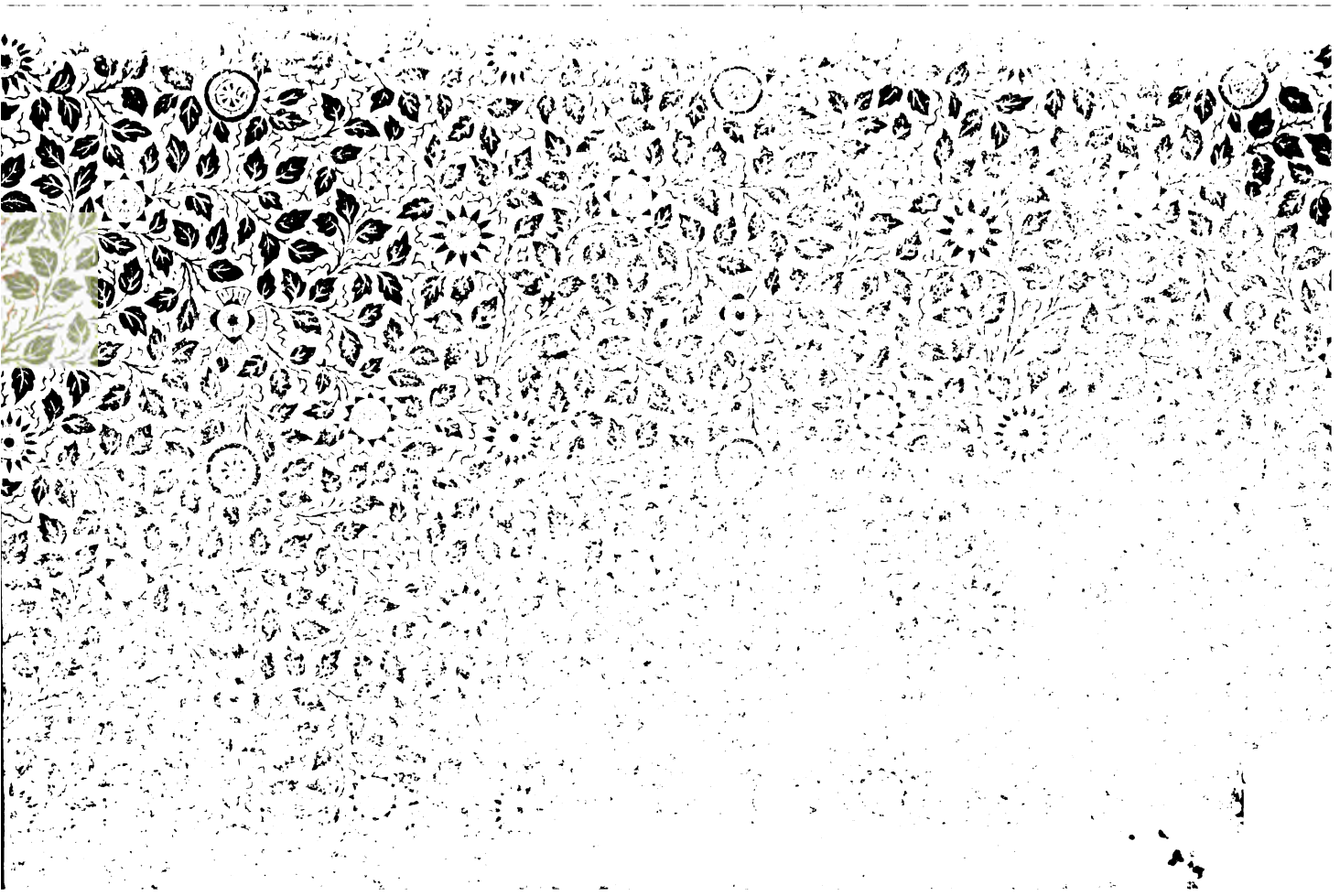

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